


SPAWN





DETECTIVE
TWITCH
WILLIAMS
LIKES TO
THINK OF
HIMSELF AS
A MAN OF
REASON.

HE BELIEVES
IN A WELL-
ORDERED
UNIVERSE
WHERE A
MAN CAN
CHART THE
COURSE OF
HIS LIFE
GUIDED BY
WELL-FIXED
STARS:
HONOR.
JUSTICE.
FAMILY.

'S AFTER
MIDNIGHT,
TWITCH.

I KNOW.

ORDINARILY, HE'S
NOT THE TYPE OF
MAN WHO STANDS
ON ROOFTOPS IN
THE DEAD OF
NIGHT, WAITING
FOR PHANTOMS.

SO HE'S LATE.

I KNOW.

YOU SURE
THIS IS WHERE
HE SAID TO
MEET?

NO, I'M NOT
SURE. THE MESSAGE
SAID "MIDNIGHT."
THAT'S ALL. I'M ONLY
GUESSING HE
MEANT HERE.

YEAH.
SEE... THING
IS... IT'S
AFTER MID-
NIGHT...

I KNOW.
AFTER MIDNIGHT.
LATE. GOT IT.

I'M JUST
SAYIN'.

BUT THINGS HAVEN'T BEEN
ORDINARY IN HIS LIFE
FOR QUITE SOME TIME.



WELL SAM,
I HEARD YOU
THE FIRST--

GENTLEMEN.

HE'S
HEEE-EERE...

FORGIVE
ME. I WAS
DETAINED.

THE DULL RATTLE OF HELL-FORGED
CHAINS, THE DEEP BASSO RUMBLING OF
THE MUFFLED VOICE STARTLE HIM.

IT'S BEEN YEARS SINCE
WILLIAMS AND HIS PARTNER,
SAM BURKE, FIRST EN-
COUNTERED THE MYSTERIOUS
BEING WHO CALLS
HIMSELF **SPAWN**.

EVERY TIME HE SEES
HIM, IT SENDS CHILLS
DOWN HIS SPINE. HE
LOOKS AT THE BLACK
AND CRIMSON FIGURE
THAT STANDS BEFORE
HIM AND WONDERS...

WHO IS HE? WHAT IS
HE? WHAT DARK
SECRETS LIE HIDDEN
IN THE SHADOWY
FOLDS OF THAT
BLOOD RED CLOAK?

SPAWN...
HELLO.



HEY, BIG GUY!
CHECK IT OUT. YOU
WANTED ANSWERS, WE
GOT YOU ANSWERS.

SHOW
HIM,
ZAB.

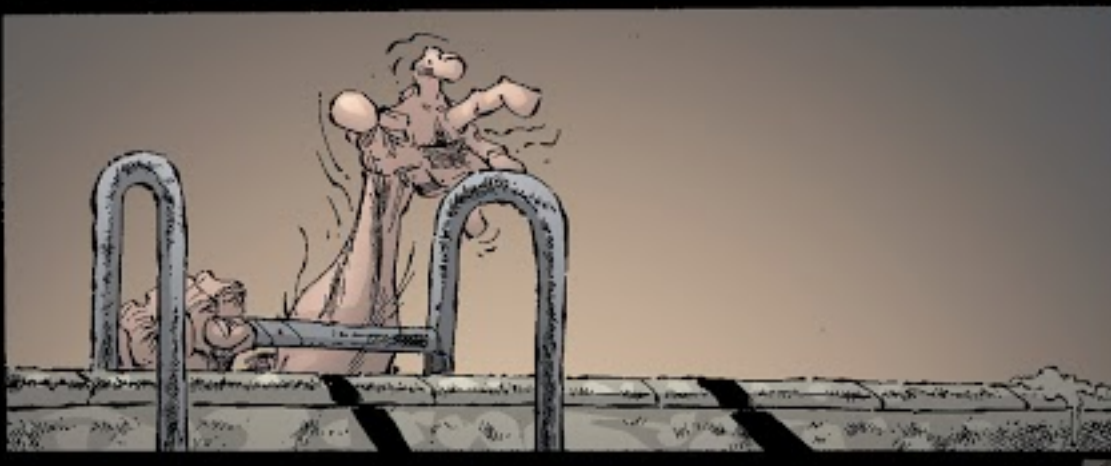
HEY
DUDES.
WHAT'S
UP?

WAIT.
WE'RE
NOT ALL
HERE.

AND MOST
OF ALL, HE
WONDERS,
CAN HE
HELP ME?

WHAT DID
FIND OUT?
DO YOU
KNOW WHAT
HAPPENED TO
MY BOY?

NUTHIN'
UP MY
SLEEVE...





WHAT THE HELL?

YOU TWO!
FREEZE! N.Y.P.D.!
YOU HAVE THE RIGHT
TO REMAIN
SILENT...



HA
HA
HA
HAH!

OKAY!
WHATEVER YOU
SAY, KOJAK.
HAHAHAH!



IT'S
ALL RIGHT.
THEY ARE IN
MY EMPLOY.
FOR
NOW.

WHO
IS HE?

FOUND HIM
IN A BOWERY
DUMPSTER. STILL
PRETTY FRESH.
HAD SOME PRETTY
INTERESTING
THINGS TO
SAY.



DIDN'T
YOU NOW,
BUDDY?
HUH?



I--
I KNEW
HIM.



THAT'S POSSIBLE. HE WORKED FOR THE **HALOS** FOR A SPELL. THAT WAS BEFORE... WELL, HE'LL TELL YOU.

ALL RIGHT, PAL. START TALKING. WE DON'T HAVE ALL DAY, YOU KNOW.

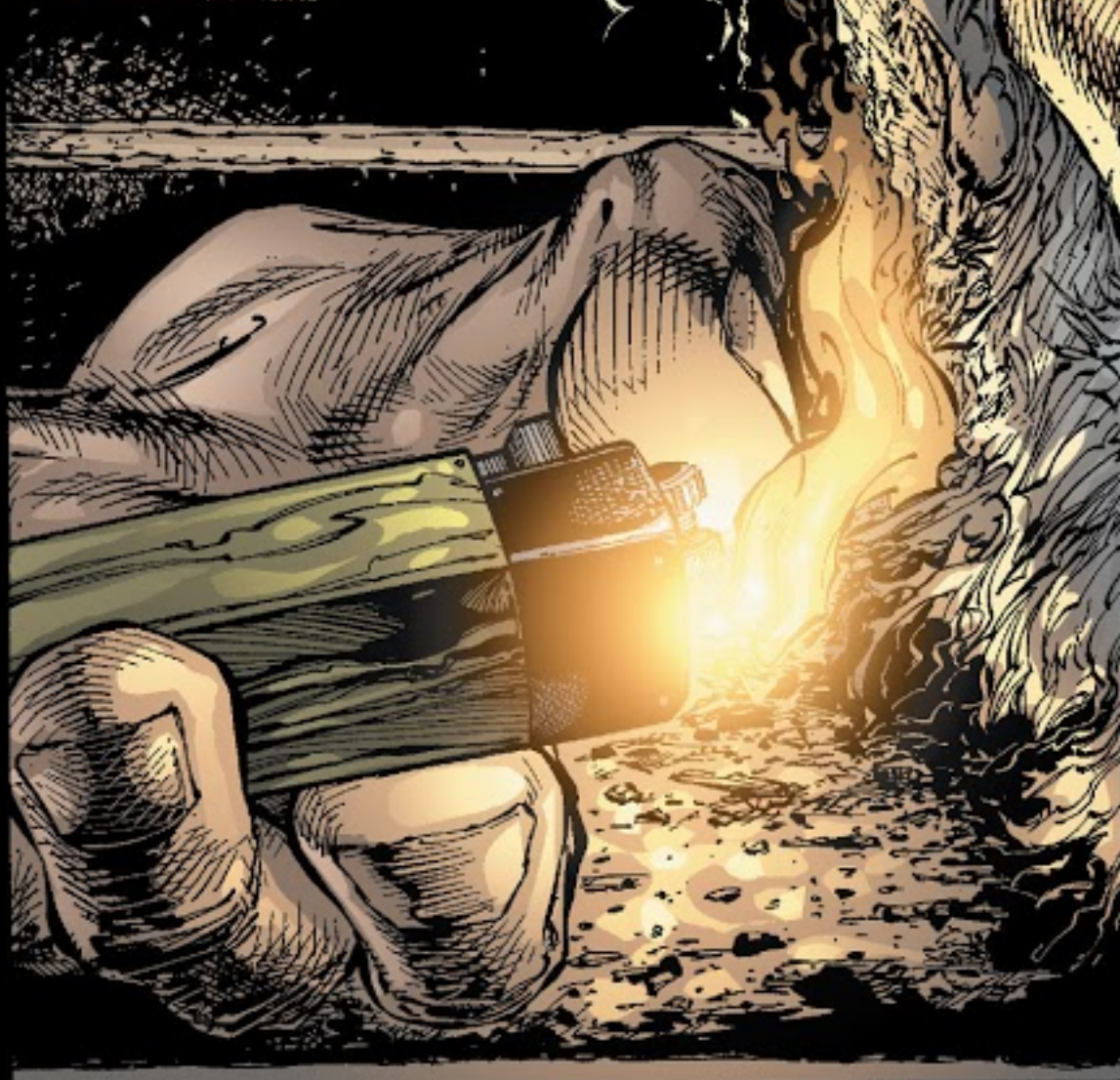


COME ON SPILL IT!

WHAT ARE YOU DOING, huh? YOU TRYING TO MAKE ME LOOK LIKE A CHUMP?



OKAY. YOU WANT TO PLAY IT THAT WAY? FINE BY ME.



**SON
OF A
BITCH!**

WHAT THE
HELL ARE YOU
DOING?!
I DON'T HAVE **ENOUGH**
PROBLEMS WITHOUT
YOU LIGHTING MY
FRIGGIN' HEAD ON
FIRE?!

SAM...?

QUIT
YOUR
WHINING,
TOUGH GUY.
YOU BROUGHT
IT ON YOUR-
SELF.

YEAH,
BUT JESUS...
YOU DIDN'T
HAVE TO
TORCH
ME.

HE...
HE
TALKED.

WHAT THE
HELL ARE YOU
LOOKING AT,
TUBBY?

MAX WILLIAMS
FEELS LIKE HELL.
HIS STOMACH IS
KNOTTED INTO A
TIGHT LITTLE
BALL, HIS BLOOD
BURNS LIKE
BATTERY ACID
IN HIS VEINS.

MAX...
BABY...
ARE YOU
OKAY?

HUU MPH!

THE GIRL'S NAME IS DAWN. MAX
MET HER AT THE ARCADE A
COUPLE WEEKS BACK. EVER
SINCE, IT'S LIKE HE CAN'T LIVE
WITHOUT HER.

DEAR
LORD,
THIS ISN'T
RIGHT...

LIKE HE'S A JUNKIE AND
SHE'S HIS DRUG OF CHOICE.

Oh GOD...
I THINK I'M
DYING.

NO MAX.
YOU'RE NOT
DYING. YOU'RE
BEING BORN
AGAIN.

SOME
BIRTHS
ARE MORE
DIFFICULT
THAN OTHERS.
I'M SORRY, BUT
IT'LL BE OKAY IN
THE END. I
PROMISE.

MAX,
CAN YOU
HEAR ME?
MAX?

DAWN...?



DAWN...
WHERE
AM I?

I HAD
TO GET
YOU OFF THE
STREET. THE
POLICE
WOULD HAVE
COME.

MAX WILLIAMS
STARES INTO
COLD GLOOM, HIS
EYES SLOWLY
ADJUSTING TO
THE DIM LIGHT.

STILL FEVERISH,
ANY ICY CHILL
GRIPS HIS
CHEST LIKE A
BEAR TRAP.
FOR THE FIRST
TIME SINCE HE
RAN AWAY, MAX
WISHES HE WAS
HOME AGAIN.

HOME IN HIS
BED, WAKING
FROM A
STRANGE AND
TERRIBLE
DREAM.

YOU'RE
SAFE, MAX.
YOU'RE
WELCOME
HERE.

WHO
ARE
THOSE
PEOPLE?

WHAT'S
WRONG
WITH
THEM?

NOTHING'S
WRONG WITH
THEM, MAX.



THEY'RE MY
FAMILY.



HEY!
DEAD MEAT!
I KNOW YOU.
STILL GOT
THAT **HICKEY**
I LEFT
YOU?

BET YOU THINK
THIS IS AWFULLY **FUNNY**,
ME ENDING UP LIKE THIS.
WELL, IT'S **NOTHING**
COMPARED TO WHAT THEY
HAVE PLANNED FOR
YOU.



COME ON!
QUIT DICKIN' AROUND.
JUST TELL HIM WHAT
YOU TOLD ME. TELL
HIM ABOUT THE
KINGDOM.

Oh, CHRIST!
I SHOULD HAVE RAN
OFF TO SOME DARK HOLE
IN SOUTH AMERICA WHEN I
HAD THE CHANCE. THEY'RE
MAD. EVERY LAST
ONE OF THEM.

ME, I'M A
NICE **NORMAL**
VAMPIRE. GOT BIT.
LOST MY SOUL. BECAME
A CREATURE OF THE
NIGHT. BUT THESE GUYS,
THEY'RE **FANATICS**.
BELIEVE THEY ARE
THE CHOSEN
ONES.

THIS
GOES
BACK A
LONG
WAY...



THIS IS THE
GOSPEL
ACCORDING TO
SIMON PURE:

"THE **TRAVELER** FIRST APPEARED FROM THE DESERT OUTSIDE OF GALILEE. A TERRIBLE SANDSTORM HAD RAGED FOR WEEKS, AND THE TRAVELER SOUGHT SHELTER.



"MANY TURNED
HIM AWAY.

"BUT A KINDLY MERCHANT, WHOSE
FORTUNE WAS LOST WHEN HIS CARAVAN
WAS SWALLOWED UP BY THE SANDS,
INVITED THE TRAVELER INTO HIS HOME.



"HE GAVE HIM WHAT HOSPITALITY
HE COULD SPARE, AND THE TRAVELER
OFFERED HIM A GIFT IN RETURN.



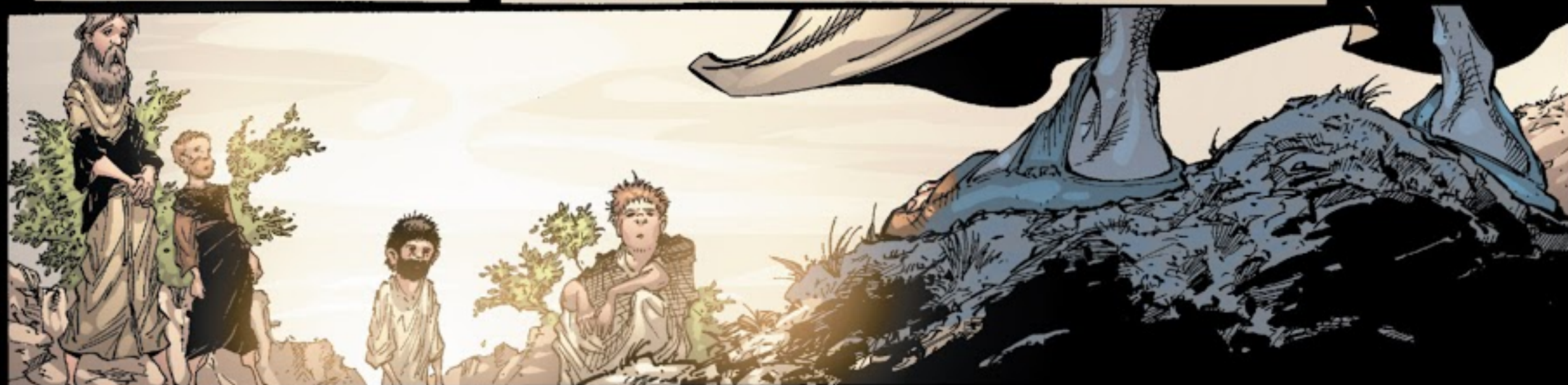
"HE PRODUCED
A CHALICE,
SEEMINGLY
FROM THIN AIR,
AND OFFERED
IT TO HIS HOST.

"'HE WHO DRINKS OF MY
CUP SHALL HAVE LIFE
EVERLASTING,' THE
TRAVELER SAID.



"TALES OF THE MYSTERIOUS WANDERER BLOOMED LIKE DESERT SAGE. HE COULD PERFORM MIRACLES, IT WAS SAID.

"WALK ON WATER, GO LONG PERIODS WITHOUT FOOD OR DRINK. SOON HE HAD MANY FOLLOWERS, DISCIPLES WHO HEEDED HIS EVERY WORD.



"BUT THEY WERE SHUNNED WHEREVER THEY WENT, CALLED DEVILS AND BLASPHEMERS AND FORCED TO FLEE VILLAGE AFTER VILLAGE.

"THE TRAVELER TOLD THEM, 'WE ARE BOUND BY NO LAND, FOR WE CARRY OUR **KINGDOM** WITH US. WHEREVER WE ARE GATHERED, THERE SHALL OUR GLORY BE.'



"AFTER MANY YEARS OF WANDERING, THE TIME CAME WHEN THE TRAVELER SAID THAT HE HAD TO GO AWAY.

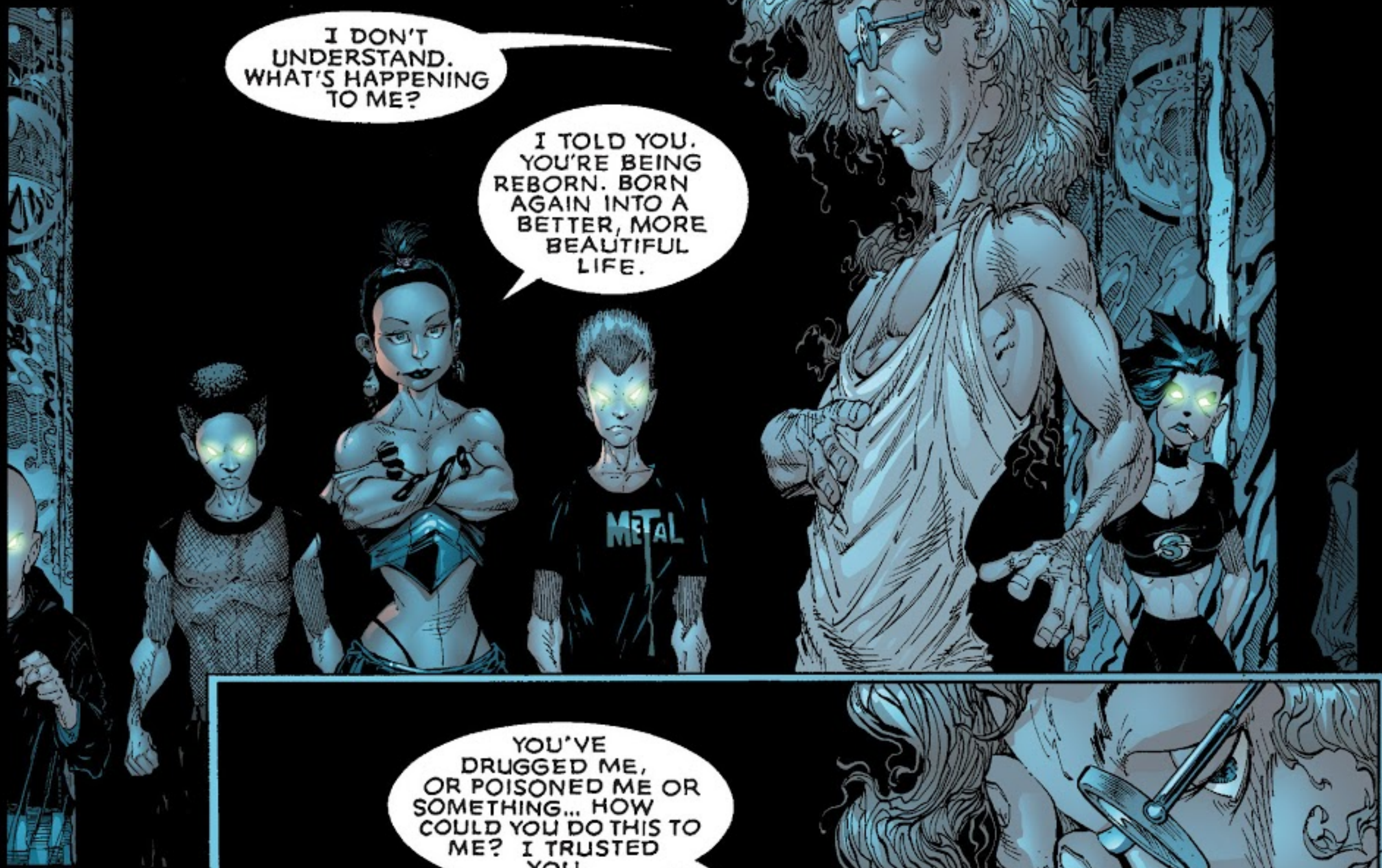
"BEFORE HE LEFT, HE AND HIS TWELVE DEAREST DISCIPLES GATHERED IN AN OLIVE GROVE FOR ONE LAST FEAST.



"HE TOLD HIS FOLLOWERS THAT HE WOULD LIVE ON INSIDE THEM. HE THEN PASSED AROUND A BOWL OF WINE AND BADE EACH OF HIS COMRADES TO DRINK.



"'THIS IS MY **BLOOD**,' HE SAID, 'THE BLOOD OF OUR COVENANT. HE WHO DRINKS OF IT SHALL NOT DIE, BUT HAVE LIFE FOREVER IN MY **KINGDOM**...' "



I DON'T UNDERSTAND. WHAT'S HAPPENING TO ME?

I TOLD YOU. YOU'RE BEING REBORN. BORN AGAIN INTO A BETTER, MORE BEAUTIFUL LIFE.



YOU'VE DRUGGED ME, OR POISONED ME OR SOMETHING... HOW COULD YOU DO THIS TO ME? I TRUSTED YOU.



BECAUSE I CARE FOR YOU, MAX. I WANTED YOU TO BE SAVED. YOU HAVE A GOOD HEART. I DON'T WANT YOU TO BE LEFT BEHIND.



THIS IS TOO MUCH. I CAN'T HANDLE THIS. I JUST WANT TO GO. I JUST WANT TO GO HOME.

"HOME" ISN'T GOING TO BE AROUND VERY MUCH LONGER, I'M AFRAID. **THIS** IS YOUR NEW HOME, MAX. THIS IS WHERE YOU BELONG.



YOU'RE ONE OF US NOW, MAX.



NO...

"OVER THE CENTURIES, THE CHILDREN OF THE KINGDOM GREW IN NUMBER. CAST LIKE SEEDS IN THE WIND, THEY SPREAD ACROSS THE FACE OF THE WORLD.



"THROUGHOUT EUROPE... ASIA... COLONIAL AMERICA... THEY WERE FEARED AND PERSECUTED. CALLED NAMES LIKE 'UNDEAD...', 'WAMPYR...', 'VAMPIRE...'



"WHEN THEY WERE CAUGHT, THEY WERE BURNED AT THE POST OR HAD STAKES DRIVEN THROUGH THEIR HEARTS, CURSING REVENGE WITH THEIR DYING BREATHS.

"STILL THEY FLOURISHED, MEETING IN SECRET IN THE ALLEYWAYS AND GHETTOS OF OLD WORLD CITIES, IDENTIFYING EACH OTHER WITH SECRET SIGNS...



"RECRUITING NEW MEMBERS, CONCEALING THEIR PRESENCE... REACHING OUT TO THE LONELY... THE DESPERATE... THE OUTCAST... GROWING IN STRENGTH...



"WAITING FOR THE TIME TO COME WHEN THEY WOULD RISE UP AS *GOD'S CHOSEN RACE*... AND INHERIT A WORLD THAT WAS RIGHTFULLY THEIRS."



HATE TO TELL YOU, LADS, BUT IT LOOKS LIKE TIME IS DAMN WELL **NIGH**. THERE'S GOING TO BE SOME SERIOUS BLOOD-SHED IN THE COMING DAYS.

THAT'S INSANE. THAT STORY CAN'T BE TRUE.

RIGHT. AND MY ROTTING, SEVERED HEAD CAN'T POSSIBLY BE HAVING THIS CONVERSATION WITH YOU.

GET A CLUE, FAT MAN. IT DOESN'T MATTER IF IT'S TRUE. WHAT MATTERS IS THEY **BELIEVE** IT'S TRUE.

IT'S SIMON'S MAD SCHEME. THEY'VE BEEN GATHERING HERE FOR THE PAST SEVERAL MONTHS. A FEW AT FIRST THEN... I DON'T KNOW. HUNDREDS?

THEY'RE WAITING FOR THE **NIGHT OF THE CLEANSING**. THEY PLAN TO RID THIS CITY OF ALL UNCLEAN SOULS.

WHICH MEANS PRETTY MUCH EVERYONE WHO ISN'T ONE OF THEM.

IT WILL BE A WARNING TO THE ENTIRE WORLD. REPENT AND JOIN THEIR NUMBERS, OR FACE EXTINCTION.

THEY'VE ALREADY STARTED. STRINGING UP CORPSES, ATTRACTING ATTENTION. TRYING TO GET YOU FOOL MORTALS TO THINK ABOUT YOUR FATE.

BUT NOT **TOO MUCH**, MIND YOU. SIMON **WANTS** A BLOOD BATH.

WHAT YOU'VE SEEN IS JUST THE BEGINNING. A DROP IN THE BLOODY OCEAN. THERE'S MUCH WORSE TO COME.

WHERE ARE THEY? THEY MUST BE HIDING SOMEWHERE. THEY MUST HAVE A BASE.


COULD BE ANYWHERE. THEY MIGHT AS WELL BE INVISIBLE. COULD BE RIGHT UNDER OUR NOSES AS WE SPEAK. I DON'T KNOW.

I DO.




THANK
YOU, HONEY.
DINNER WAS
PERFECT.

BETH AND ARCHIE
WELLER DON'T GO
OUT MUCH ANY-
MORE. SIX YEARS
AGO, SHE SPENT
A MONTH IN THE
HOSPITAL AFTER
BEING MUGGED.

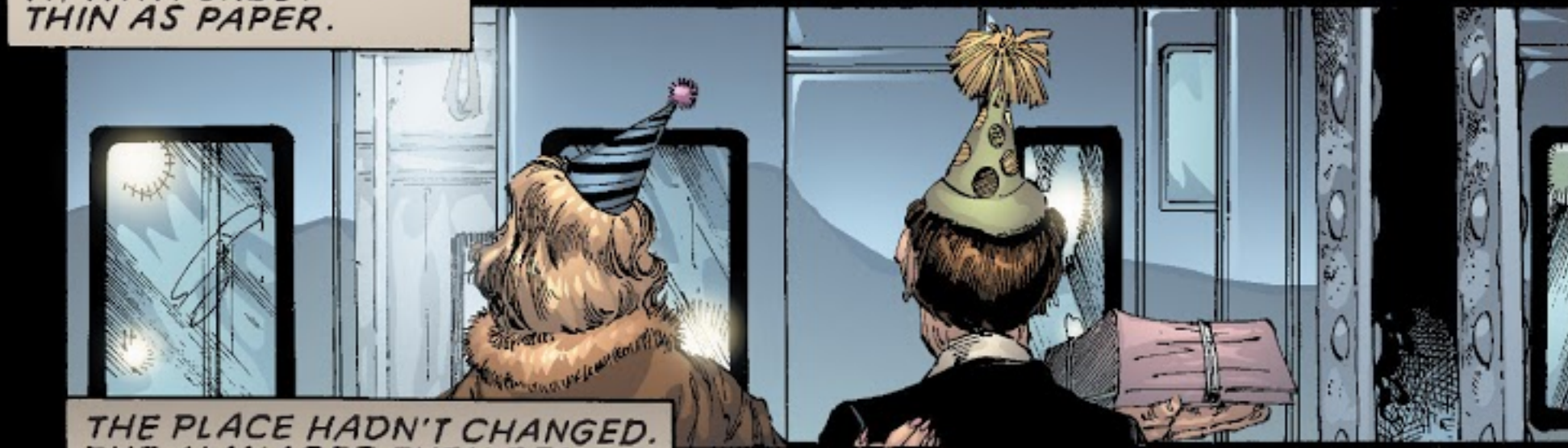


TOWN IS GOING TO THE DOGS, THEY
SAID. CAN'T EVEN STEP OUT YOUR FRONT
DOOR. FOR A WHILE, THEY TALKED
ABOUT LEAVING THE CITY ALTOGETHER.


BUT TONIGHT WAS BETH'S BIRTHDAY,
AND ARCHIE SAID HE WANTED TO
TREAT HER TO A NIGHT ON THE TOWN.
JUST LIKE THE OLD DAYS.




HE TOOK HER TO A
RESTAURANT THEY
BOTH LOVED. AN OLD
ITALIAN JOINT THAT
SERVES PIZZA THE
WAY ARCHIE LIKES
IT, WITH CRUST
THIN AS PAPER.



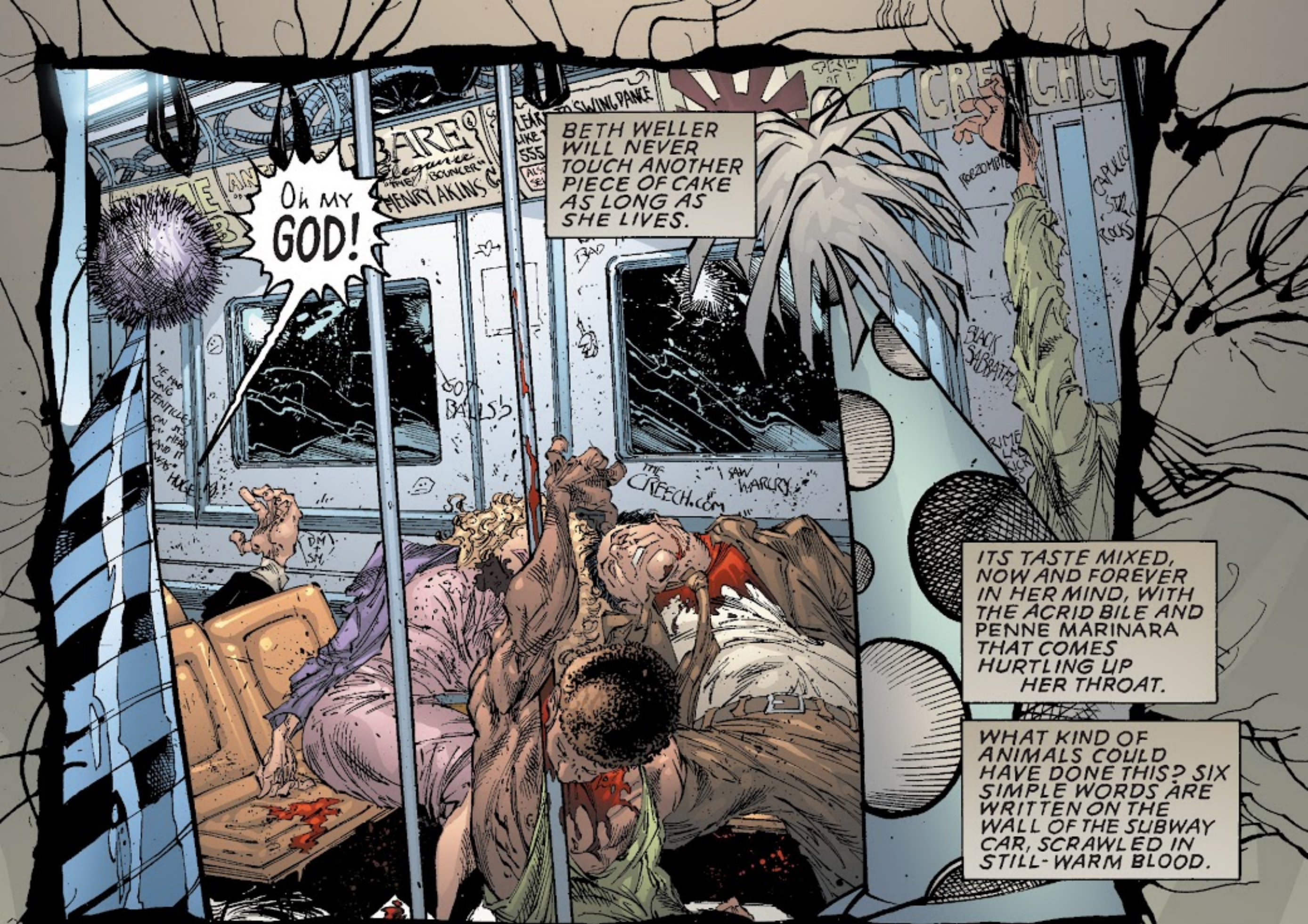
THE PLACE HADN'T CHANGED.
THE MANAGER EVEN REMEM-
BERED THEM. THEN ALL THEIR
CLOSE FRIENDS SHOWED UP
AND THREW BETH A
SURPRISE PARTY.



ARCHIE EVEN WORE THE
STUPID PARTY HAT
WITHOUT COMPLAINT.
IT WAS PERFECT.



WAITING FOR THE
SUBWAY CAR, THEY
NO LONGER FEAR
THE CITY. IT IS A
GOOD PLACE.
THEY'VE DECIDED.
CAN'T LET A FEW
BAD APPLES RUIN
IT FOR EVERYONE.



BETH WELER
WILL NEVER
TOUCH ANOTHER
PIECE OF CAKE
AS LONG AS
SHE LIVES.

Oh MY
GOD!

ITS TASTE MIXED,
NOW AND FOREVER
IN HER MIND, WITH
THE ACRID BILE AND
PENNE MARINARA
THAT COMES
HURTLING UP
HER THROAT.


WHAT KIND OF
ANIMALS COULD
HAVE DONE THIS? SIX
SIMPLE WORDS ARE
WRITTEN ON THE
WALL OF THE SUBWAY
CAR, SCRAWLED IN
STILL-WARM BLOOD.



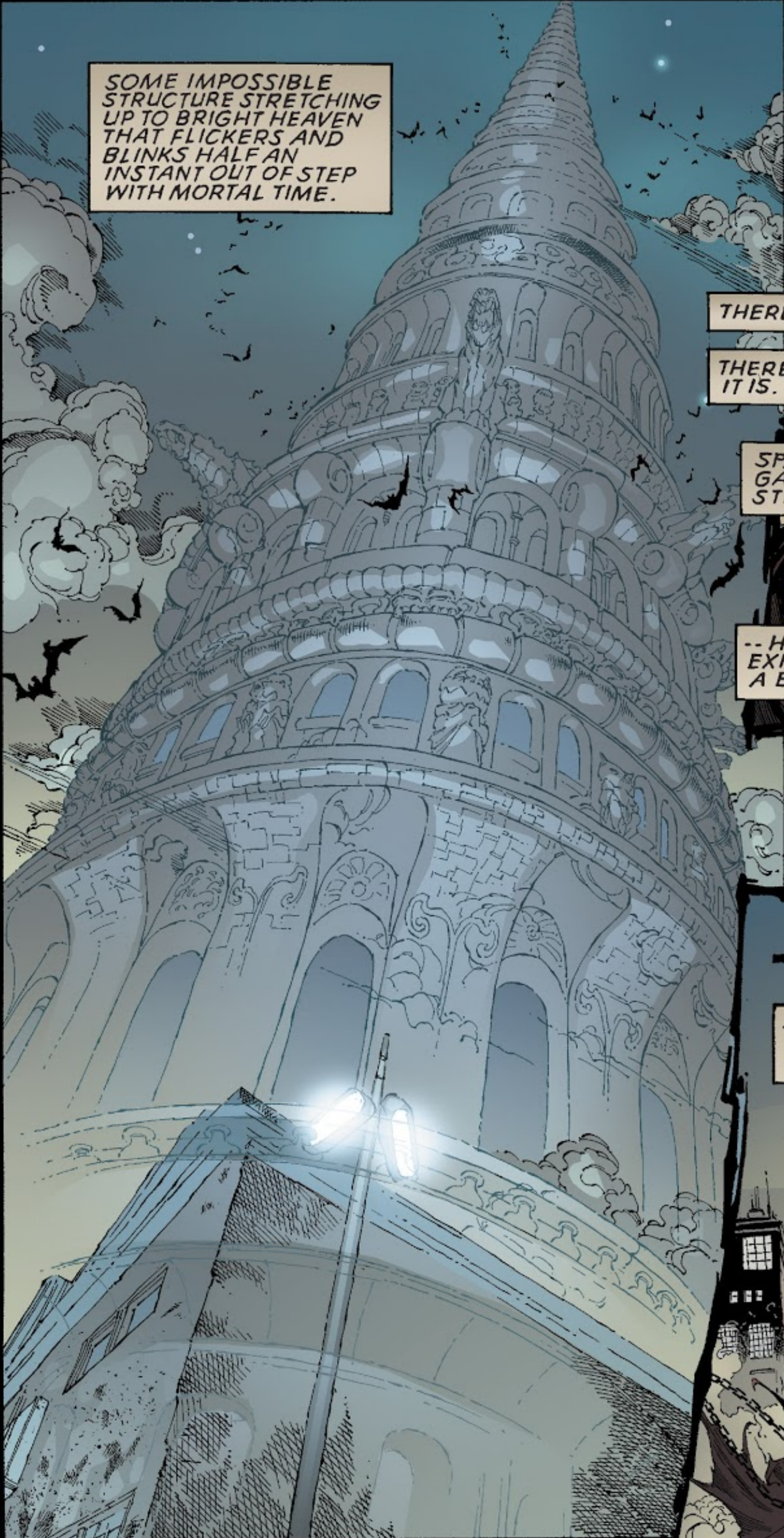
"FOR THE GLORY OF
THE *KINGDOM*."

ACROSS TOWN:
THIS IS THE
PLACE...

ACME WAREHOUSE



THIS DESERTED OLD
WAREHOUSE ON THE
DOCKS. BUT THERE IS
SOMETHING ELSE.
SOMETHING HE ALMOST
MISSED THE FIRST TIME.



SOME IMPOSSIBLE
STRUCTURE STRETCHING
UP TO BRIGHT HEAVEN
THAT FLICKERS AND
BLINKS HALF AN
INSTANT OUT OF STEP
WITH MORTAL TIME.

THERE.

THERE
IT IS.

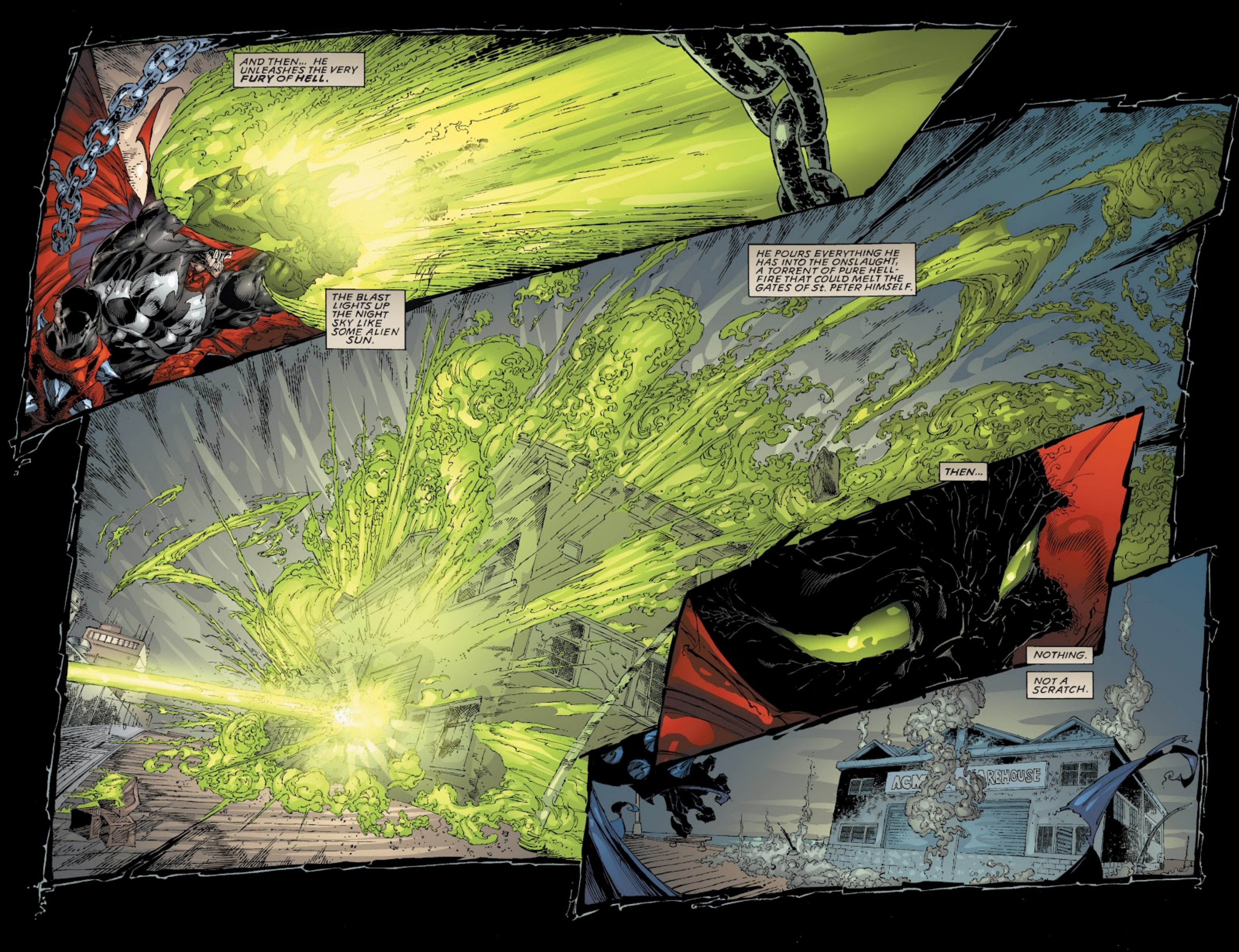
SPAWN
GATHERS HIS
STRENGTH--

-- HIS CHEST
EXPANDING LIKE
A BELLOWS--

-- REACHING INTO
THE VERY HEART
OF HIMSELF --

-- TO HIS
DEEPEST
RESERVES
OF POWER.

HE
PAUSES
FOR A
MOMENT,
A CALM
BEFORE
THE
STORM.



AND THEN... HE
UNLEASHES THE VERY
FURY OF HELL.

THE BLAST
LIGHTS UP
THE NIGHT
SKY LIKE
SOME ALIEN
SUN.

HE POURS EVERYTHING HE
HAS INTO THE ONSLAUGHT,
A TORRENT OF PURE HELL-
FIRE THAT COULD MELT THE
GATES OF ST. PETER HIMSELF.

THEN...

NOTHING.

NOT A
SCRATCH.



YOU
CAN
HUFF
AND
PUFF...

BUT
YOU
CAN'T
BLOW
OUR
HOUSE
DOWN!



THEY APPEAR
OUT OF NOWHERE,
BANSHEE SWIFT
AND THIRSTING
FOR BLOOD.



THEY ARE IMPOSSIBLY
FAST AND UNIMAGINABLY
STRONG. THEY BOMBARD
HIM LIKE LOCUSTS, LIKE AN
OLD TESTAMENT PLAGUE.



THEY
ATTACK WITH
ALL THE
BRASHNESS
AND FOLLY
OF YOUTH.

FOR ALL THEIR
POWER, THEY
ARE CHILDREN.
UNTRAINED AND
UNDISCIPLINED.

THEY HAVE STRENGTH
AND SPEED AND THEY
HAVE NUMBERS, BUT
THAT IS ALL.

AGAINST
SPAWN,
THAT ISN'T
ENOUGH.

MY
FRIEND...



YOU ARE
EARLY.

TO BE
CONTINUED...



SPAWN



DAVID
McFARLANE



111
DIGITAL
EDITION

SPAWN.COM



THE
NIGHT OF
CLEANSING
IS NEARLY
HERE.

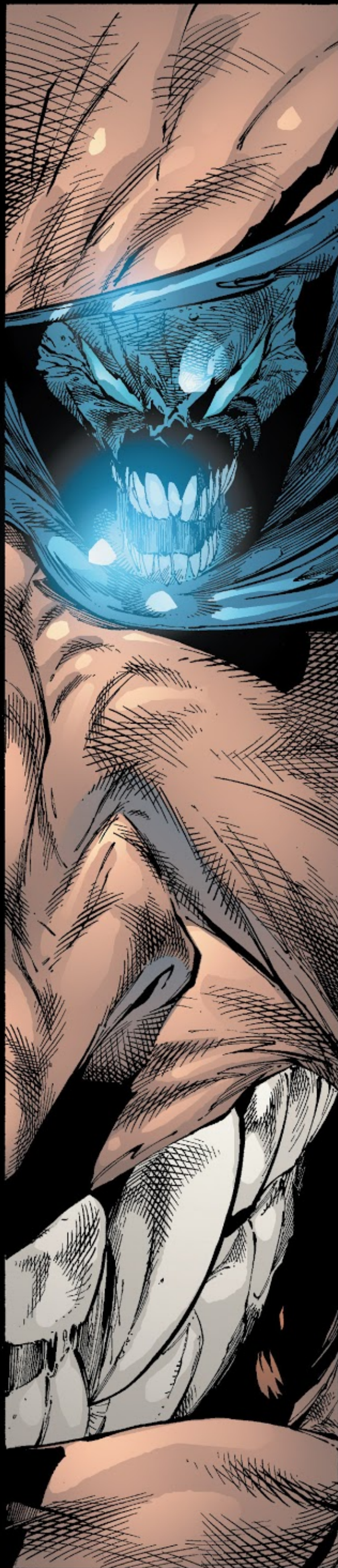
THE FINAL
STAND BETWEEN
THOSE REBORN
TO THE *LIGHT*, AND
THOSE WHO ARE
LOST TO THE
DARKNESS...

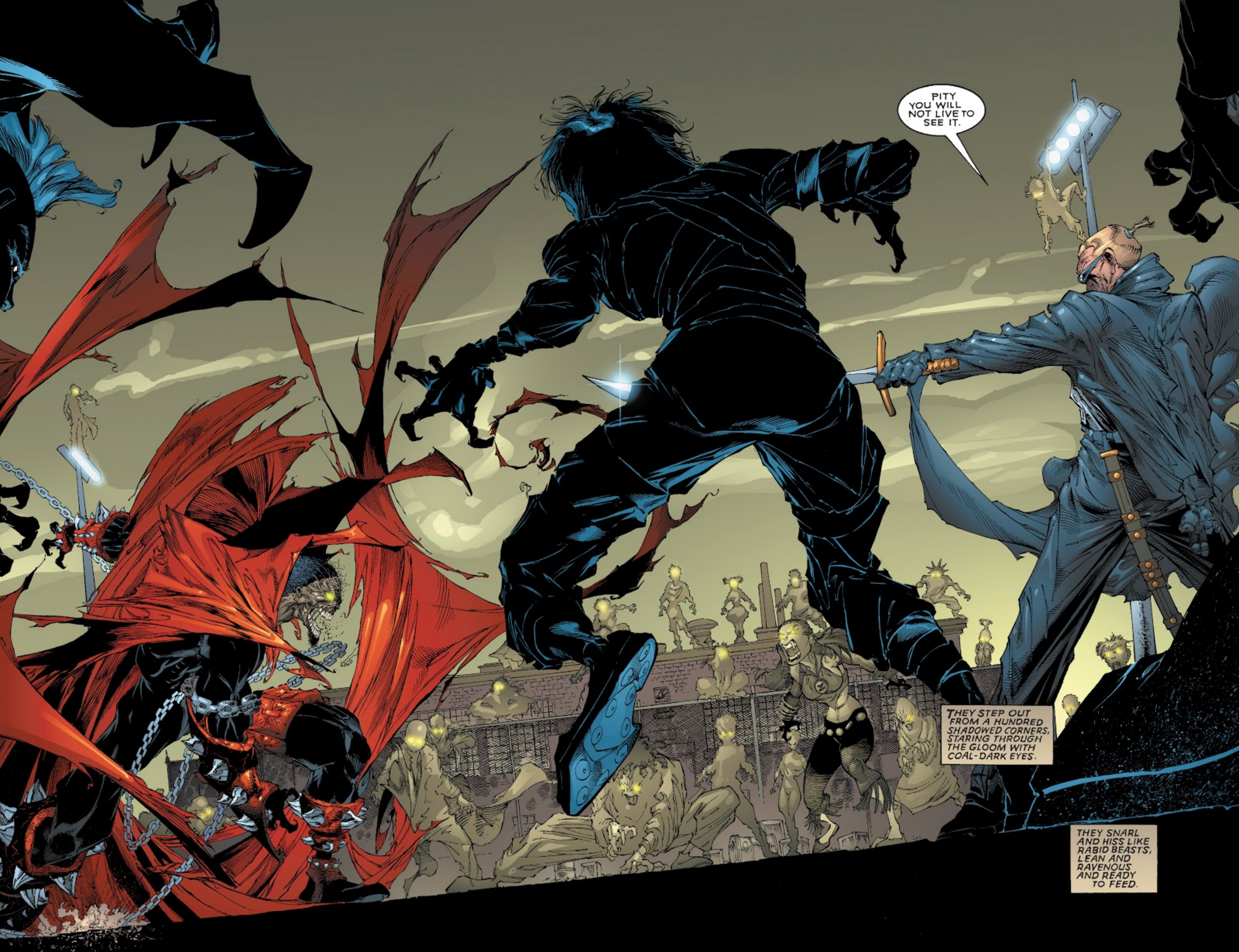
WHEN
THE
STREETS OF
THIS FILTH-
RIDDEN CITY
WILL BE
AWASH WITH
THE BLOOD
OF THE
WICKED...

AND IN THE
BLOODSTAINED
DAWN THAT
WILL FOLLOW,
PARADISE
SHALL BEGIN
AGAIN...

IT WILL
BE A
GREAT AND
GLORIOUS
SIGHT...

BENEATH HIS HAND,
SPAWN CAN FEEL THE
ANCIENT HUM OF THE
WORLD. MILES BELOW,
THE PILLARS OF THE
EARTH SHIFT AND
GROAN.





PITY
YOU WILL
NOT LIVE TO
SEE IT.

THEY STEP OUT
FROM A HUNDRED
SHADOWED CORNERS,
STARING THROUGH
THE GLOOM WITH
COAL-DARK EYES.


THEY SNARL
AND HISS LIKE
RABID BEASTS,
LEAN AND
RAVENOUS
AND READY
TO FEED.



LOOK AT
US, CREATURE.
WE ARE THE
FUTURE. THE
KINGDOM OF GOD
IS SPREAD UPON
THE EARTH,
THOUGH MEN
DO NOT SEE
IT.




YOU
KNEEL LIKE
A LOWLY SLAVE,
HELLSPAWN.
I TRUST YOU
ARE NOT
EXPECTING
MERCY.



OUR
JUDGMENT
IS FINAL.
THERE IS NO
ESCAPING
IT.

BENEATH HIS HAND,
SPAWN CAN FEEL THE
ANCIENT HUM OF THE
WORLD. MILES BELOW,
THE PILLARS OF THE
EARTH SHIFT AND
GROAN.



YOU
CAN'T RUN
FROM US.
OUR NUMBERS
ARE LEGION.
WE ARE TOO
STRONG.

WE
ARE TOO
FAST FOR
YOU.

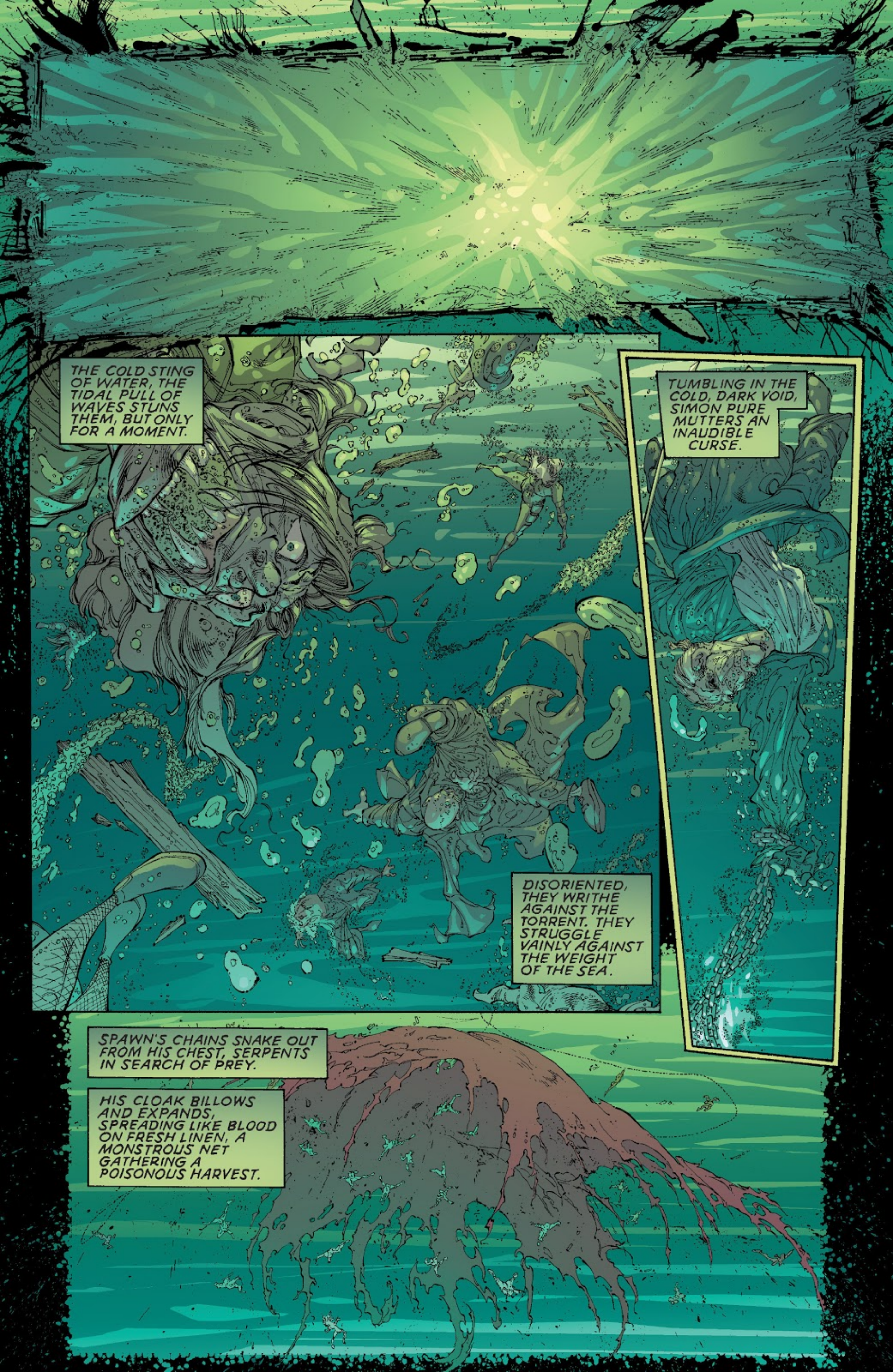
IT MOVES IN SLOW WAVES, LIKE
RIPPLES ACROSS A POND. GENTLE
AS A SIGH AT FIRST, IT GROWS
TO A BANSHEE HOWL.

SIMON!
LOOK!

WHAT?
WHAT
ARE YOU
DOING?!

SLOWING
YOU DOWN.

AND
CRASHES
DOWN
WITH A
THOUSAND
THUNDERS.




THE COLD STING
OF WATER, THE
TIDAL PULL OF
WAVES STUNS
THEM, BUT ONLY
FOR A MOMENT.

TUMBLING IN THE
COLD, DARK VOID,
SIMON PURE
MUTTERS AN
INAUDIBLE
CURSE.

DISORIENTED,
THEY WRITHE
AGAINST THE
TORRENT. THEY
STRUGGLE
VAINLY AGAINST
THE WEIGHT
OF THE SEA.

SPAWN'S CHAINS SNAKE OUT
FROM HIS CHEST, SERPENTS
IN SEARCH OF PREY.

HIS CLOAK BILLOWS
AND EXPANDS,
SPREADING LIKE BLOOD
ON FRESH LINEN, A
MONSTROUS NET
GATHERING A
POISONOUS HARVEST.


A large, vertical comic book panel showing Simon Pure, a man with a beard and long hair, being pulled down by several thick chains. He is wearing a dark, hooded cloak. The background is a dark, swirling, teal-colored liquid or smoke. The chains are attached to a large, dark, metallic structure on the right side of the panel. The overall tone is dark and dramatic.

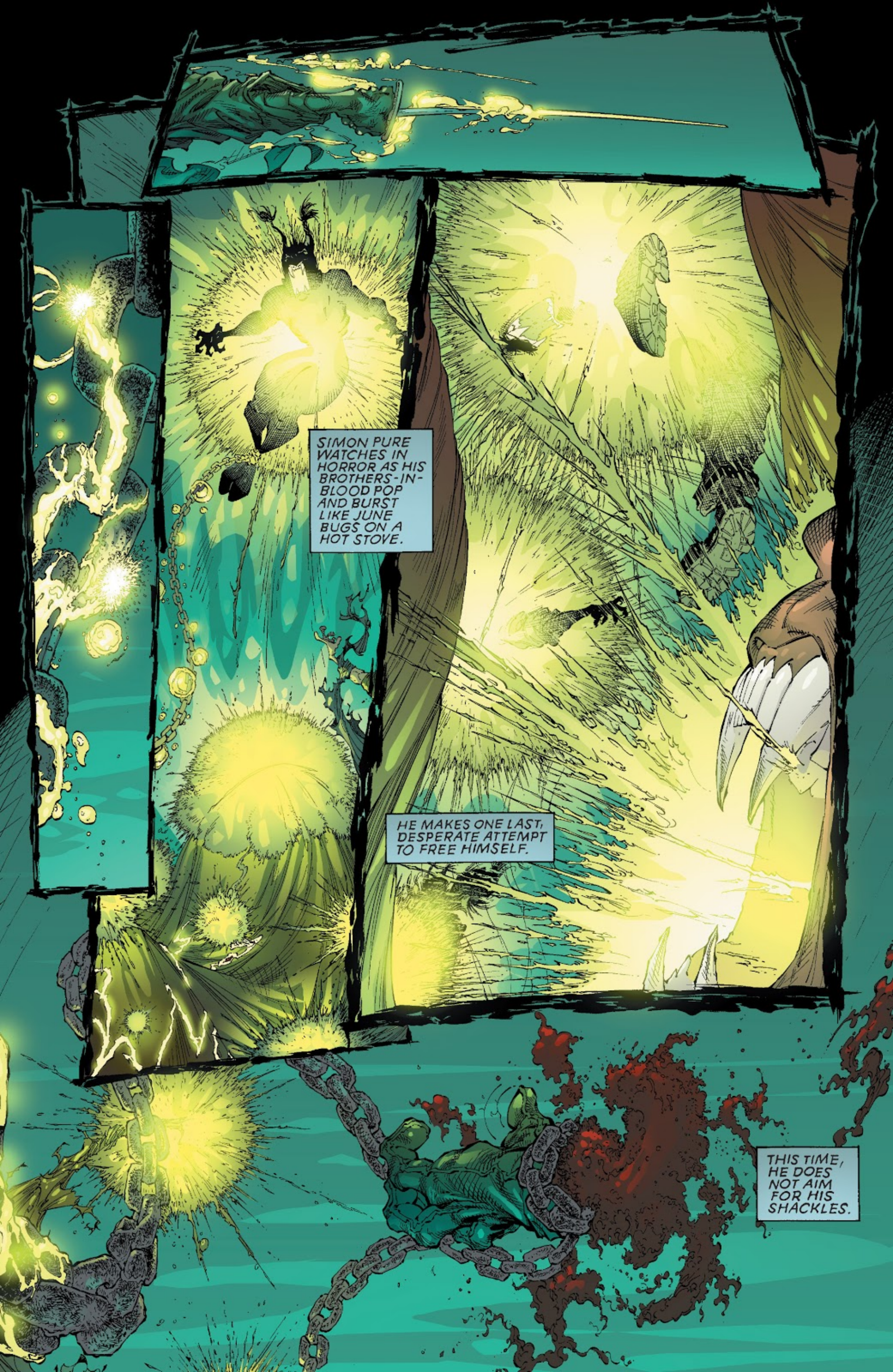
SIMON PURE
RAINS BLOWS
UPON THE
CHAINS THAT
HOLD HIM,
BUT HIS
MOVEMENTS
ARE
SLUGGISH.

BODIES
FLAIL AND
TWIST, LUNGS
PIERCED BY
HOT NEEDLES,
DESPERATE
FOR AIR.

SPAWN
PULLS
THEM
DOWN.
DOWN TO THE
SEA
FLOOR.

ENERGY
SURGES
THROUGH
THE CHAINS,
THROUGH
THE VEINS
OF SPAWN'S
CLOAK.

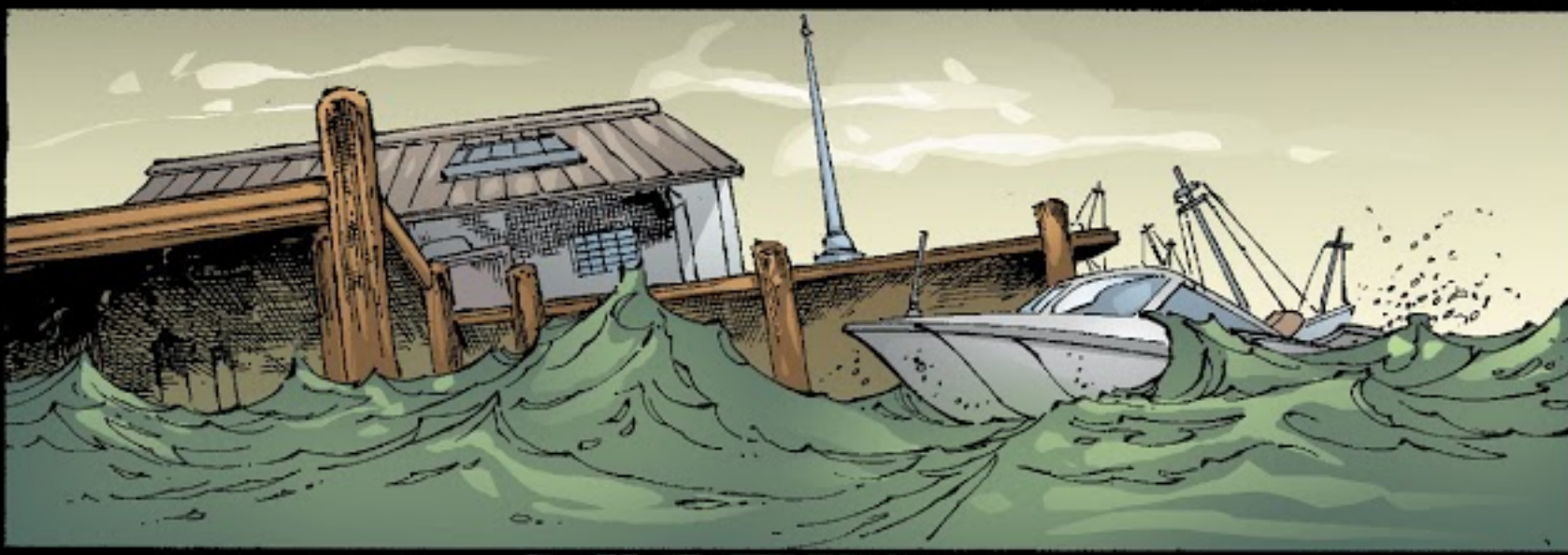
A large, horizontal comic book panel showing a massive, bright yellow and orange energy surge. The surge is composed of many jagged, flame-like shapes. In the foreground, a large, dark, metallic structure with a face-like shape is visible. The background is a dark, swirling, teal-colored liquid or smoke. The overall tone is dark and dramatic.



SIMON PURE
WATCHES IN
HORROR AS HIS
BROTHERS-IN-
BLOOD POP
AND BURST
LIKE JUNE
BUGS ON A
HOT STOVE.

HE MAKES ONE LAST,
DESPERATE ATTEMPT
TO FREE HIMSELF.

THIS TIME,
HE DOES
NOT AIM
FOR HIS
SHACKLES.



HELLO...?

DAD...?
DAD, IT'S
ME.

IT'S ME,
MAX. I'M
SORRY.

I'M
SORRY I
PUT YOU
THROUGH
THIS.



I NEVER
DREAMED IT
WOULD END
UP THIS WAY.
I JUST...
I DON'T KNOW
...I WAS
MAD.

BUT I
NEVER
MEANT
TO HURT
YOU.



YOU
AND
MOM.

NOT
REALLY.



SON...?
SON,
WHERE ARE
YOU? TELL ME
WHERE YOU
ARE AND I'LL
COME GET
YOU.



IT'S TOO
LATE, DAD.
I KNOW IT.
I JUST
WANTED... I
JUST WANTED
TO SAY...
oh, GOD.



MAX.
IT'S OKAY.
WHATEVER
IT IS, WE'LL
FIX IT.



I JUST
WANTED TO
SAY, I'M
SORRY. IT'S
NOT YOUR
FAULT. IT'S
MINE.



NO,
MAX. IT'S
MY FAULT.
I SHOULD
HAVE BEEN
THERE FOR
YOU.

I'M SO
SORRY.
BUT WANT
YOU TO
KNOW
THAT...
DAD...



MAX!
DON'T GO.
WE'LL FIX
IT. WE'LL
MAKE EVERY-
THING
BETTER. I
PROMISE.

...



MAX!
SON...
DON'T
GO!



MAX...!



I'M
SORRY.



MAX
CAN'T
COME
OUT TO
PLAY.



WHO
ARE YOU?
WHAT ARE
YOU DOING
WITH MY
BOY?

HE'S NOT
YOURS ANY-
MORE. HE
BELONGS TO US.
HE BELONGS
TO THE
KINGDOM.



I SWEAR
TO GOD, IF
YOU HARM HIM,
IF YOU HURT
HIM IN ANY
WAY...

DON'T
SPEAK
TO ME
THAT
WAY.



YOU DON'T
KNOW WHO I
AM OR WHAT I
HAVE GIVEN HIM.
HE HAS A BETTER
LIFE NOW.

YOUR LIFE
AND YOUR
WORLD AREN'T
GOING TO EXIST
FOR MUCH
LONGER, ANYWAY.
WE'RE GIVING
HIM A NEW
START.



TRY
AND BE
HAPPY
FOR
HIM.

HERE...



I
THOUGHT
YOU MIGHT
WANT TO
KEEP THESE.
HE DOESN'T
NEED THEM
ANY-
MORE.

YOUR
POOR EYE-
SIGHT, ALL THE
WEAKNESSES
YOUR GENES
PASSED ON TO
HIM... HE'S
GROWN
BEYOND
THEM
NOW.



I WILL
FIND YOU. **WE**
WILL FIND YOU.
AND WHEN
WE DO...

DON'T
THREATEN
ME. THERE'S
NOTHING
YOU CAN
DO.



WE KNOW
ALL ABOUT YOUR
FRIEND. HE'S NO
MATCH FOR US. EVEN
HE KNOWS IT.

I HAVE
TO GO
NOW. YOU
KNOW, I
DIDN'T HAVE
TO LET HIM
SAY GOOD-
BYE.

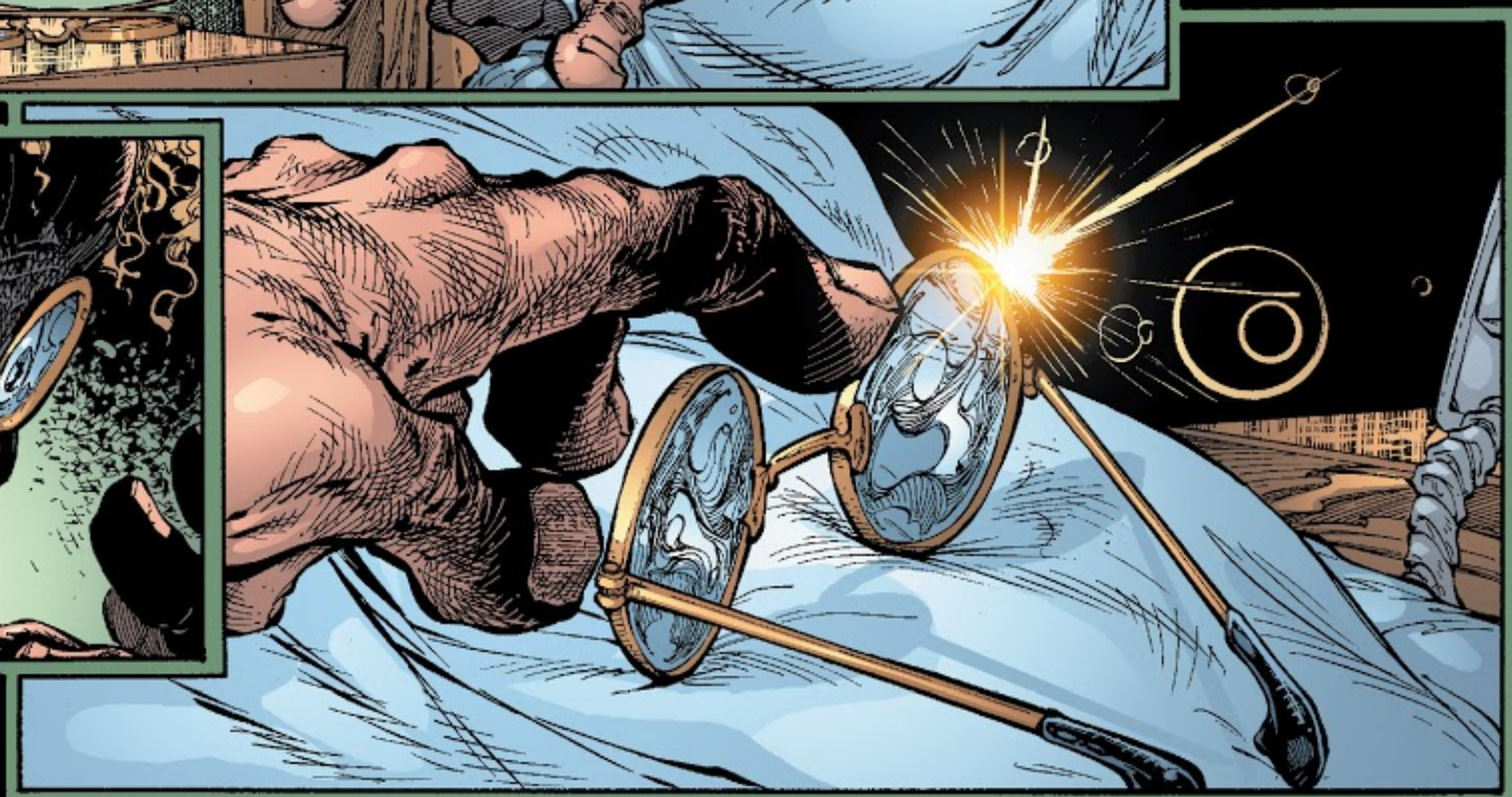
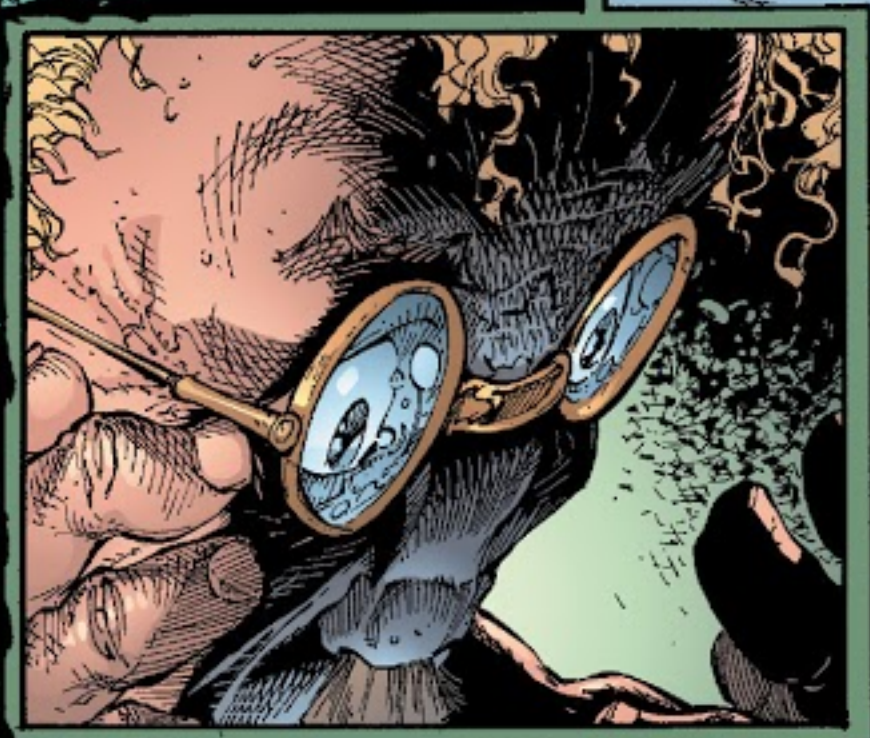
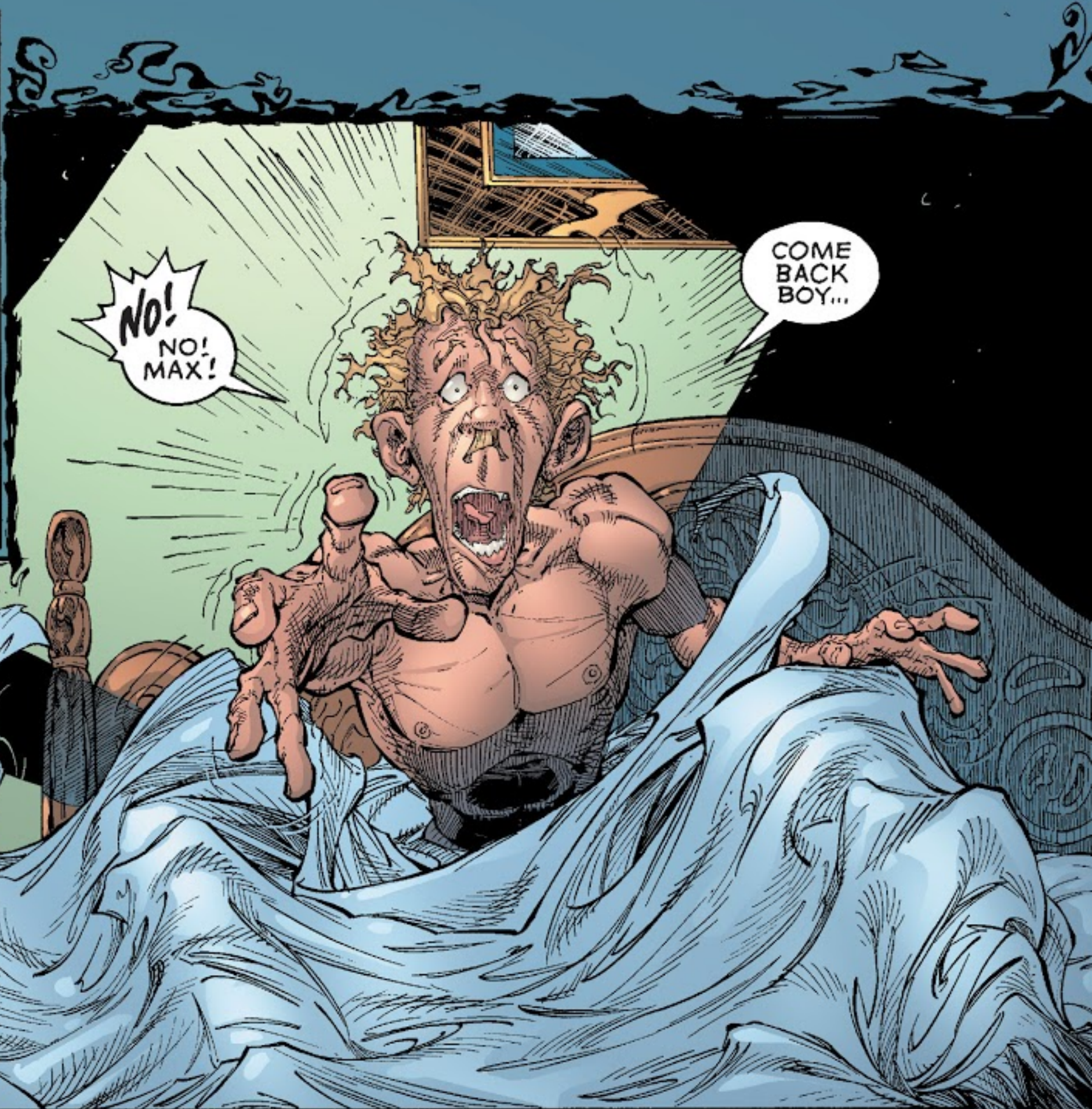
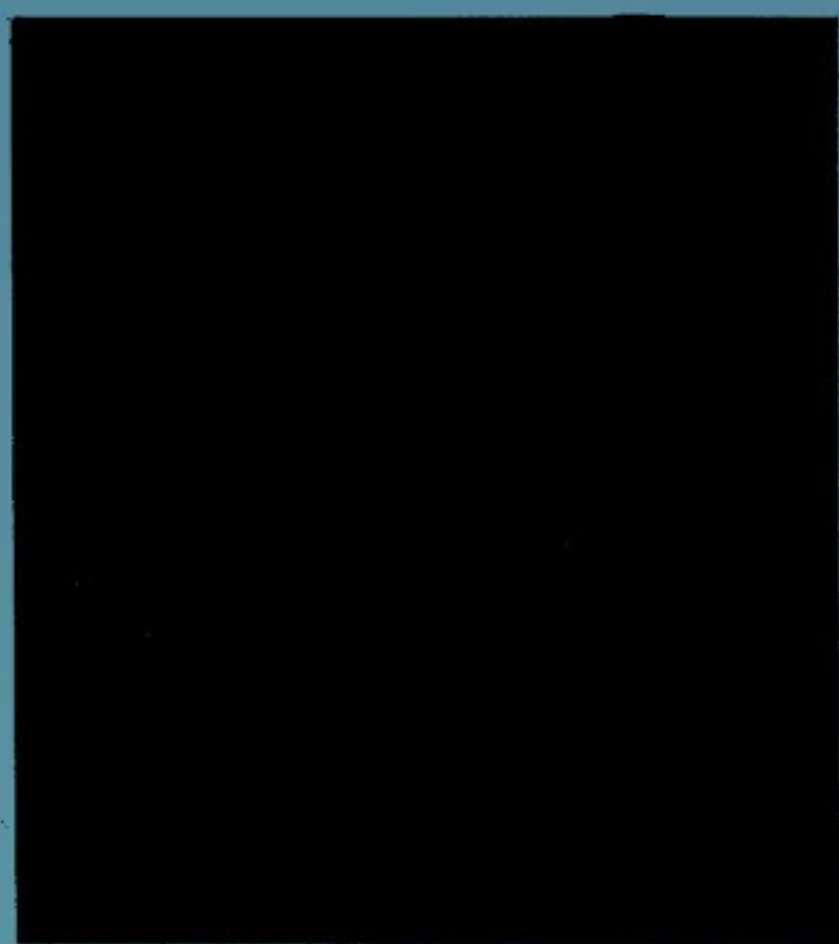


SERIOUSLY.
BE HAPPY FOR
HIM. AND THINK
ABOUT THIS IN
THE FEW DAYS
YOU HAVE LEFT
ON THIS
WORLD...



IN THE
END, WE
WERE THE
ONES WHO WERE
THERE FOR HIM.
WE'RE THE
ONES WHO
LOVED
HIM.







DEAR LORD,
FATHER
OF LIGHT,
BRINGER
OF
JUSTICE...

GRANT ME
STRENGTH.

STRENGTH
TO SERVE YOU.
TO DO YOUR
WILL... ON EARTH
AS IT IS IN
HEAVEN.

FORGIVE MY
WEAKNESS.
YOU TESTED ME.
TESTED MY
WORTHINESS.

I
FAILED.



BUT IN
THE NAME
OF MY FALLEN
BROTHERS, IN
THE NAME OF
ALL I HOLD
SACRED...



I
SWEAR
I SHALL
NOT
FAIL YOU
AGAIN.

THAT'S ENOUGH MOPING, MAX. CHILDHOOD'S OVER. TIME TO GROW UP.

GO AWAY.

THIS IS WHAT YOU WANTED. WHAT YOU DREAMED OF. A CHANCE TO LIVE FOREVER, WITHOUT **PAIN**, WITHOUT **WANT**.

A LIFE FULL OF **MEANING** AND **PURPOSE** AND **LOVE**.

GO AWAY.



HERE...

YOU MUST BE STARVING. GO AHEAD. IT DOESN'T HURT ME. I LIKE IT. IT LETS ME BE **PART OF YOU**.

COME ON.

NO.



MAX, THIS ISN'T A GAME. YOU'RE ONE OF US NOW. IF YOU DON'T **FEED**, YOU'RE GOING TO **DIE**. BELIEVE ME, IT WON'T BE PRETTY.

YEAH?

YEAH.

GOOD.

DON'T BE LIKE THIS. PLEASE. I ONLY WANT WHAT'S BEST FOR YOU.





... OUR
BROTHERS AND
SISTERS HAVE BEEN
RETURNED TO THE
DUST FROM WHENCE
THEY WERE BORN.
THE ULTIMATE
MARTYRDOM. WE
THANK THEM AND
WE HONOR
THEM.

THIS IS
A HOLY WAR.
IN WAR,
SOLDIERS ARE
BURIED, BUT
THE ARMY
REMAINS.

SO
NOW THE
CALL GOES
OUT TO
YOU.

YOU ARE
CALLED TO
THE SERVICE
OF YOUR GOD.
THE SERVICE OF
THE *KINGDOM*.
TO BECOME ONE
OF THE ELITE
AMONG
US.

WHO IS
EQUAL TO THE
CHALLENGE?

WHO
WILL
TAKE THE
PLACE
OF THE
FALLEN?

I
WILL!

ME!

I
WILL!



WE ARE THE
CHILDREN OF THE
KINGDOM.



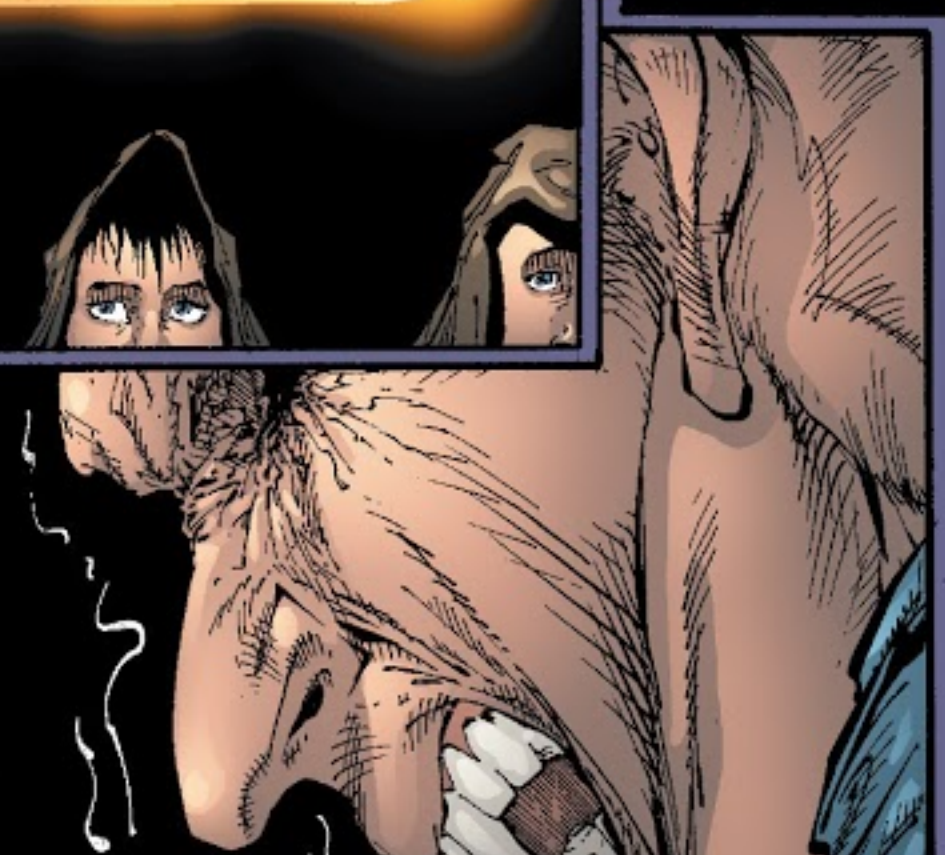
THE
SWIFT,
UNYIELDING
SWORD OF
GOD.




WE ARE
AN ARMY OF
JUSTICE.



AND
JUSTICE
MUST BE
BLIND.



BROTHER
MATHIAS,
ARE YOU READY
TO SEE THE
LIGHT?



I
AM.

YOU SURE THAT'S WHAT YOU WANT TO DO? NOT THAT I'M COMPLAINING, MIND YOU. IT'S JUST...

I'VE MADE UP MY MIND.

BUT BEFORE YOU DO, I JUST WANT TO SAY SOMETHING. JUST TO MAKE SURE YOU KNOW.

HE SAYS HE'S MADE UP HIS MIND ALREADY. COME ON! LET'S DO THIS THING!

SHUDDUP, ZAB.

LISTEN, SPAWN. YOU KNOW WHAT WE ARE. DEMONS, YES. BUT A SPECIAL KIND OF DEMON. WE'RE **OPENERS**.

THERE'S ALMOST NOTHING IN THIS UNIVERSE THAT CAN KEEP US OUT. THERE IS NO DOOR THAT IS CLOSED TO US.

"LEAST, THAT'S HOW IT USED TO BE."

"SEE, THE WORLD'S FULL OF ALL KINDS OF DOORS. BIG ONES, SMALL ONES, EVERY SHAPE, SIZE AND DESIGN."

"SOME ARE OBVIOUS, OTHERS YOU COULD SPEND YOUR LIFE LOOKING FOR AND NEVER FIND."

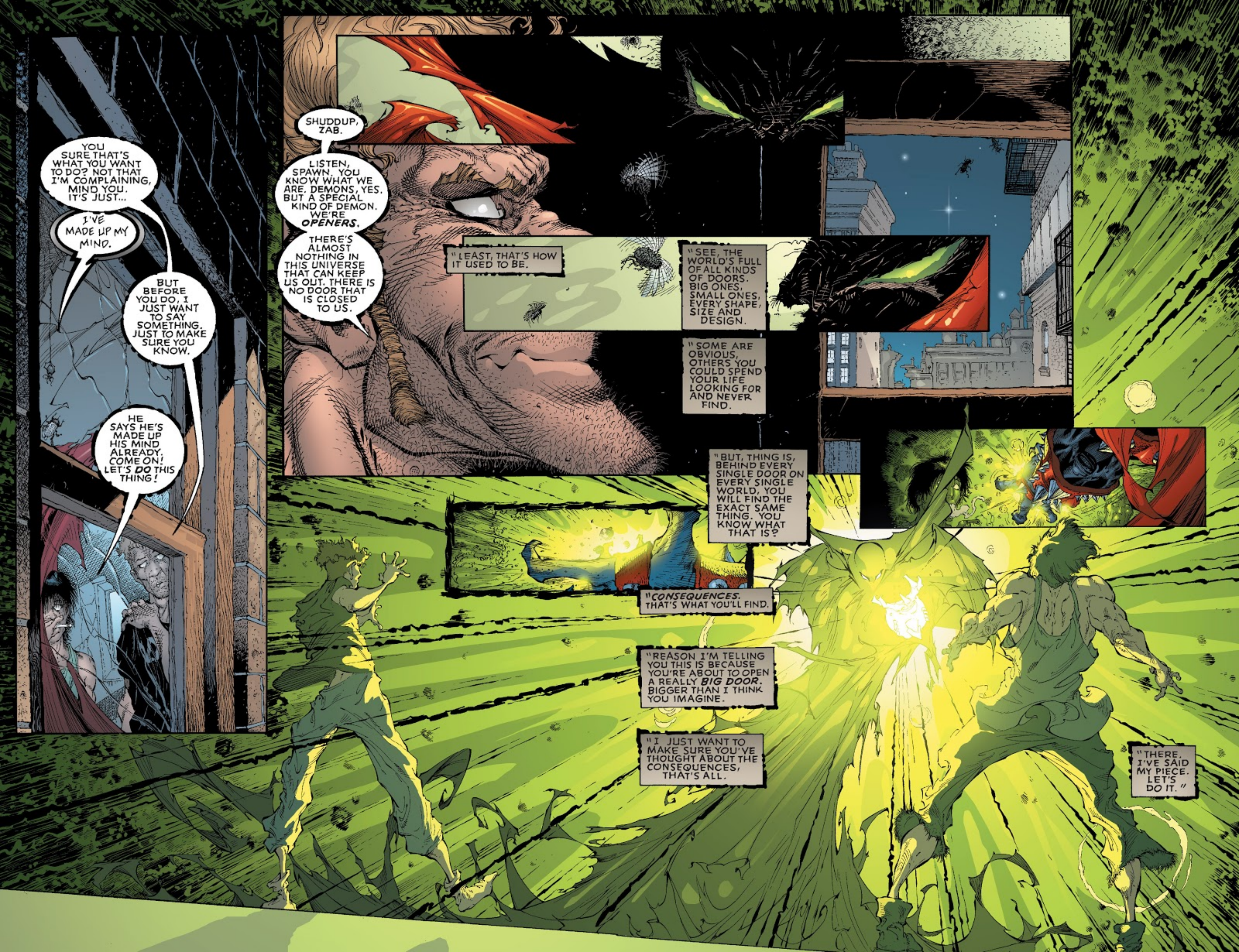
"BUT, THING IS, BEHIND EVERY SINGLE DOOR ON EVERY SINGLE WORLD, YOU WILL FIND THE EXACT SAME THING. YOU KNOW WHAT THAT IS?"

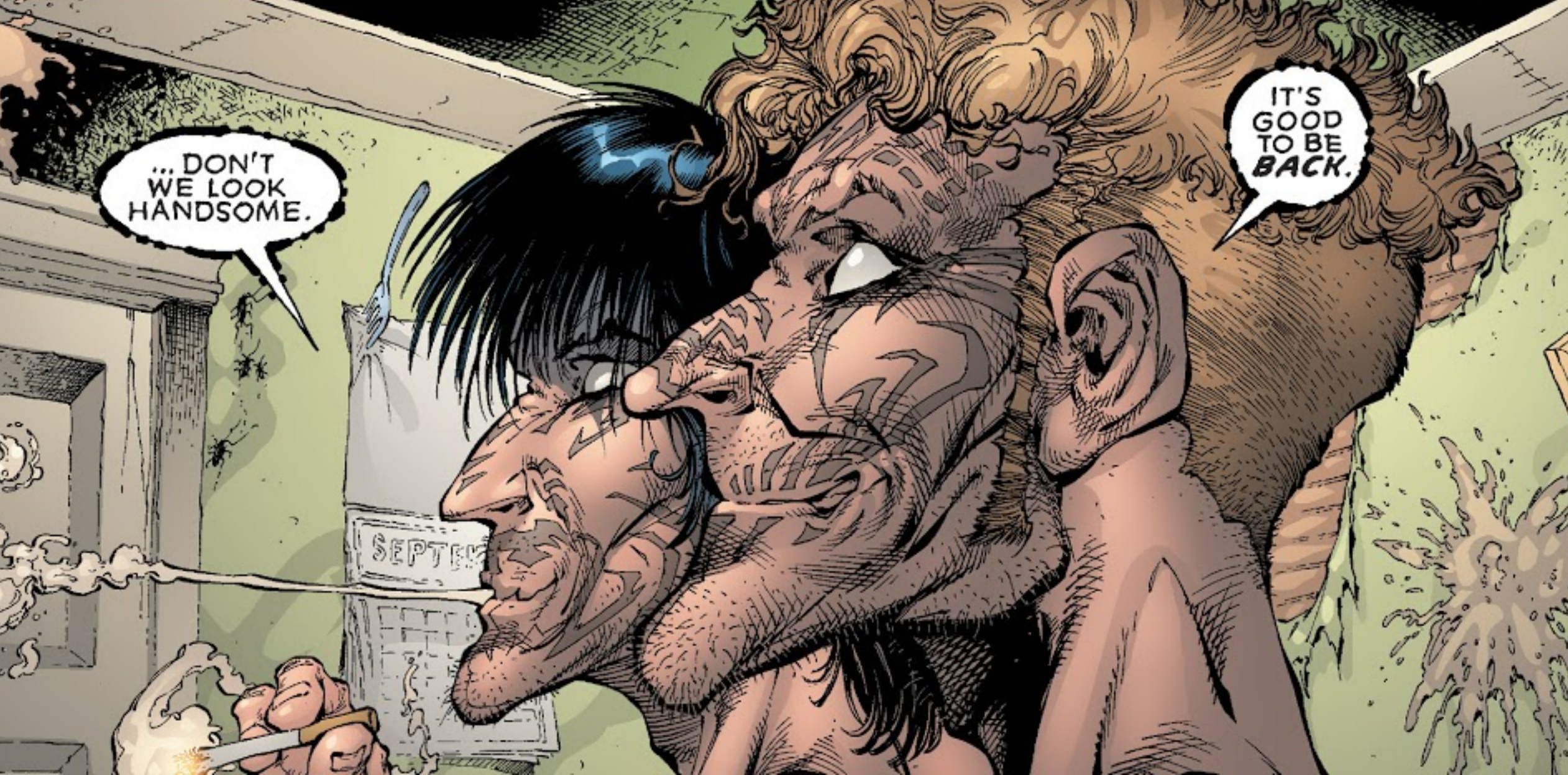
"CONSEQUENCES. THAT'S WHAT YOU'LL FIND."

"REASON I'M TELLING YOU THIS IS BECAUSE YOU'RE ABOUT TO OPEN A REALLY **BIG DOOR**. BIGGER THAN I THINK YOU IMAGINE."

"I JUST WANT TO MAKE SURE YOU'VE THOUGHT ABOUT THE CONSEQUENCES, THAT'S ALL."

"THERE. I'VE SAID MY PIECE. LET'S DO IT."







I WANT
YOU TO LOOK
AT THEM. SEE
THEM WITH
YOUR **NEW**
EYES.




SEE
THEM AS
I SEE THEM.
AS THEY
TRULY
ARE.




BEHOLD.
THE MARK
OF **SIN**, THE
STAIN OF
WICKEDNESS
THEY WEAR
ON THEIR
BROW.



THEY
ARE OUR
PREY.



WHOEVER
IS THUSLY
STAINED IS AN
ABOMINATION
BEFORE THE
LORD.



UNWORTHY
SINNERS WHO
MUST BE ERASED
FROM GOD'S
SIGHT.



TOMORROW
NIGHT...





SPAWN



APULLO
McFARIANE

MIDNIGHT.

THE NIGHT
OF THE
CLEANSING.

IT BEGINS...




LIKE THE PLAGUES
OF MOSES, WE RAIN
DOWN UPON THE
FAITHLESS. TEETH
BARED, BLADES
FLASHING. A BLACK
AND TERRIBLE
SCOURGE.

WE MOVE AS ONE.
LIKE A PACK OF
FERAL BEASTS.
LIKE THE HOLY
WRATH OF ANGELS.

PULSES QUICKEN,
PIQUED BY THE
SCENT OF BLOOD
AND THE BOOTLESS
SCREAMS OF THE
DAMNED.

WE ARE THE
CHILDREN
OF THE
KINGDOM.






WE HAVE COME TO DO
GOD'S WORK.

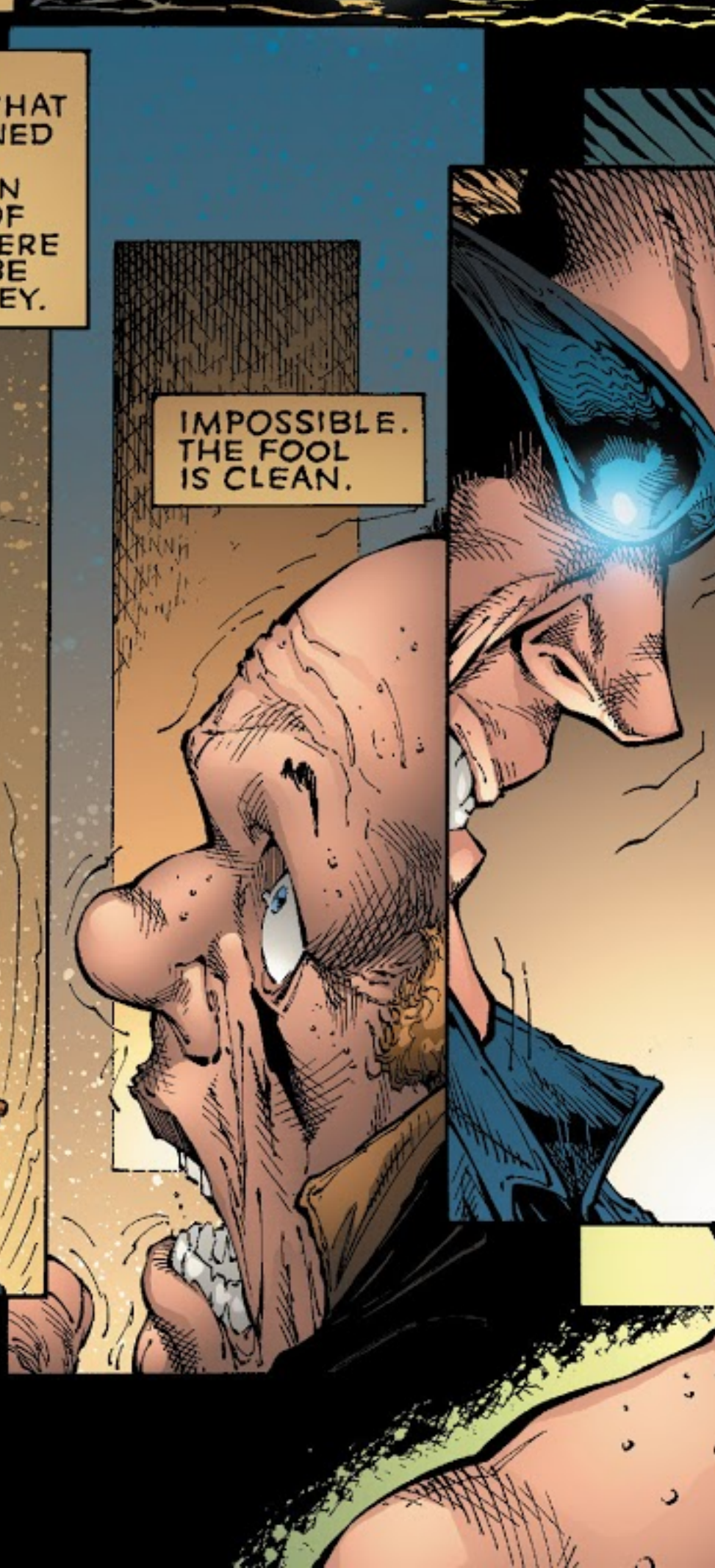
WE HAVE LONG WAITED
FOR THIS NIGHT. WE
GAVE HUMANITY EVERY
CHANCE TO AWAKEN
TO THE LIGHT.

THEY HAVE
SHOWN THEM-
SELVES TO BE
UNWORTHY.

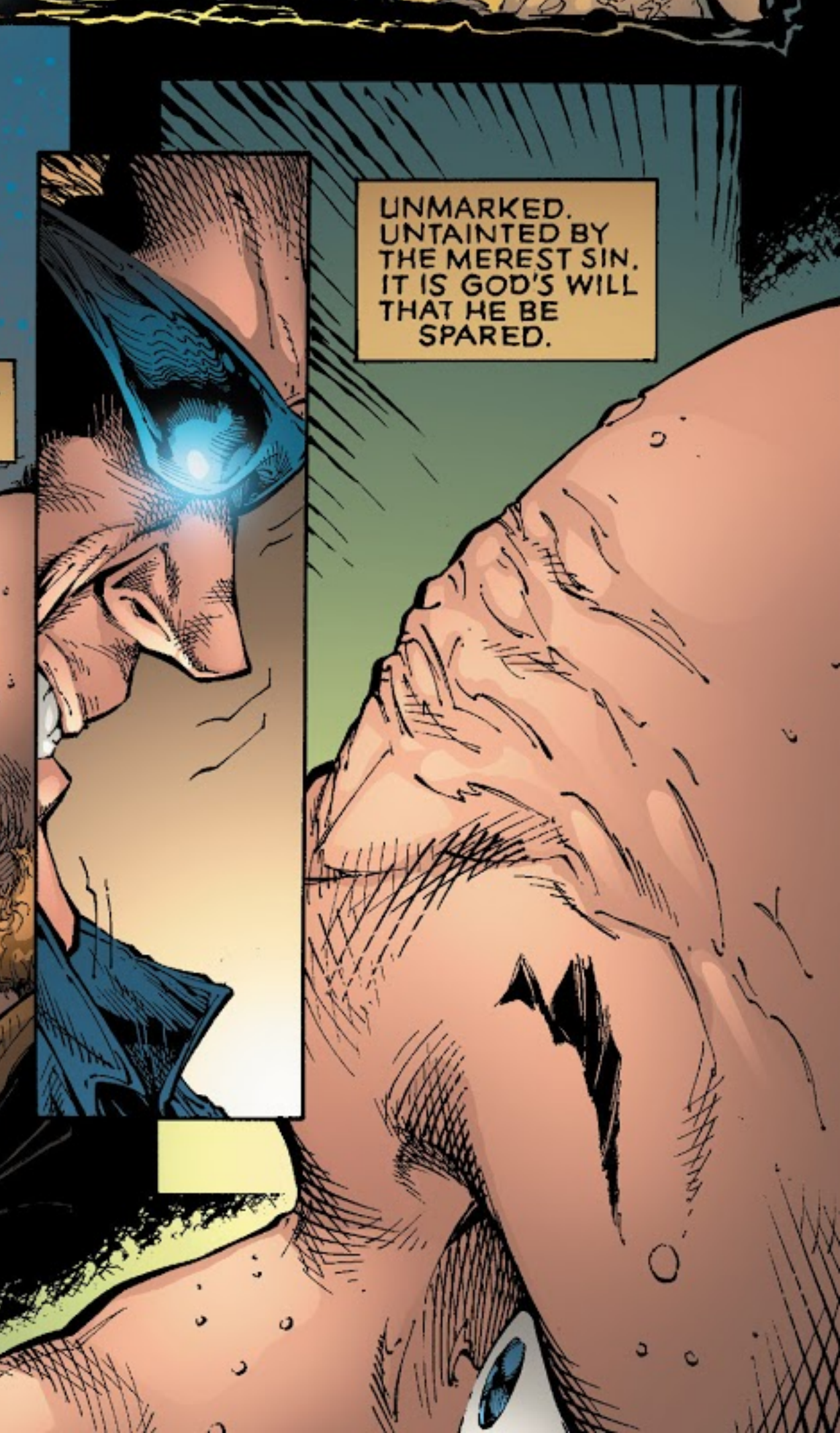
IT IS UP TO US TO TEACH THESE
DECADENT MONGRELS A LESSON.
WE SHALL FEAST UPON THEIR FLESH,
GET DRUNK UPON THEIR BLOOD.



EVERY
BROW THAT
IS STAINED
BY THE
CRIMSON
MARK OF
SIN, THERE
SHALL BE
OUR PREY.



IMPOSSIBLE.
THE FOOL
IS CLEAN.



UNMARKED.
UNTAINED BY
THE MEREST SIN.
IT IS GOD'S WILL
THAT HE BE
SPARED.



VERY WELL. HE IS A RARE EXCEPTION. THERE ARE PLENTY OTHERS TO FEED UPON...



NO...



IMPOSSIBLE...



SURELY THERE IS SOME MISTAKE...



BEGONE!



EVERYWHERE IN THIS CITY, THIS *DEN OF JACKALS*, MEN WALK FREE OF SIN.

AN ARMY OF 777 HOLY WARRIORS GAZES ACROSS THESE DIRTY STREETS, SEARCHING FOR A SINGLE TARGET, FINDING NONE.



I DON'T...



UNDER...



...STAND...?



SPAWN...

OLIVE

FOURTEEN
HOURS
EARLIER...

CENTRAL
PARK? THAT
BIG GREEN
PATCH IN
THE MIDDLE
OF THE CITY?

YES.

YOU
WANT ME
TO SHUT
DOWN
CENTRAL
PARK?

YES.

BUT
NOT
JUST
SHUT IT
DOWN.
CLEAR IT
OUT. RUN
A SWEEP
TO MAKE
SURE
THERE'S
NOT A
SOUL LEFT
IN THE
PLACE.

AND THIS
IS BASED ON
SOME VAGUE
TIP THAT THIS
"KINGDOM"
GROUP IS
PLANNING A
STRIKE?

YES,
SIR.

AND WHAT
DO YOU THINK
THE MAYOR'S
GOING TO SAY?
HUH? DO YOU
KNOW HOW
MUCH MANPOWER,
HOW MUCH
OVERTIME...

I MEAN,
WHAT IF
YOU'RE
WRONG?

SIR,
WITH ALL
MY HEART
AND SOUL, I
HOPE WE'RE
WRONG. BUT
WITH ALL DUE
RESPECT...
WHAT IF
WE'RE
NOT?

WOULD YOU
RATHER BE
EMBARRASSED
BECAUSE YOU
DID TOO LITTLE,
OR 'CAUSE YOU
DID TOO
MUCH?

Hmm...
ANONYMOUS
TIP, huh?

WELL,
WE SURE
SHOVELED
THAT ON THICK.
THINK HE
BOUGHT
IT?

I
HOPE
SO.

SUNSET.

SPAWN FEELS
THE BREATH AND
SIGH OF THE
CITY MOVE IN
INTRICATE WAVES
ALL AROUND HIM.

HE CAN FEEL
THEIR PAIN.
THEIR FAILURE.
THEIR WEAK-
NESS. HE DRINKS
IN THEIR GUILT
AND THEIR
AVARICE AND
THEIR HATE.

IT CALLS TO HIM EVEN
AS HE CALLS TO IT.
IT SURPRISES HIM
HOW EASY IT IS.

IT FLOWS TO HIM SO
NATURALLY, LIKE
RIVERS RETURNING
TO THE SEA.

HE DOESN'T LIKE
THIS FEELING.

BUT IT IS A
BURDEN HE
MUST BEAR.



8:24 P.M.

Ding-
Dong

YES...?
Oh... HI.

WHAT
IS IT? Oh,
GOD, IS IT
MAX? DID
YOU...

HI,
HELEN.
NO, NO,
NOTHING
LIKE THAT.

IF IT'S
OKAY WITH YOU,
I MEAN.

IT'S
JUST...
I DON'T
KNOW...
I JUST
REALLY
NEED TO BE
WITH MY
FAMILY
TONIGHT.

YEAH.
SURE. COME
ON IN. YOU
SURE THERE'S
NOTHING...

DAD!

DADDY!

DADDY'S
HERE!

THERE'S
MY BABIES!
Oh, I
MISSED
YOU!

LOOKIT, LOOKIT,
LOOKIT! I GOT AN
"A-PLUS" ON MY
SCIENCE FAIR PROJECT!
COME SEE!

DADDY!
COME WATCH
THIS CARTOON
WITH ME!
PLEASE!

DADDY!
LUPPIE!

OKAY.
OKAY.
SLOW DOWN.
WE'VE GOT
PLENTY OF
TIME.





THE CITADEL
OF THE
KINGDOM.

MAX.
WAKE
UP.

IT'S A NEW
MORNING.

IT'S ALL
HAPPENING.
IT'S ALL
COMING
TRUE.

IT'S THE
MIDNIGHT DAWN.
EVERYONE IS GATHERING
IN THE GREAT HALL TO
CELEBRATE. WE DON'T
WANT TO MISS IT.

GO'WAY.

MAX, I
KNOW IT IS
HARD TO PUT
AWAY CHILDISH
THINGS... BUT THIS
IS IMPORTANT.
THE MOST
IMPORTANT THING
TO EVER
HAPPEN.

IT'S
BEAUTIFUL.

AN ARMY
OF OUR BRAVEST
IS SWEEPING AWAY
THE OLD LIFE SO WE
CAN REMAKE THIS
WORLD IN OUR
IMAGE.

GO AWAY.
YOU'RE **SICK!**
ALL OF YOU. JUST
KILL ME AND GET
IT OVER WITH.

MAX... DON'T
TALK LIKE THAT. I
COULD NEVER HURT
YOU. ALL THE PEOPLE
IN THE WORLD, AND
I CHOSE TO
SAVE YOU.



EVERYTHING
I DID WAS
BECAUSE I
LOVE...

GUH!

SNAP!

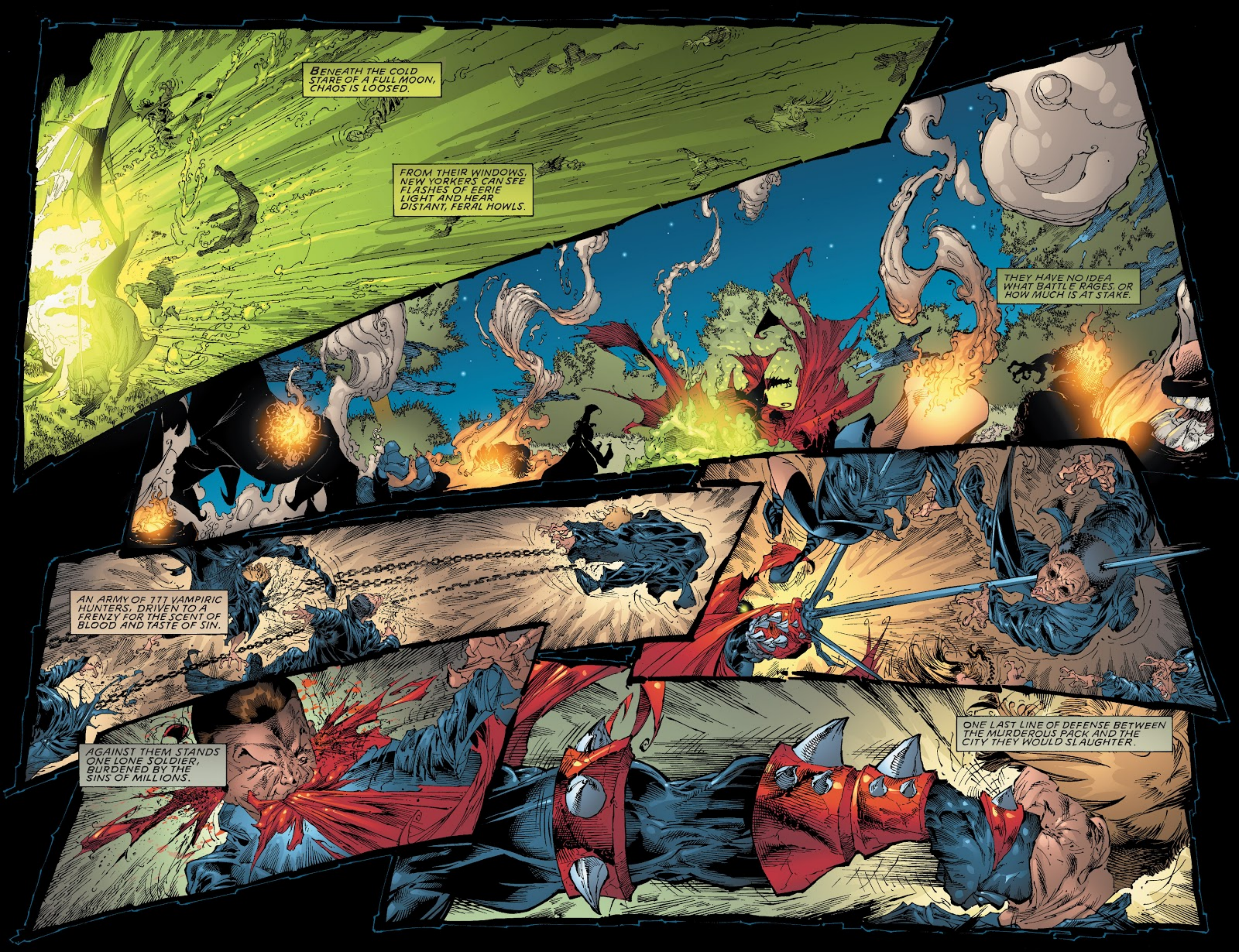


WHO?



HOW YOU
DOIN', KID?
WE'RE THE
CAVALRY!





BENEATH THE COLD
STARE OF A FULL MOON,
CHAOS IS LOOSED.

FROM THEIR WINDOWS,
NEW YORKERS CAN SEE
FLASHES OF EERIE
LIGHT AND HEAR
DISTANT, FERAL HOWLS.

THEY HAVE NO IDEA
WHAT BATTLE RAGES, OR
HOW MUCH IS AT STAKE.

AN ARMY OF 777 VAMPIRIC
HUNTERS, DRIVEN TO A
FRENZY FOR THE SCENT OF
BLOOD AND TASTE OF SIN.

AGAINST THEM STANDS
ONE LONE SOLDIER,
BURDENED BY THE
SINS OF MILLIONS.

ONE LAST LINE OF DEFENSE BETWEEN
THE MURDEROUS PACK AND THE
CITY THEY WOULD SLAUGHTER.



KILL HIM!

HE HAS DARED TO MEDDLE WITH OUR NIGHT OF **GLORY**. REND HIM TO PIECES! RIP OUT HIS BLACK HEART! MAKE AN EXAMPLE OF HIM!

THERE SHALL BE NO HAVEN FOR THE WICKED. NO PLACE FOR THE IMPURE TO HIDE.

"I HAVE NOT COME TO BRING **PEACE**," SAYETH THE LORD, "BUT TO BRING A **SWORD**."

YOU WANTED A **SINNER**, SIMON! HERE I AM!

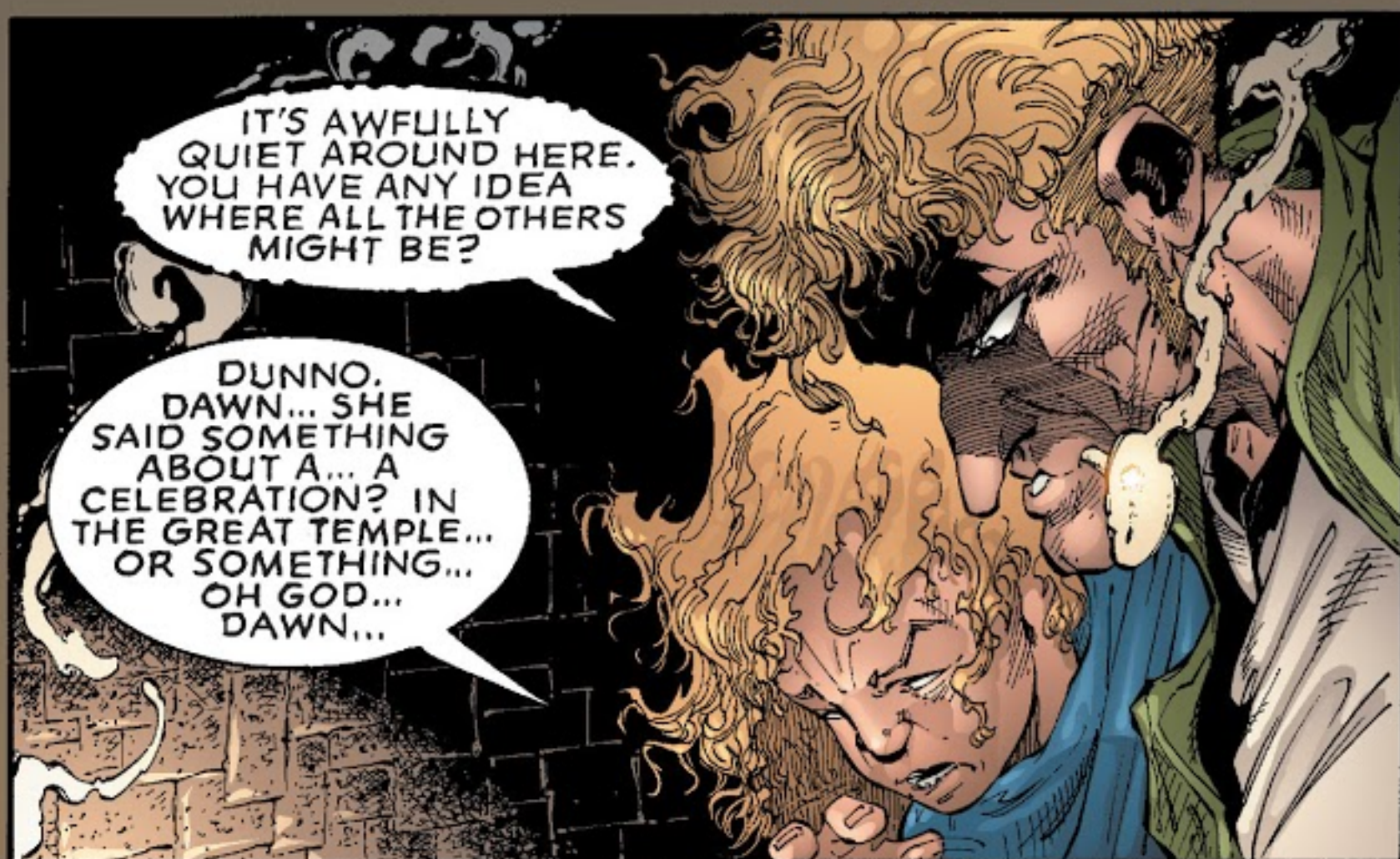
SEE IF YOU CAN TAKE ME.



YOU
HOLDING
UP OKAY,
KID?
HANG IN
THERE.

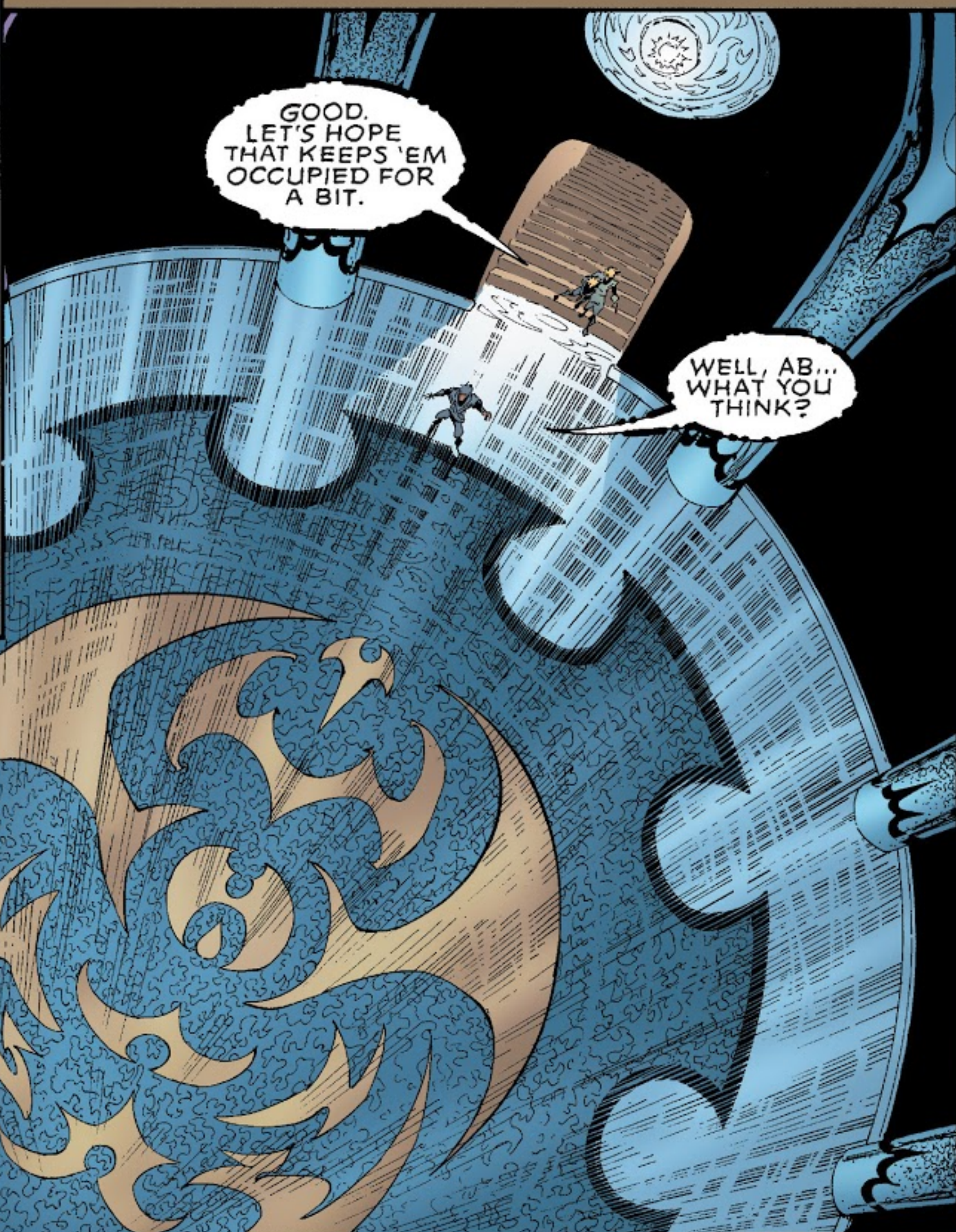
IT'S
KIND OF
IMPORTANT
TO ME AND MY
FUTURE THAT
YOU GET OUT
OF HERE
ALIVE, DIG?

SO...
TIRED.



IT'S AWFULLY
QUIET AROUND HERE.
YOU HAVE ANY IDEA
WHERE ALL THE OTHERS
MIGHT BE?

DUNNO.
DAWN... SHE
SAID SOMETHING
ABOUT A... A
CELEBRATION? IN
THE GREAT TEMPLE...
OR SOMETHING...
OH GOD...
DAWN...



GOOD.
LET'S HOPE
THAT KEEPS 'EM
OCCUPIED FOR
A BIT.

WELL, AB...
WHAT YOU
THINK?



DO YOU
THINK IT'S *BIG*
ENOUGH?

IT'LL
HAVE
TO DO.

YOU
WANTED A
SACRIFICE...

YOU
WANTED
A FLOCK OF
DOCILE LAMBS
TO LEAD
TO THE
SLAUGHTER.





THE
GAME HAS
CHANGED.
YOU DON'T
GET
LAMBS...

YOU GET
ME!



AND
I WILL
BURY
YOU!

YOU ARE
AN UNHOLY
THING, A **STAIN**
ON THE HEM OF
CREATION, AND
YOU SHALL BE
CLEANSED!



WHAT...
WHAT
ARE YOU
DOING?



JUST A
LITTLE BIT OF
ARTS AND CRAFTS.
A LITTLE SURPRISE
FOR YOUR
TOOTHsome
FRIENDS.



SEE, IT
MAY NOT LOOK
LIKE IT NOW, BUT
WHEN WE'RE
DONE, THIS HERE'S
GOING TO BE A
DOOR.



DOOR?

YEAH.
A **DOOR TO
HELL.**





AAAAH!



FEED!

FEED!

FEED!
FEED!

FEED!



TO BE CONCLUDED...

SPAWN



CAFU/0
01

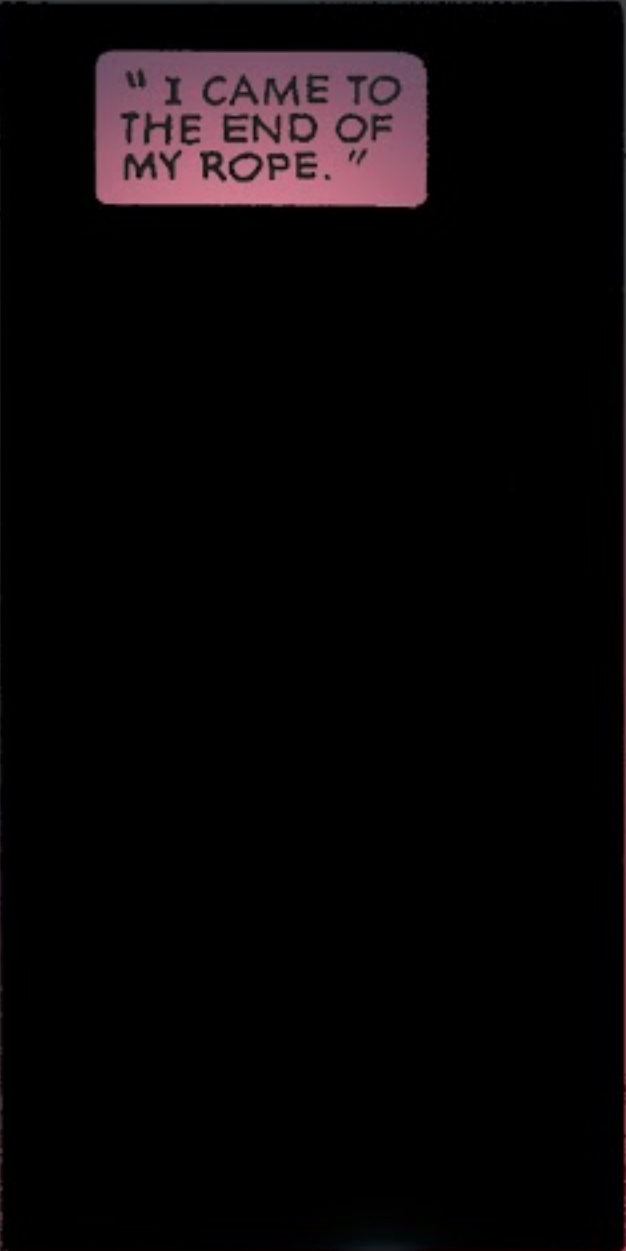
D:

MFARIANE

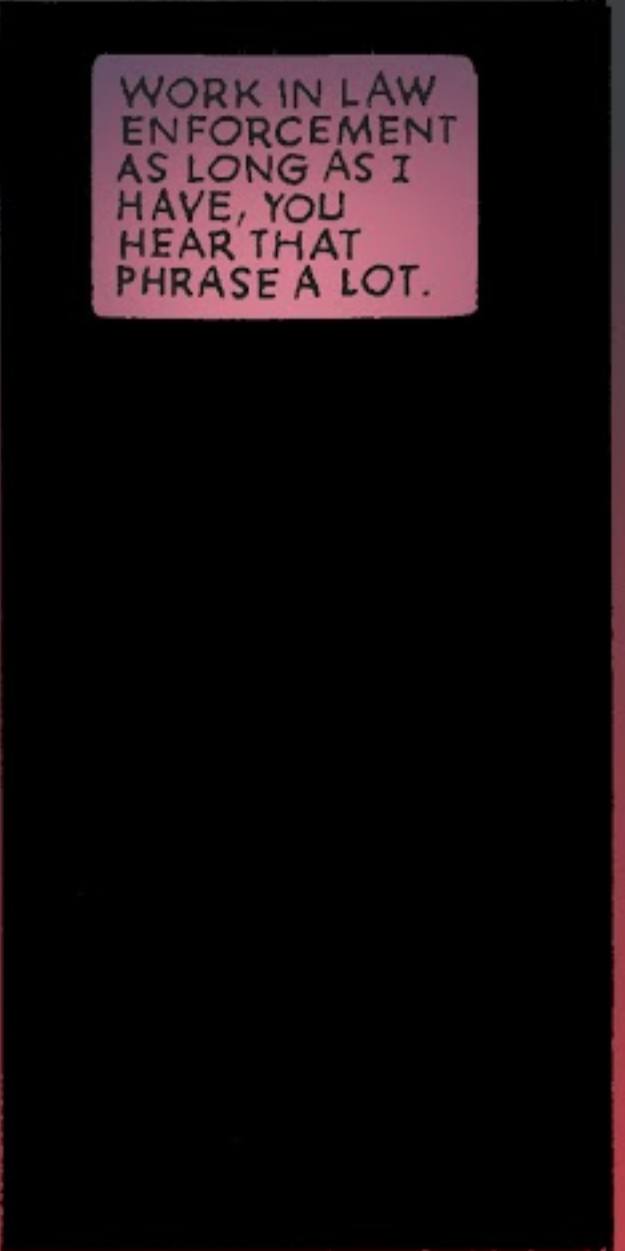


113
DIGITAL
EDITION

SPAWN.COM




" I CAME TO
THE END OF
MY ROPE. "



WORK IN LAW
ENFORCEMENT
AS LONG AS I
HAVE, YOU
HEAR THAT
PHRASE A LOT.




SOME
IDIOT
SHOOTS
UP A
SUBWAY
CAR...




AN UNEMPLOYED
BRICKLAYER
TAKES HIS OWN
THREE-YEAR-OLD
HOSTAGE...




THEY ALL
GIVE THE
SAME
REASON:
"I CAME
TO THE
END OF
MY ROPE."




" I JUST
COULDN'T
TAKE IT
ANYMORE. "




I NEVER
REALLY
UNDERSTOOD
WHAT THAT
MEANT.




HOW IT
FELT.




TO BE SO
DESPERATE
AND LOST...



THAT YOU
DON'T CARE
ONE WHIT FOR
YOUR OWN
FUTURE.



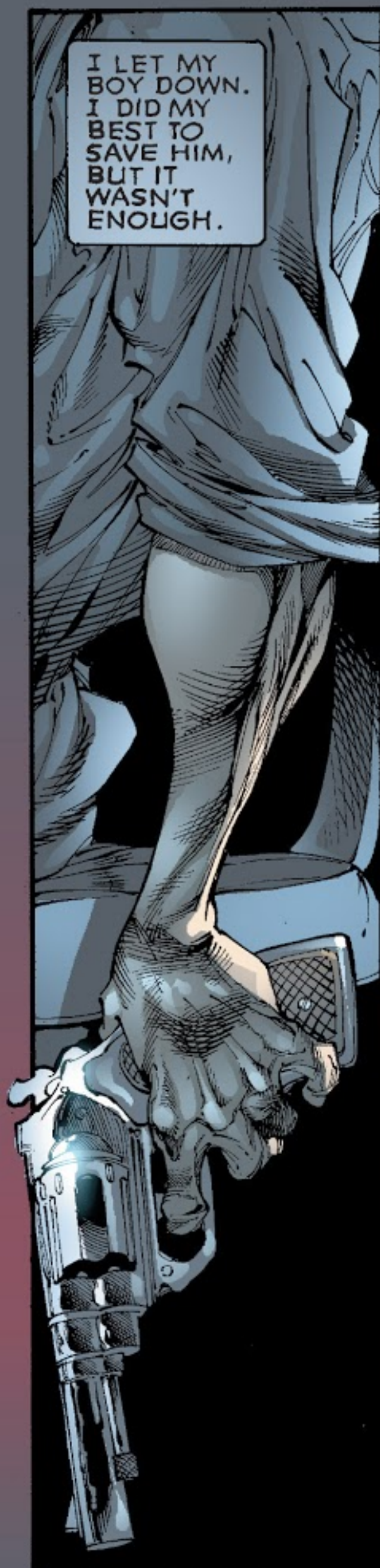
NO.



I NEVER
UNDERSTOOD...

UNTIL
NOW.





I LET MY
BOY DOWN.
I DID MY
BEST TO
SAVE HIM,
BUT IT
WASN'T
ENOUGH.



MAX...



MY
BOY. MY
SWEET,
PERFECT
LITTLE
BOY.



I'M
SORRY.



I FAILED
AS A FATHER.



I FAILED
AS A *MAN*.

CENTRAL PARK.
TEN DAYS EARLIER.

THE PACK MOVES WITH
ONE MIND, A SHAMBLING
WALL OF FLESH AND BONE.

THIS WAS TO BE
THEIR NIGHT
OF GLORY. THE
NIGHT OF
CLEANSING.
THEY DESCENDED
ON THE CITY, A
HOLY ARMY OF
ASSASSINS.

BUT THEY WERE
DENIED. DENIED
BY THIS BEAST,
THIS UNHOLY
THING WHO
CALLS HIMSELF
SPAWN.

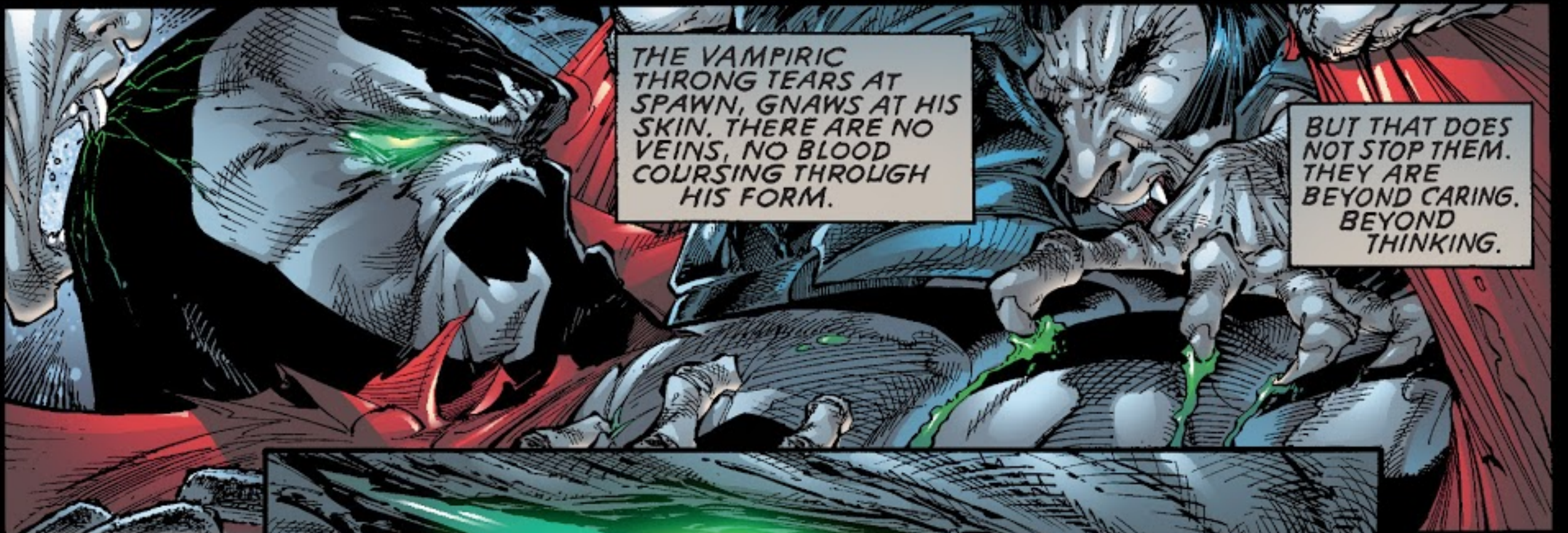
BRING
HIM TO ME!
BRING HIM!
LIKE A FATTED
LAMB TO THE
SLAUGHTER!

AND NOW SPAWN
MUST PAY FOR HIS
HUBRIS. VENGEANCE
WON'T BE DENIED.

SIMON PURE
LOOKS UPON
HIS MINIONS,
THE CHILDREN
OF THE
KINGDOM,
AND BEAMS
WITH PRIDE.

SPED BY
A THIRST
FOR
BLOOD
AND A
HUNGER
FOR SIN.

HE SAVORS
THE MOMENT,
HIS HEART
FILLED WITH
THE PURE,
RIGHTEOUS
JOY THAT
COMES ONLY
FROM KILLING
IN THE NAME
OF GOD.



THE VAMPIRIC
THRONG TEARS AT
SPAWN, GNAWS AT HIS
SKIN. THERE ARE NO
VEINS, NO BLOOD
COURSING THROUGH
HIS FORM.

BUT THAT DOES
NOT STOP THEM.
THEY ARE
BEYOND CARING.
BEYOND
THINKING.



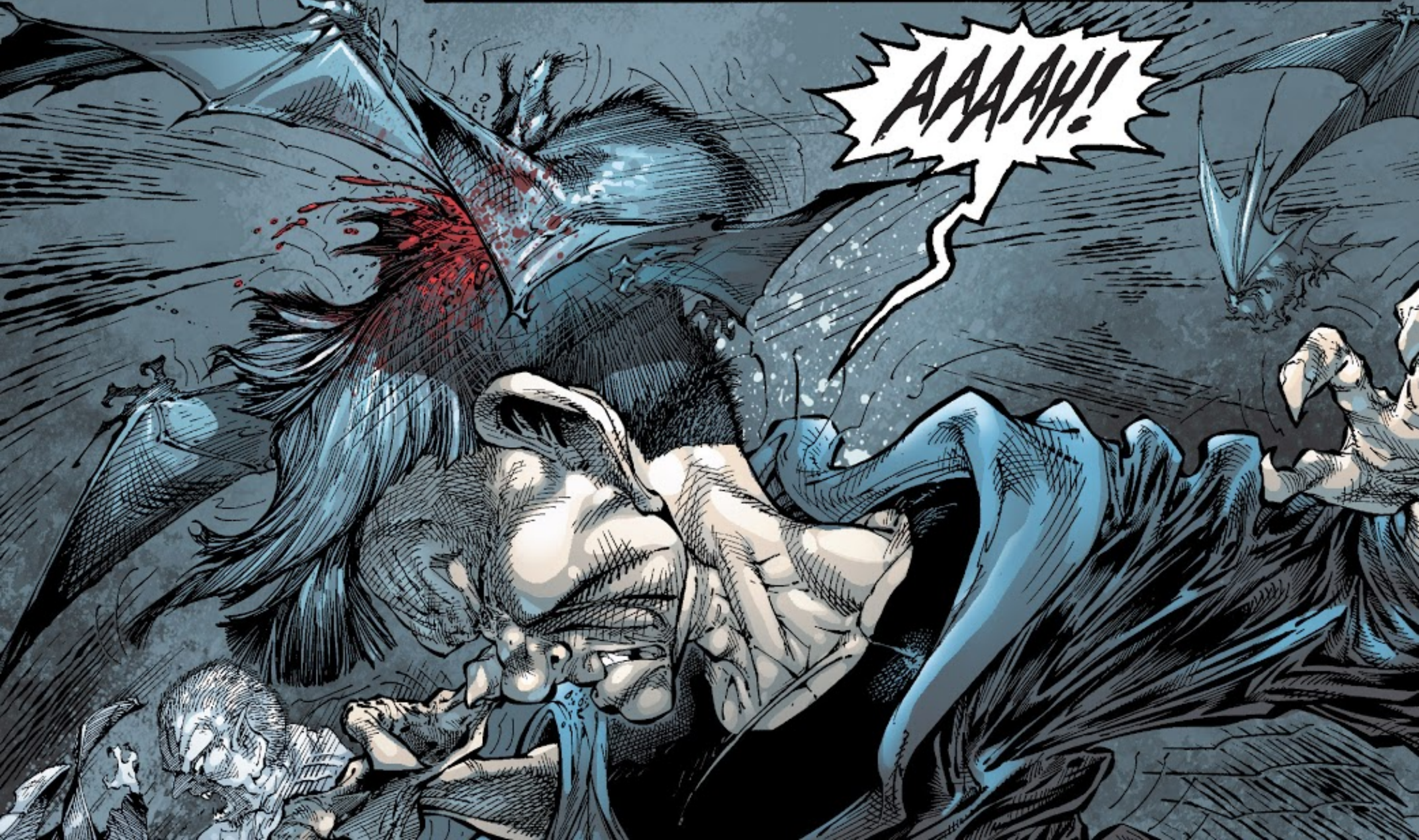
HE STRUGGLES AGAINST THE
COUNTLESS ASSAILANTS, ONE
BEING AGAINST HUNDREDS.




BUT HE IS
NOT ALONE.




SPAWN HAS
ALLIES IN
THE NIGHT.



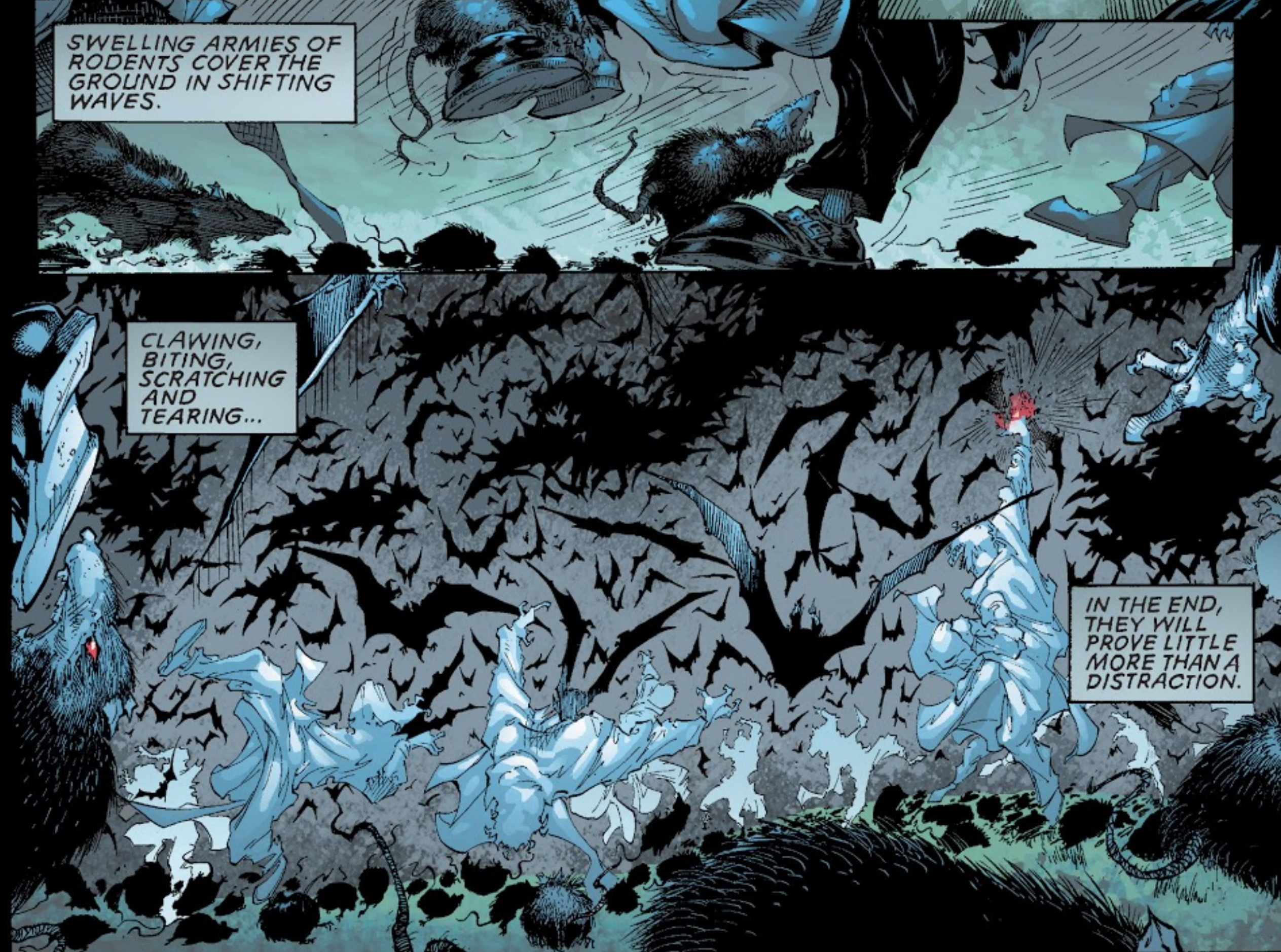
AAAAH!



LEGIONS OF BATS
BLACKEN THE SKY.

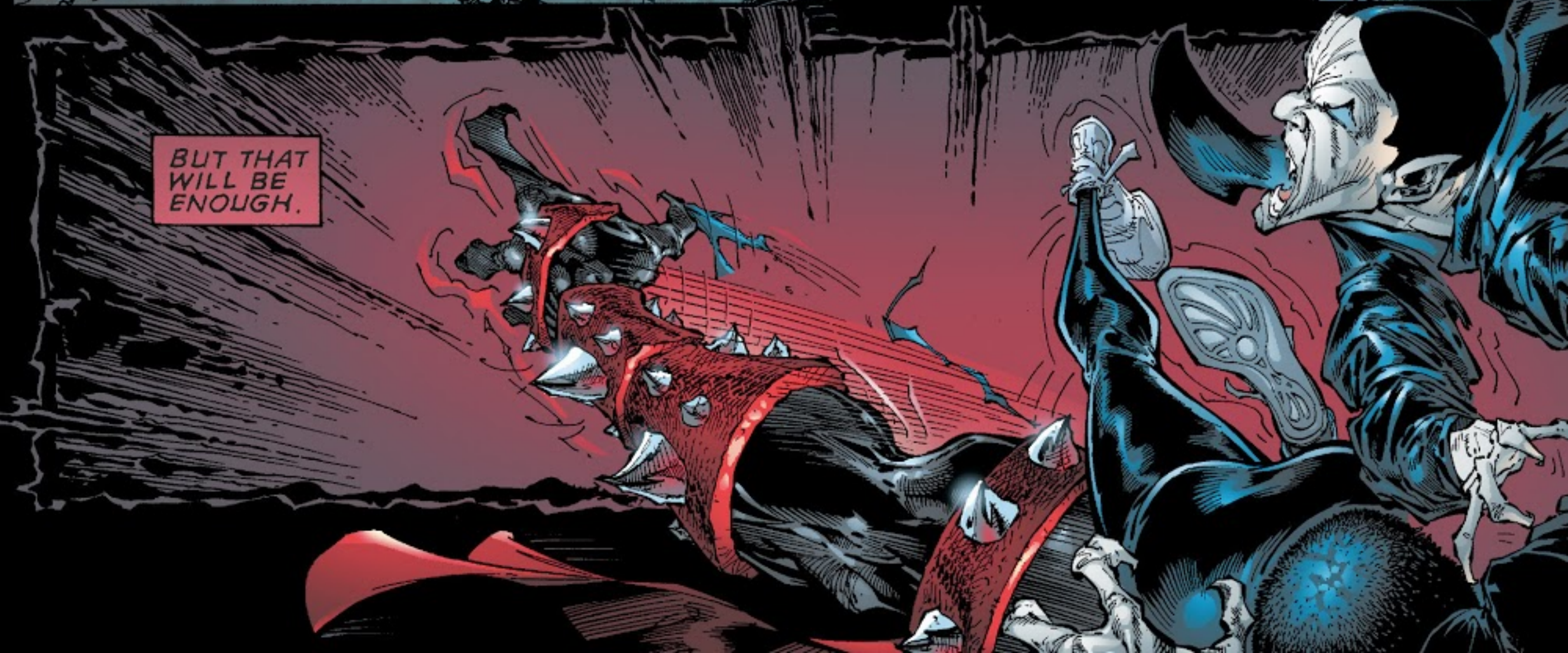


SWELLING ARMIES OF
RODENTS COVER THE
GROUND IN SHIFTING
WAVES.

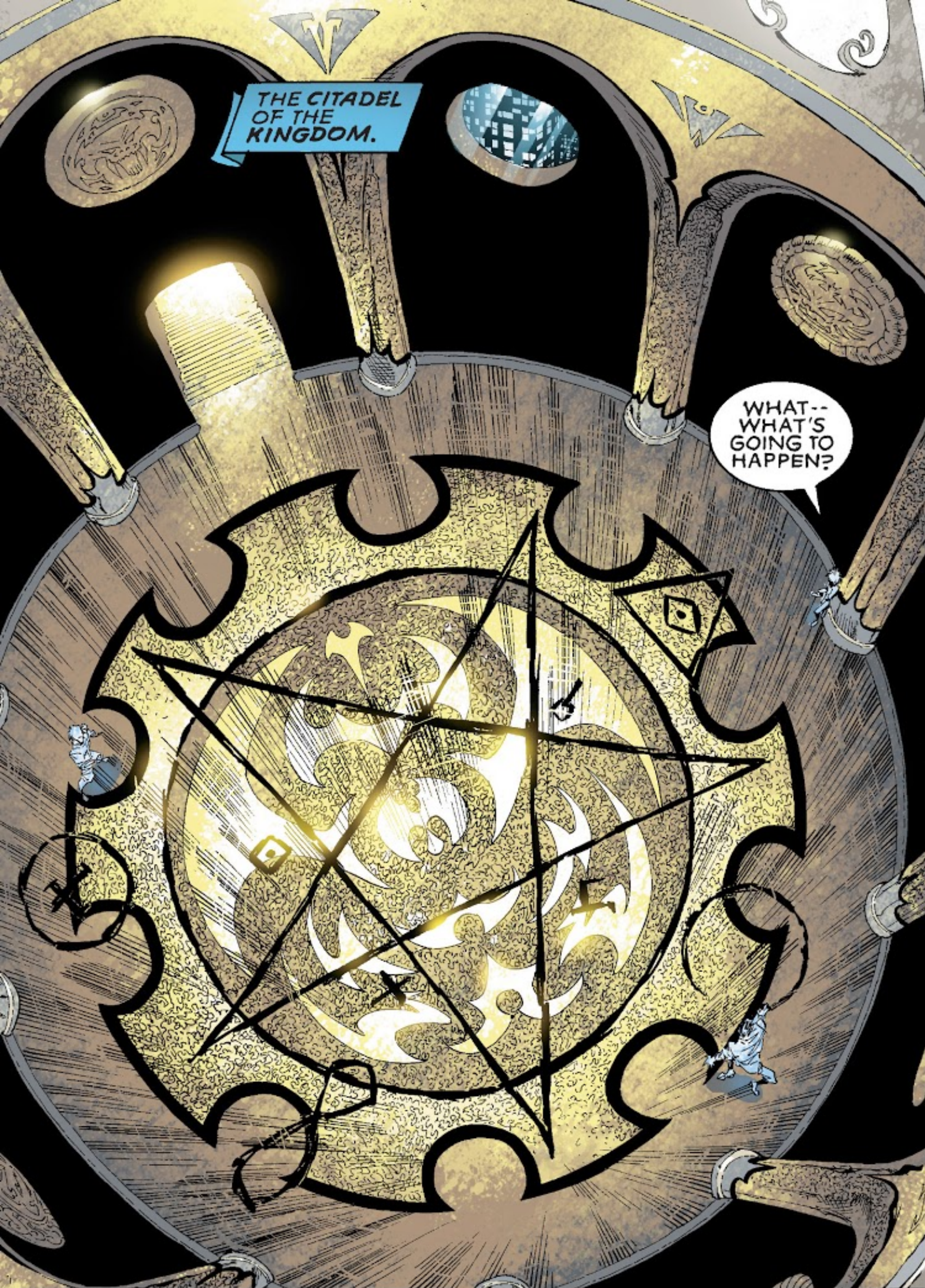


CLAWING,
BITING,
SCRATCHING
AND
TEARING...

IN THE END,
THEY WILL
PROVE LITTLE
MORE THAN A
DISTRACTION.



BUT THAT
WILL BE
ENOUGH.



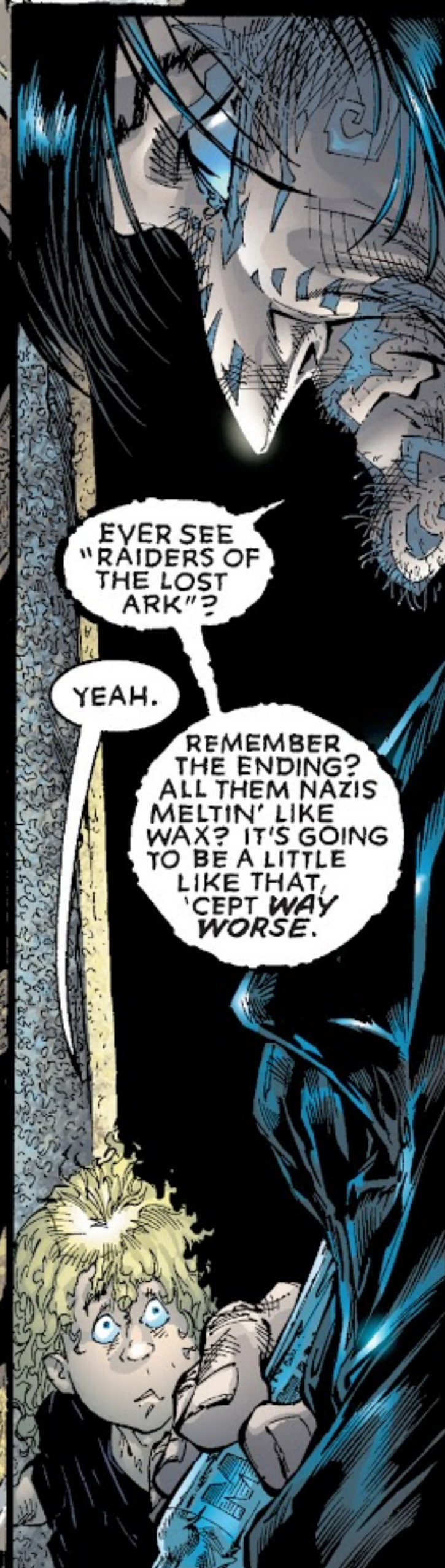
THE CITADEL
OF THE
KINGDOM.

WHAT--
WHAT'S
GOING TO
HAPPEN?

EVER SEE
"RAIDERS OF
THE LOST
ARK"?

YEAH.

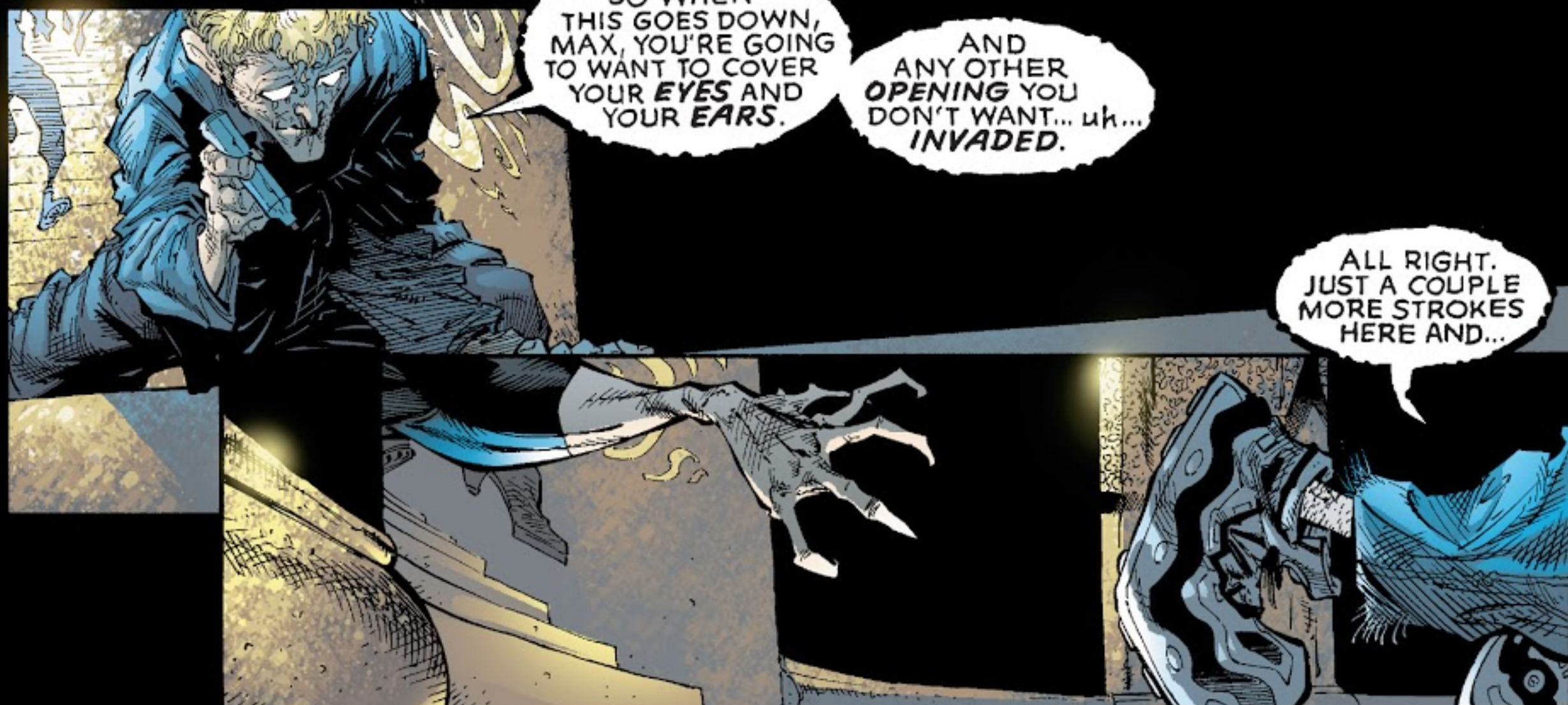
REMEMBER
THE ENDING?
ALL THEM NAZIS
MELTIN' LIKE
WAX? IT'S GOING
TO BE A LITTLE
LIKE THAT,
'CEPT WAY
WORSE.

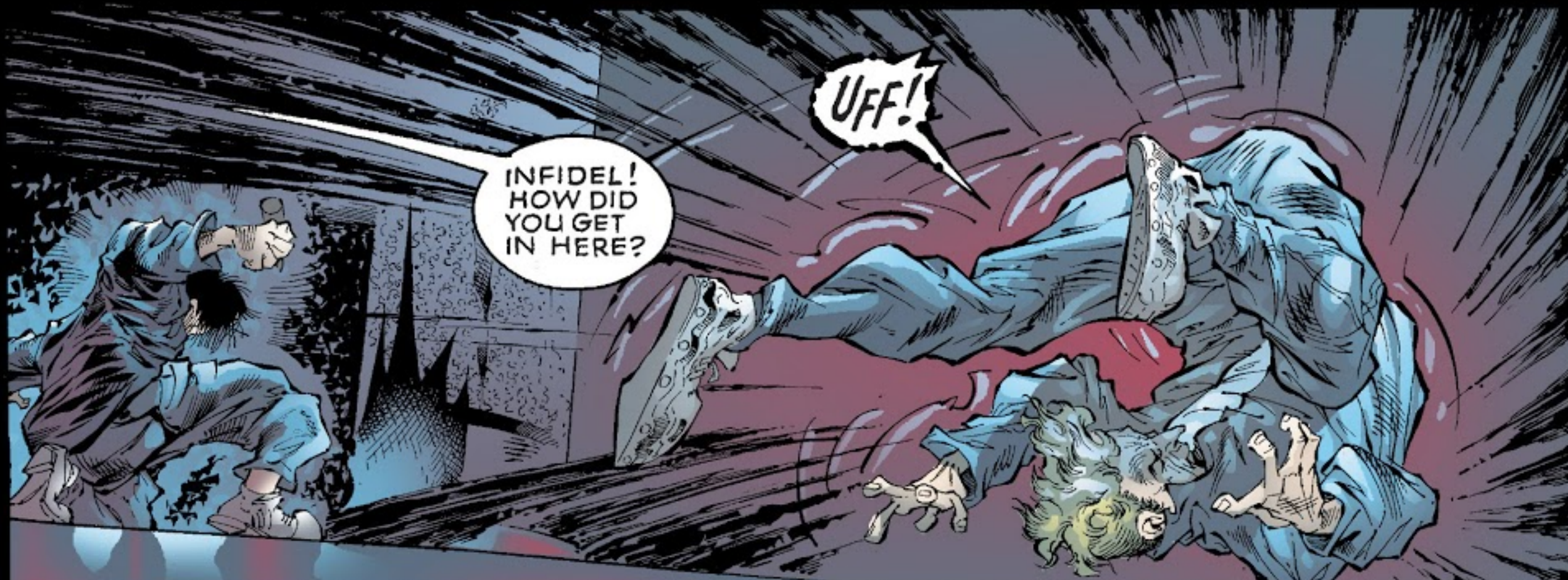


YEAH.
SO WHEN
THIS GOES DOWN,
MAX, YOU'RE GOING
TO WANT TO COVER
YOUR **EYES** AND
YOUR **EARS**.

AND
ANY OTHER
OPENING YOU
DON'T WANT... uh...
INVADED.

ALL RIGHT.
JUST A COUPLE
MORE STROKES
HERE AND...





INFIDEL!
HOW DID
YOU GET
IN HERE?

UFF!



INTRUDERS!



Uh-oh.



THE PARK.

SOMETHING
HINKY'S
GOING ON
IN THERE.

WHAT THE
HELL IS GOING
ON IN THERE?
WHAT'S THAT
SOUND? LIKE
SOMETHING
HOWLING.

YEAH,
BUT THAT
AIN'T NO
DOG.



SCREW
THIS
STANDING
AROUND.
I SAY WE
CHECK
IT OUT.

I'M WITH YA.

NO.



NO ONE'S
GOING ANYWHERE.
ORDERS ARE ORDERS.
THE PARK IS
QUARANTINED FOR
A REASON.

ANYONE
LEAVING
THEIR POST
ANSWERS
TO ME.
CLEAR?

ACROSS
TOWN.

HELLO--?

Hmm?

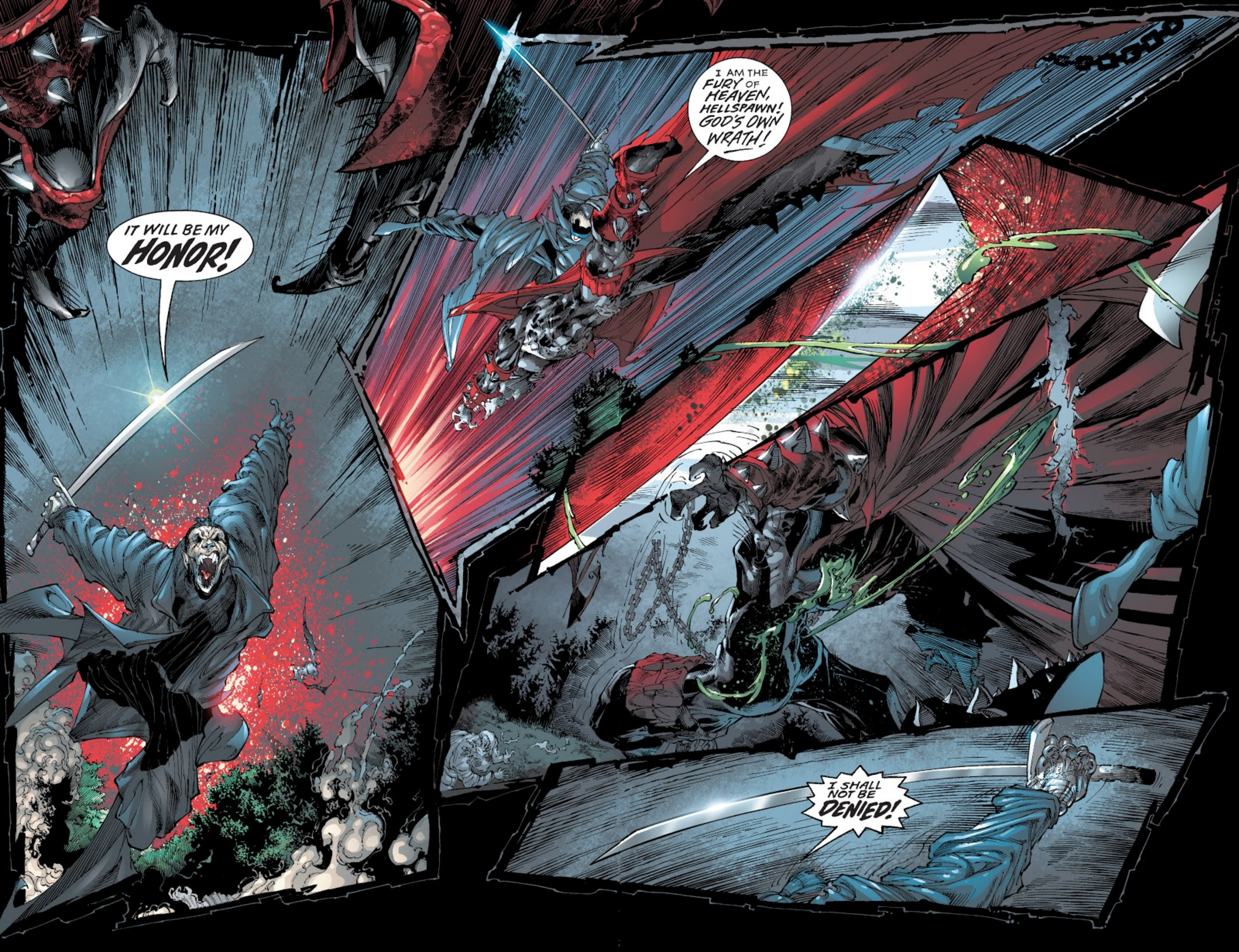
I SAID,
"WHAT ARE
YOU WATCHING
FOR?" YOU
LOOK LIKE YOU'RE
EXPECTING
SOMETHING.

EXPECTING
SOMETHING?

NO.
NOTHING.
NOTHING
AT ALL.

THE
PARK.

ENOUGH!
THIS IS BETWEEN
YOU AND ME,
"SIMON PURE."
FACE ME LIKE
A MAN!



IT WILL BE MY
HONOR!

I AM THE
FURY OF
HEAVEN,
HELLSPAWN!
GOD'S OWN
WRATH!

I SHALL
NOT BE
DENIED!



I AM
THE *LIGHT*!
THE HOT,
RIGHTEOUS
FLAME OF
GLORY!
AND MY
JUDGMENT
IS **FINAL**!

SHUT...
UP...!

THIS
IS MY
CITY.

HERE
THE ONLY
JUDGMENT
THAT
COUNTS--

--IS
MINE!

YEAARGH!

UNDERSTAND
THIS...

YOU ARE
NO HERO.
YOU ARE NO
SAVIOR.
YOU ARE SIMPLY
A KILLER
IN MARTYR'S
CLOTHING!

NNNGAAH!

YOU
LEAD AN
ARMY OF FOOLS,
BLINDLY LOYAL
TO YOUR OWN
MAD CAUSE.

WELL,
SIMON,
I TRUST YOU
TRAINED THEM
WELL...



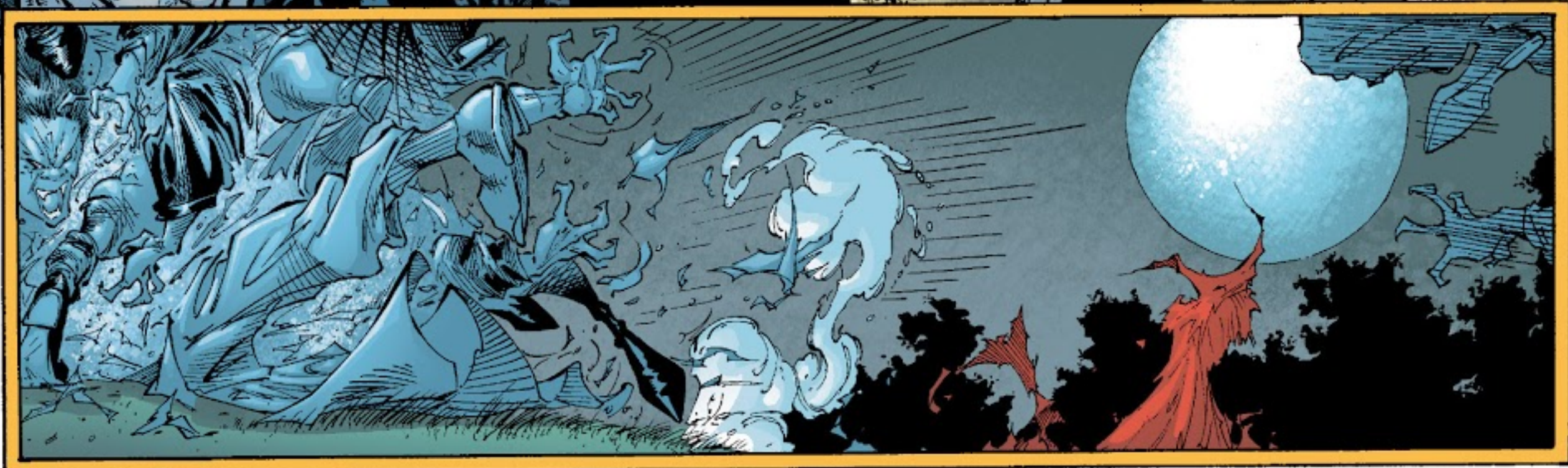
Uh-oh! THE
HALL MONITORS
HAVE JUST ARRIVED!
FINISH UP!
NOW!



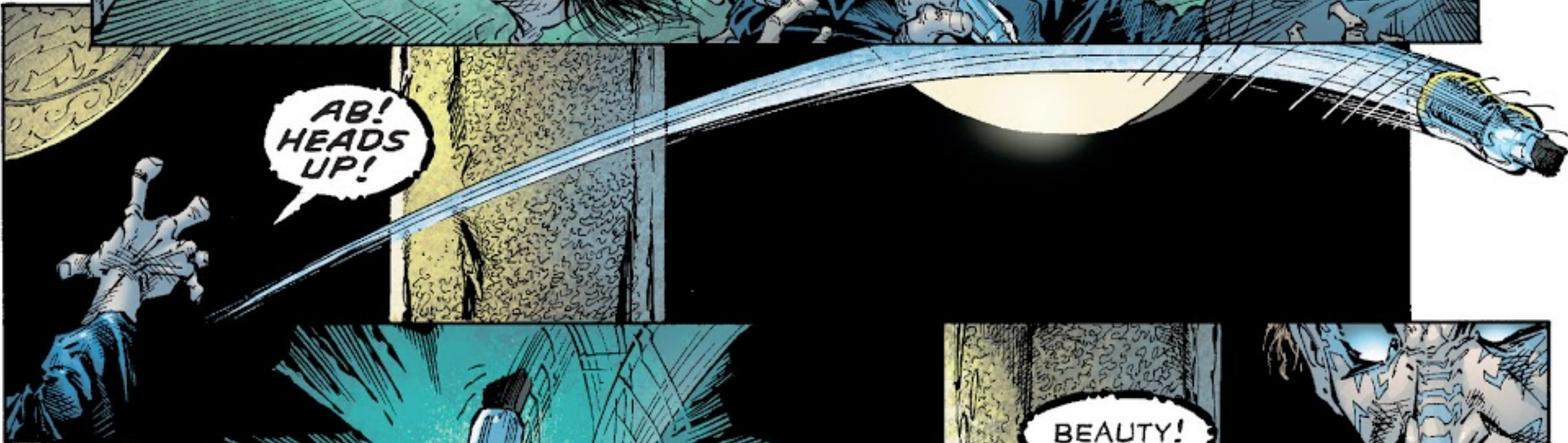
CAN'T!
LOST MY
PEN!



WHAT?
ARE YOU
KIDDING
ME?



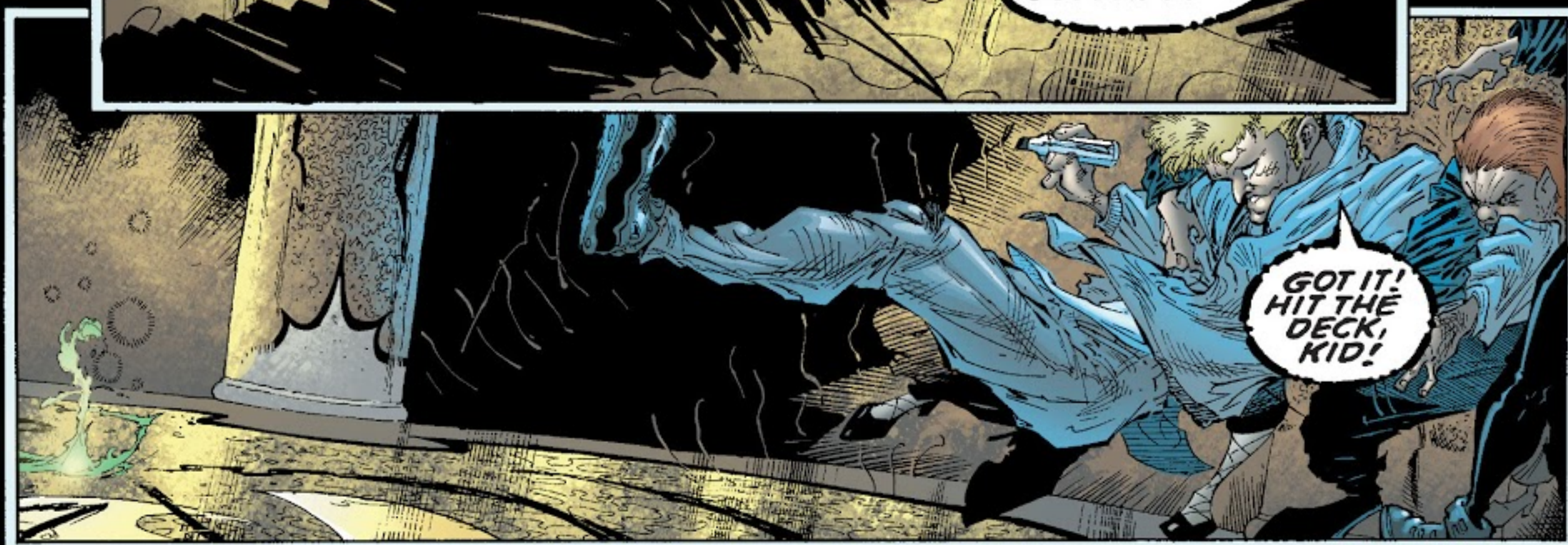
BUG
OFF!
WE'RE
BUSY
HERE!

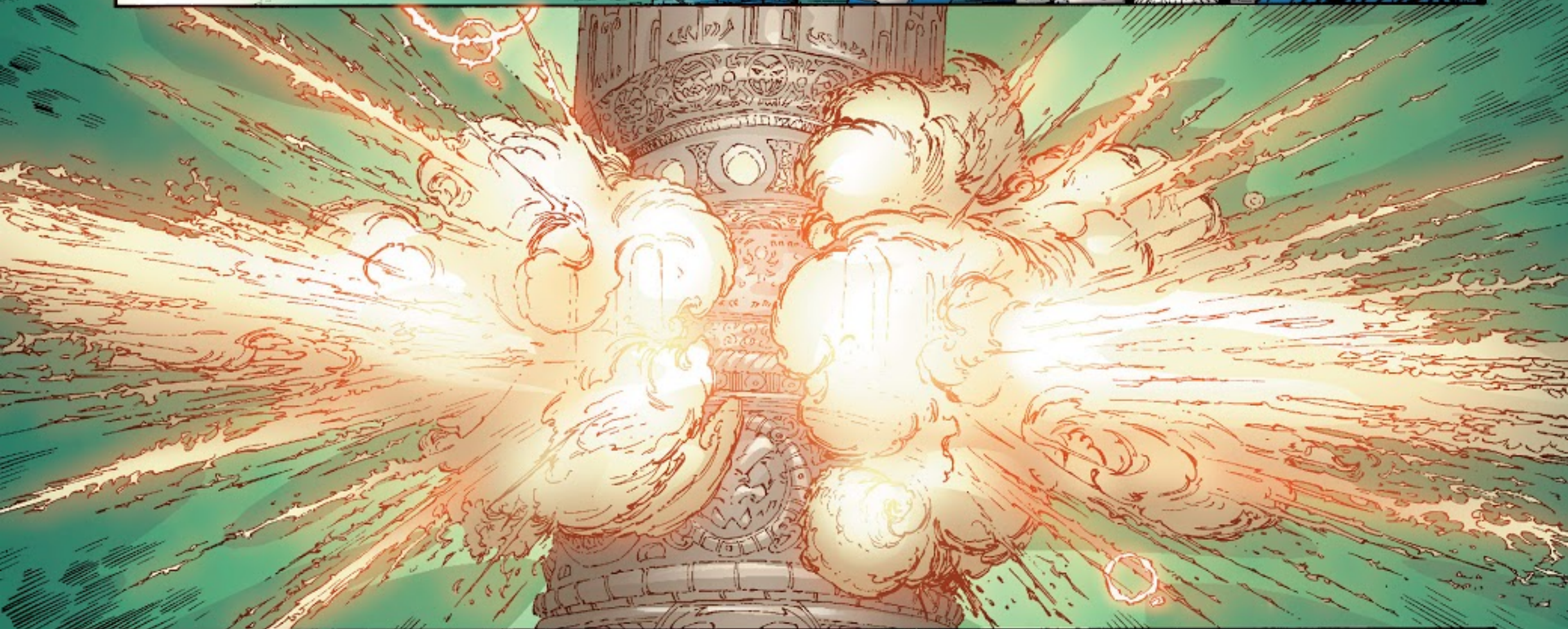


AB!
HEADS
UP!



BEAUTY!







THE SKY
LIT UP
LIKE A
CANDLE.
LIKE THE
FOURTH
OF JULY.

THE WORLD
COULD SLEEP
SAFE AND SOUND
IN THEIR BEDS.

YOU KNOW, I USED
TO BELIEVE THINGS
REALLY WORKED
LIKE THAT.

AND THEN
IT WAS ALL
OVER. GOOD
GUYS WON,
BAD GUYS
PUNISHED.



...IT WAS A WEEK BEFORE I HEARD FROM HIM. HE CAME TO ME IN A DREAM, JUST LIKE LAST TIME.

DAD?
HEY DAD.

I KNOW YOU TRIED TO SAVE ME. I KNOW YOU DID YOUR BEST. THANKS.

I CAN'T COME BACK. I'M SORRY. I DON'T BELONG IN YOUR WORLD ANYMORE.

I DON'T KNOW WHAT I *AM*. I'M NOT ONE OF *THEM*. I KNOW THAT, BUT I'M NOT WHAT I WAS, EITHER. I'M SOMETHING ELSE.

I HAVE TO GO AWAY NOW. FAR AWAY.

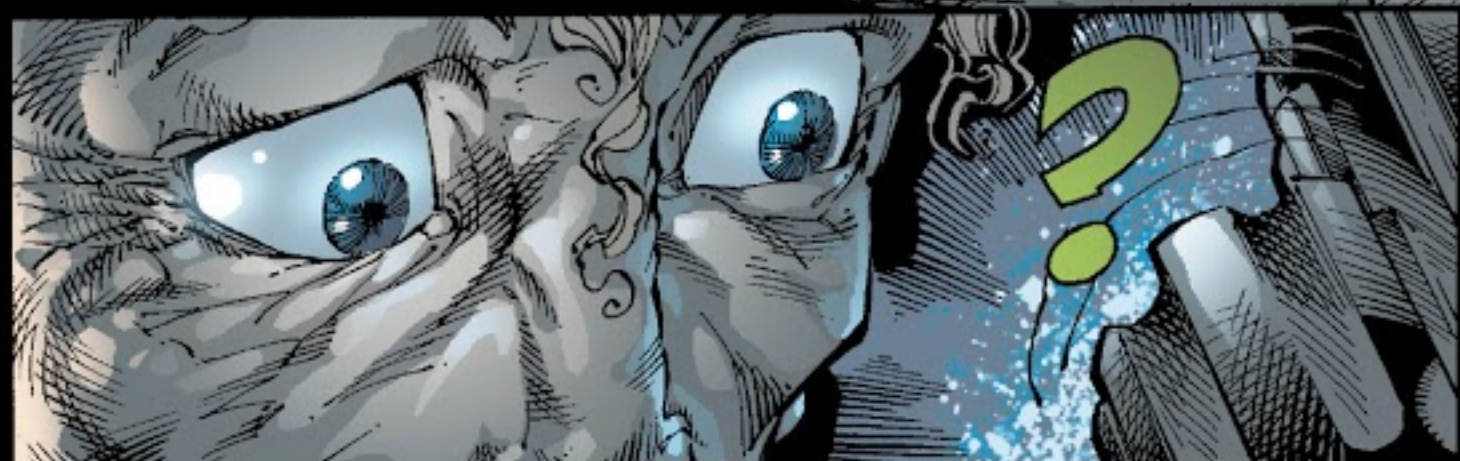
MAYBE FOREVER.

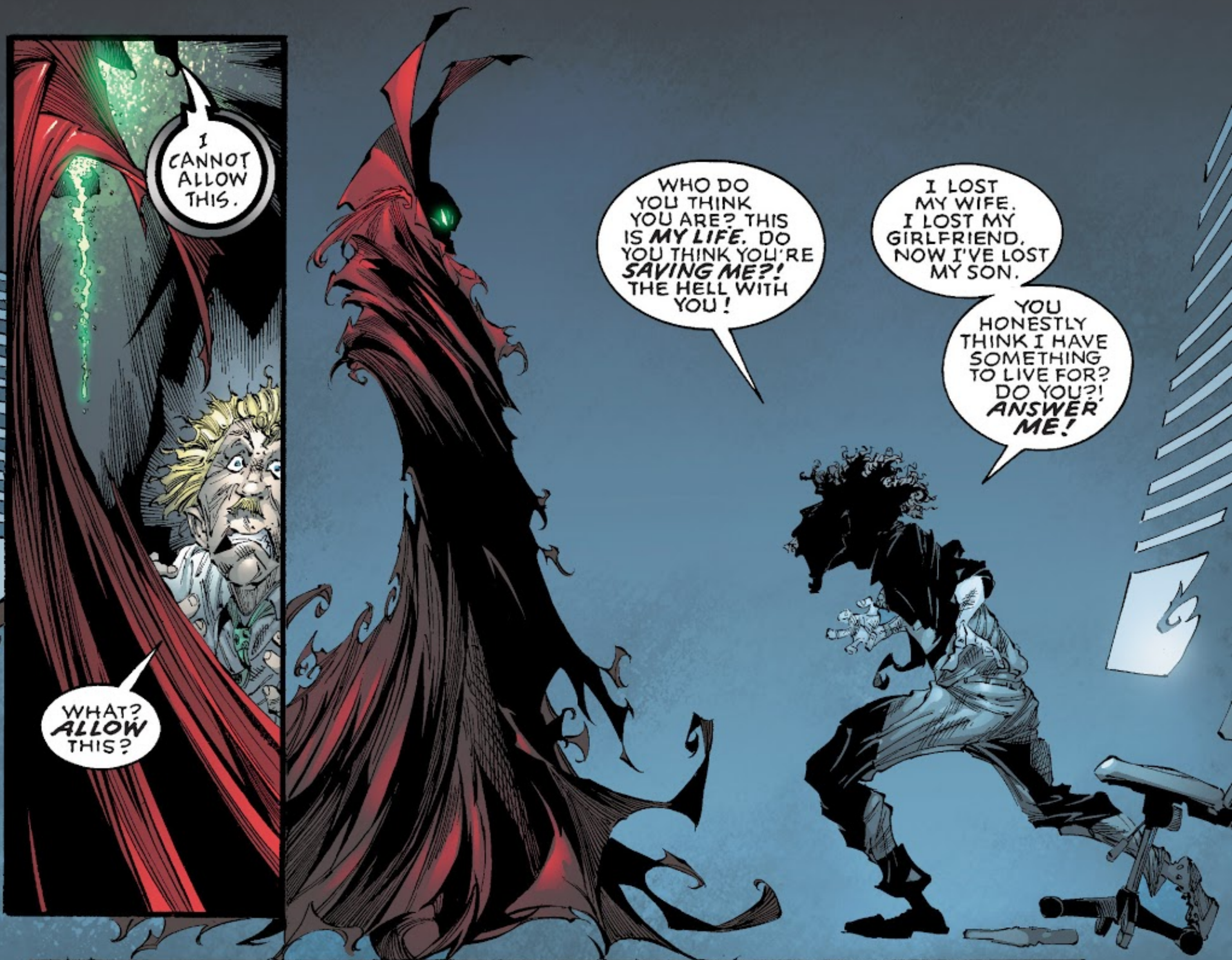
DON'T BLAME YOURSELF, DAD. IT WAS ALL MY FAULT. I'M SORRY.

I LOVE YOU, DAD.

I HAVEN'T SLEPT A MINUTE SINCE.

FORGIVE ME...





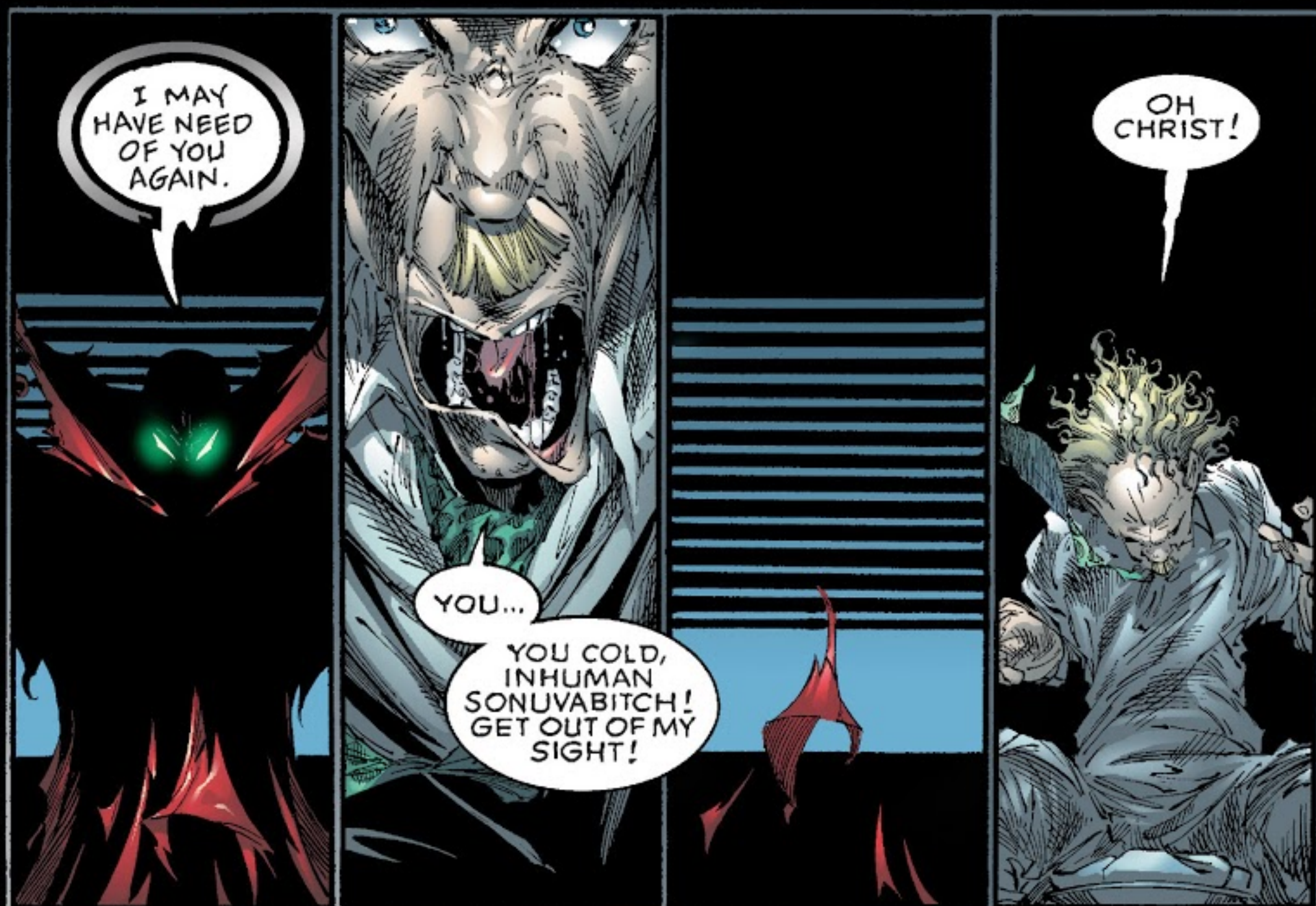
I
CANNOT
ALLOW
THIS.

WHO DO
YOU THINK
YOU ARE? THIS
IS *MY LIFE*. DO
YOU THINK YOU'RE
SAVING ME?!
THE HELL WITH
YOU!

I LOST
MY WIFE.
I LOST MY
GIRLFRIEND.
NOW I'VE LOST
MY SON.

YOU
HONESTLY
THINK I HAVE
SOMETHING
TO LIVE FOR?
DO YOU?!
*ANSWER
ME!*

WHAT?
ALLOW
THIS?



I MAY
HAVE NEED
OF YOU
AGAIN.

YOU...

YOU COLD,
INHUMAN
SONUVABITCH!
GET OUT OF MY
SIGHT!

OH
CHRIST!

OH
JESUS
CHRIST...

EPILOGUE:
RYE, ENGLAND.

LAST
ORDERS,
PLEASE!

ONE
MORE
OF THE
SAME?

KAFF
KAFF
YES
PLEASE.

ALLOW
ME.

HELLO,
OLD MAN.
WHAT A
DREADFUL,
DREARY PLACE
YOU'VE PICKED
TO SPEND
YOUR FINAL
DAYS.

I HAVE
THE MOST
EXCITING
NEWS.
PERHAPS
IT WILL
CHEER
YOU UP.

IT SEEMS
THE SILLY
BASTARD FINALLY
DID IT. OPENED
UP THE *PANDORA'S
BOX*. DIDN'T
TAKE HIM LONG,
DID IT?

PISS
OFF.

NOW...
I WONDER
HOW HE'LL
FEEL WHEN
HE REALIZES
WHAT
THINGS HE'S
JUST LET
OUT.



SPAWN



Capullo

M'FARIANE

DAN..



THE
CORAL
PACIFIC
HOTEL.
AWAJI,
JAPAN.

Uk, HI...
KONNICHWA.

KONBANWA.
IRASSHAI
MASE?

Uk...
WATASHI
WA-JOUZU-NI
NIHONGO... GA
HANASE MASEN.
EIGO WO... uk...
HANASHI-
MASU-KA?

YES.
I SPEAK
ENGLISH.
HOW MAY I
HELP YOU,
SIR?

I HAVE A
RESERVATION.

YOUR
NAME,
PLEASE?

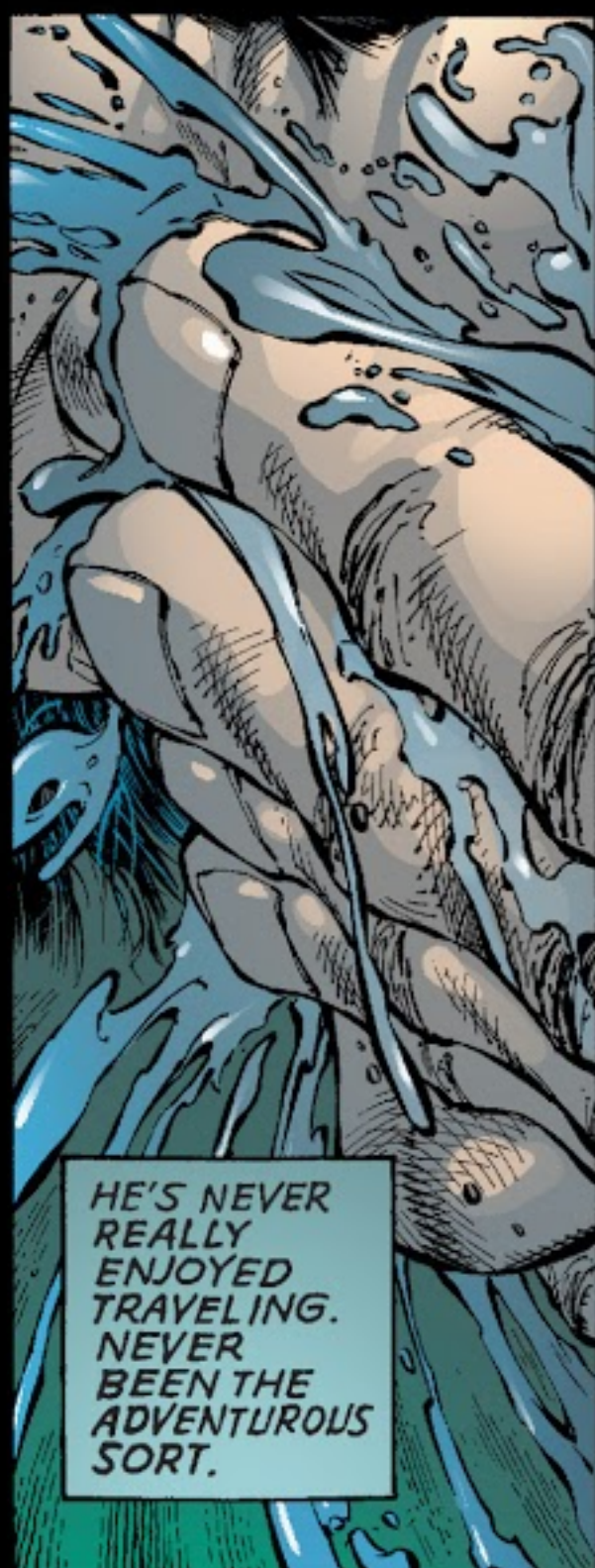
NAKADAI.
BEN
NAKADAI.

ENJOY
YOUR
VISIT.

THANK
YOU.

BEN
NAKADAI
IS A
STRANGER
IN THE
LAND
OF HIS
ANCESTORS.

TAMAGO
卵



HE'S NEVER
REALLY
ENJOYED
TRAVELING.
NEVER
BEEN THE
ADVENTUROUS
SORT.




SO FAR
AWAY FROM
HIS WIFE,
FROM HIS
HOME...



STILL, IT'S
ONLY FOR A
FEW DAYS.
MIGHT AS
WELL MAKE
THE BEST OF
IT. HE'LL BE
HOME SOON
ENOUGH.

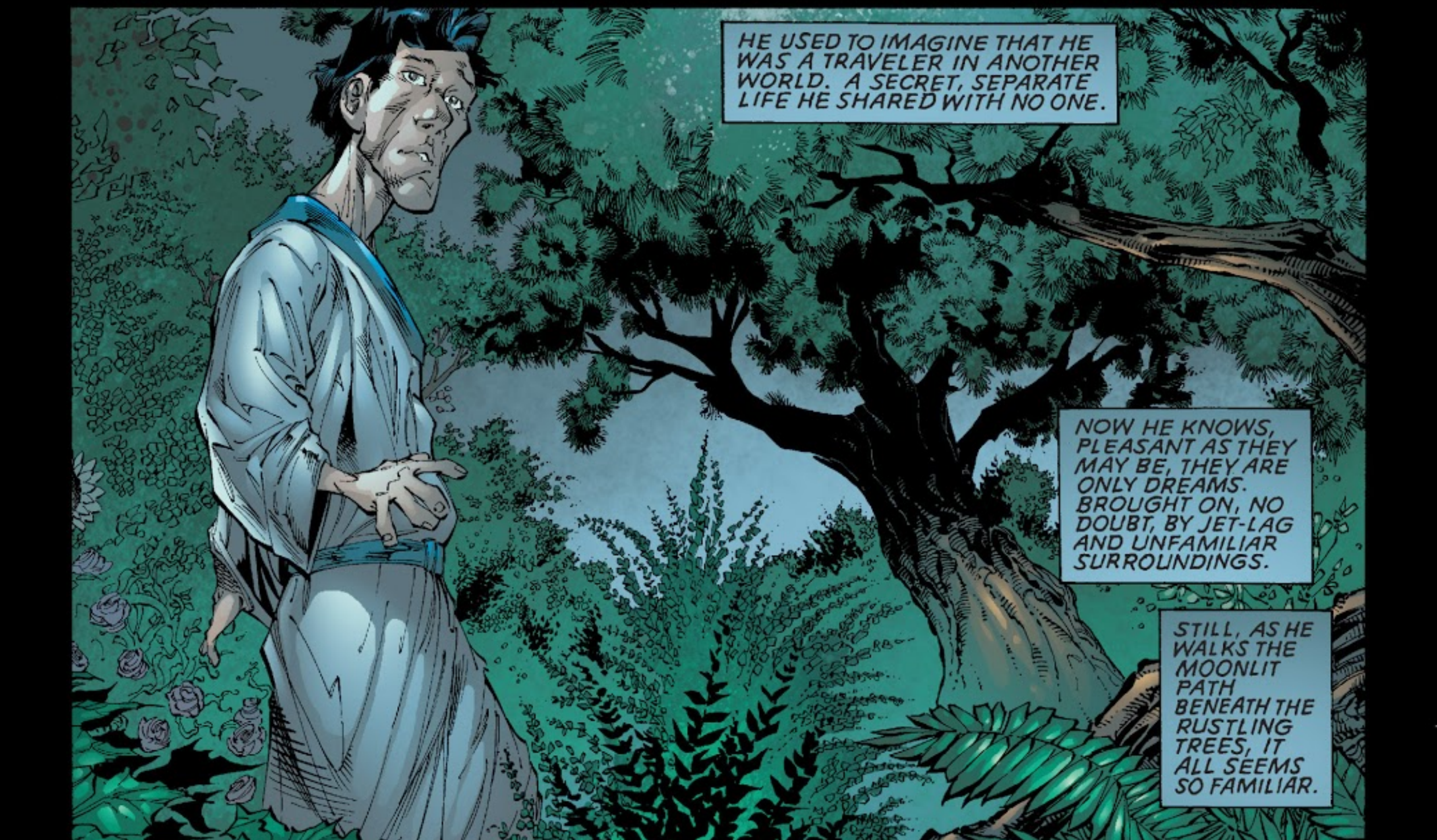


THE NIGHT
AIR FILLS
WITH THE
SCENT OF
JASMINE
AND THE
SOUND OF
CRICKETS.



BEN REMEMBERS
HAVING DREAMS
LIKE THIS WHEN
HE WAS A CHILD.


DREAMS SO
FULL OF COLOR
AND DEPTH, SO
VIBRANT, THEY
FELT MORE
REAL THAN HIS
WAKING LIFE.



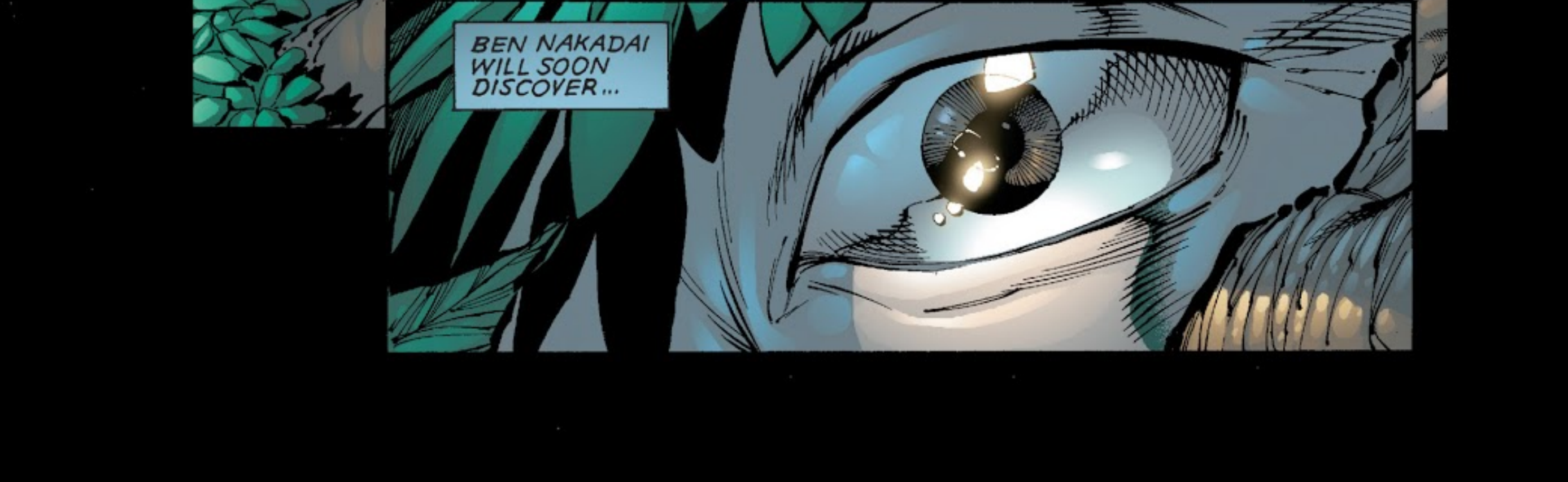
HE USED TO IMAGINE THAT HE
WAS A TRAVELER IN ANOTHER
WORLD. A SECRET, SEPARATE
LIFE HE SHARED WITH NO ONE.

NOW HE KNOWS,
PLEASANT AS THEY
MAY BE, THEY ARE
ONLY DREAMS.
BROUGHT ON, NO
DOUBT, BY JET-LAG
AND UNFAMILIAR
SURROUNDINGS.

STILL, AS HE
WALKS THE
MOONLIT
PATH
BENEATH THE
RUSTLING
TREES, IT
ALL SEEMS
SO FAMILIAR.



LIKE COMING HOME.



BEN NAKADAI
WILL SOON
DISCOVER...

... THERE IS A VAST
CHASM BETWEEN
WHAT IS TRUE AND
WHAT IS BELIEVED
TO BE TRUE.





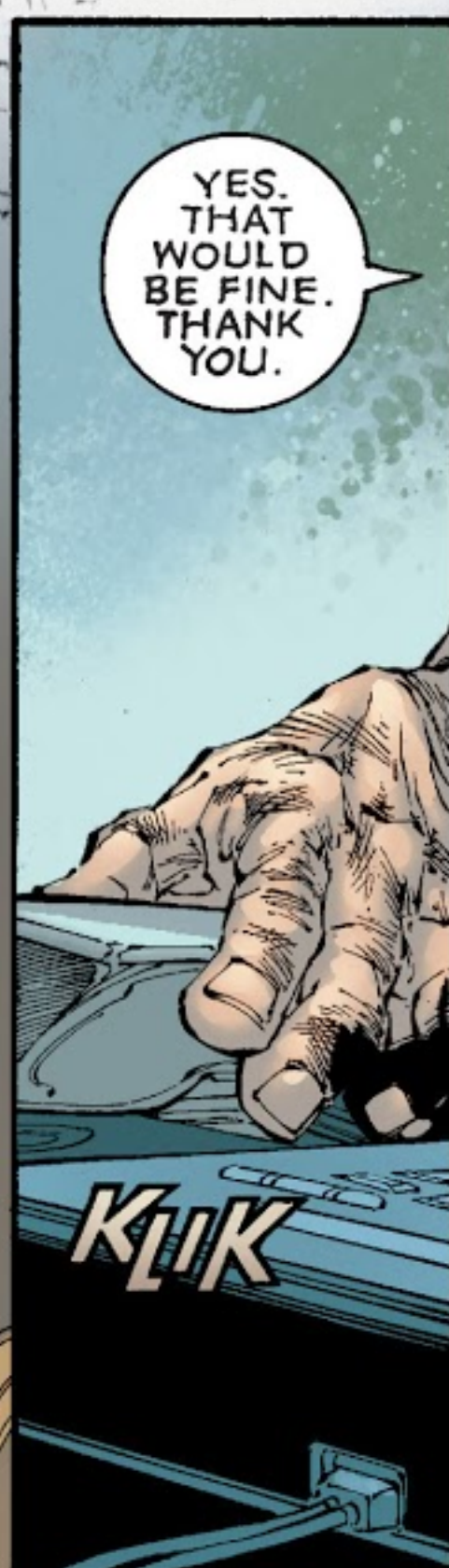
YES, I'M
STILL HERE.
YES. YES. I'LL
HOLD.



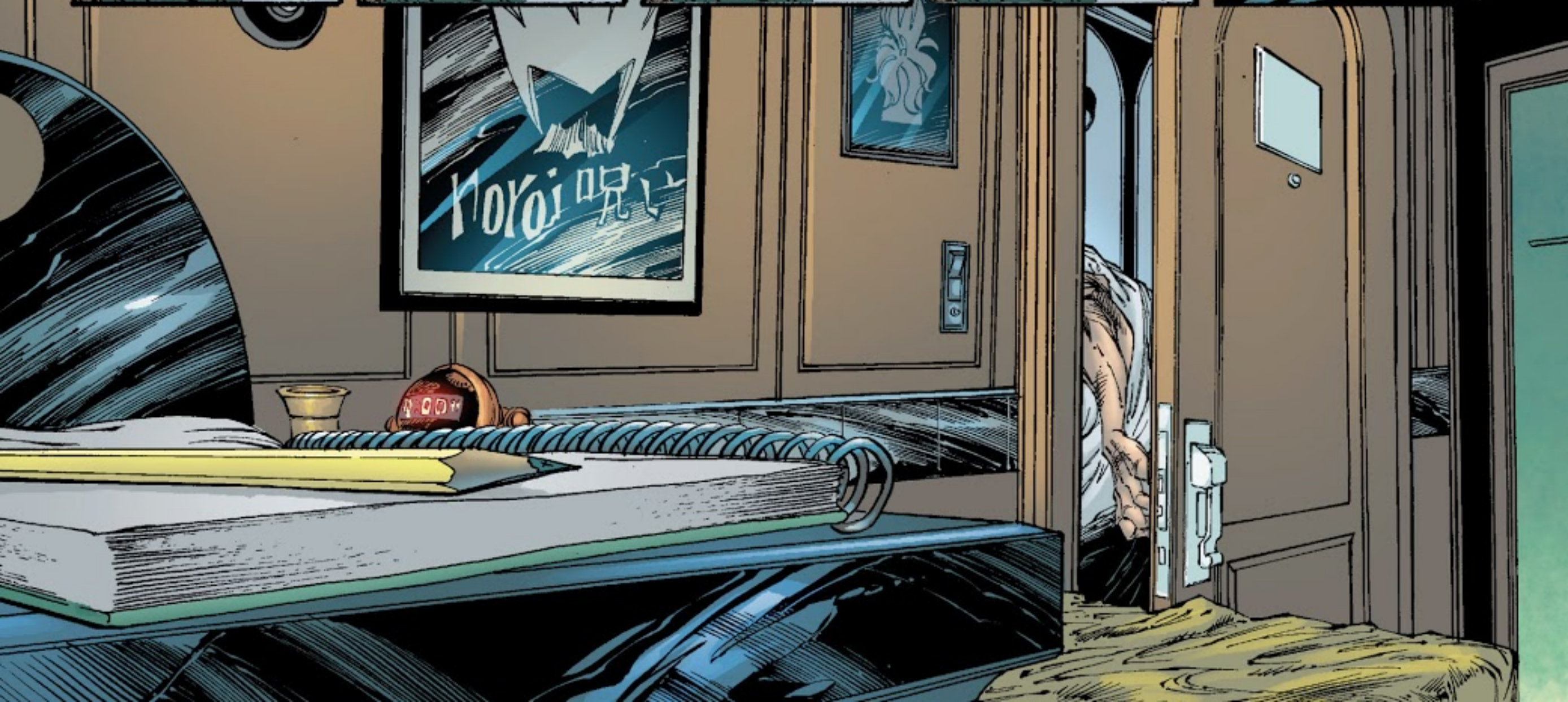
I'M SORRY.
WE ARE UNABLE
TO CONNECT
WITH THAT
NUMBER...



WE CAN KEEP
TRYING IF YOU
LIKE. SHALL WE
PAGE YOU WHEN
WE HAVE
REACHED
YOUR PARTY?



YES.
THAT
WOULD
BE FINE.
THANK
YOU.





ANYTHING ELSE?

NO. THANK YOU.

IT SEEMS WE HAVE THE BAR ALL TO OURSELVES, YOUNG MAN. MIND IF I JOIN YOU?

WHAT? NO, PLEASE, GO AHEAD.



THANK YOU. YOU'RE AN AMERICAN.

THAT OBVIOUS, huh? YEAH. SAN FRANCISCO. BORN AND BRED. MY NAME'S BEN, BY THE WAY.

PLEASUED TO MEET YOU, BEN.



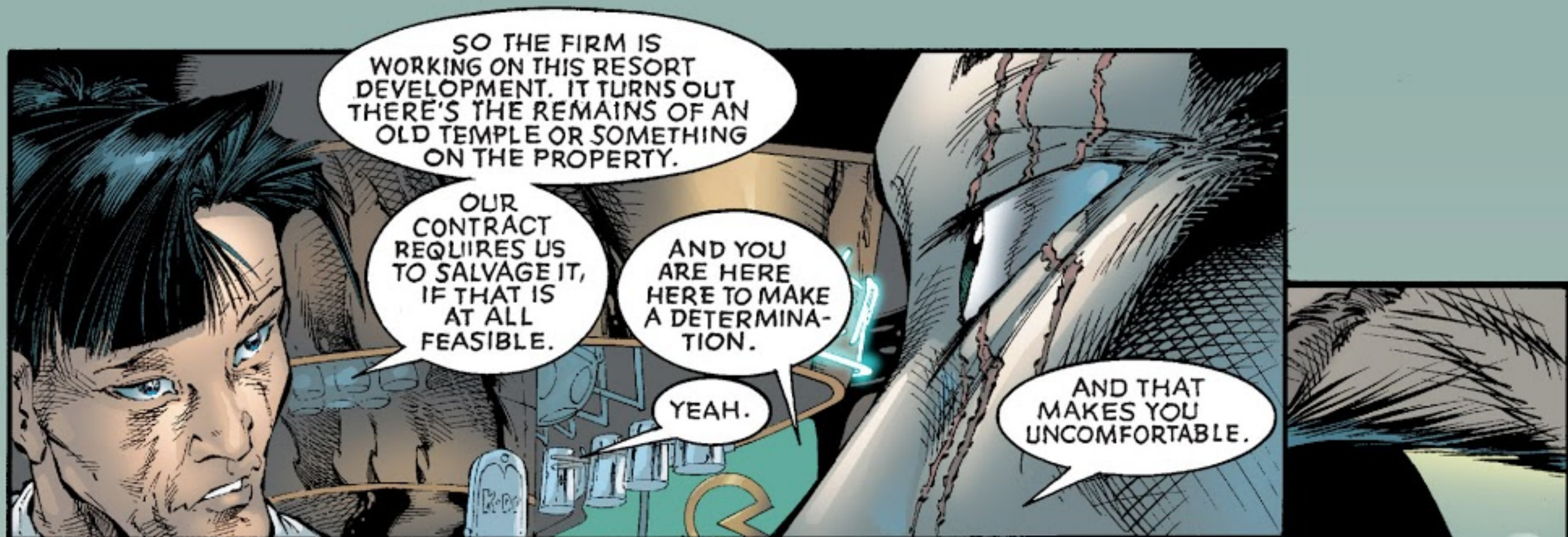
SO, WHERE ARE YOU FROM?

ME? FROM EVERYWHERE, REALLY. A HOME IN EVERY PORT.

MUST BE NICE.

IT HAS ITS ADVANTAGES.





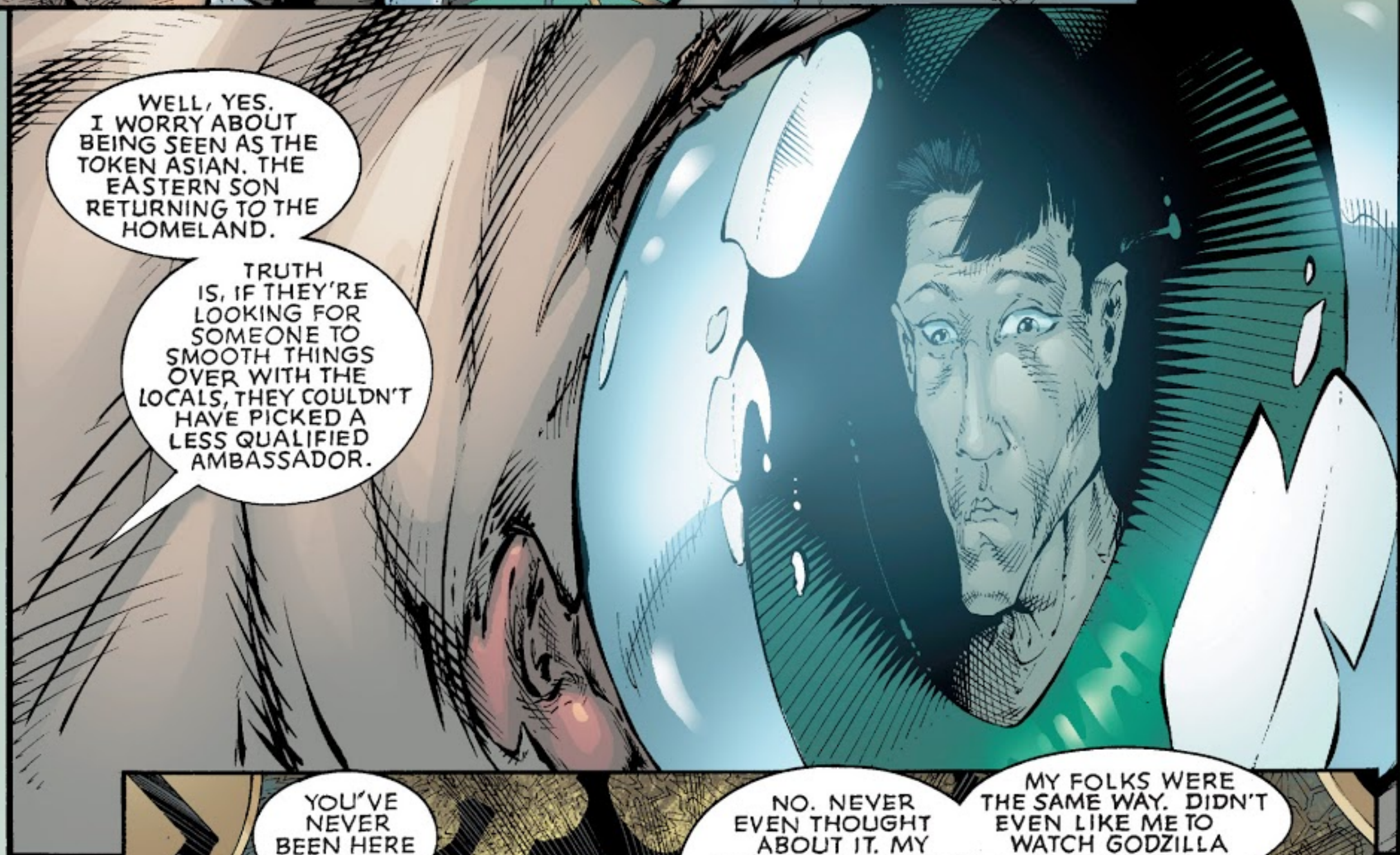
SO THE FIRM IS WORKING ON THIS RESORT DEVELOPMENT. IT TURNS OUT THERE'S THE REMAINS OF AN OLD TEMPLE OR SOMETHING ON THE PROPERTY.

OUR CONTRACT REQUIRES US TO SALVAGE IT, IF THAT IS AT ALL FEASIBLE.

AND YOU ARE HERE TO MAKE A DETERMINATION.

YEAH.

AND THAT MAKES YOU UNCOMFORTABLE.



WELL, YES. I WORRY ABOUT BEING SEEN AS THE TOKEN ASIAN. THE EASTERN SON RETURNING TO THE HOMELAND.

TRUTH IS, IF THEY'RE LOOKING FOR SOMEONE TO SMOOTH THINGS OVER WITH THE LOCALS, THEY COULDN'T HAVE PICKED A LESS QUALIFIED AMBASSADOR.



YOU'VE NEVER BEEN HERE BEFORE.

NO. NEVER EVEN THOUGHT ABOUT IT. MY GRANDPARENTS WERE BIG ON ASSIMILATION. NEVER SPOKE JAPANESE, EVEN AT HOME.

MY FOLKS WERE THE SAME WAY. DIDN'T EVEN LIKE ME TO WATCH GODZILLA MOVIES.

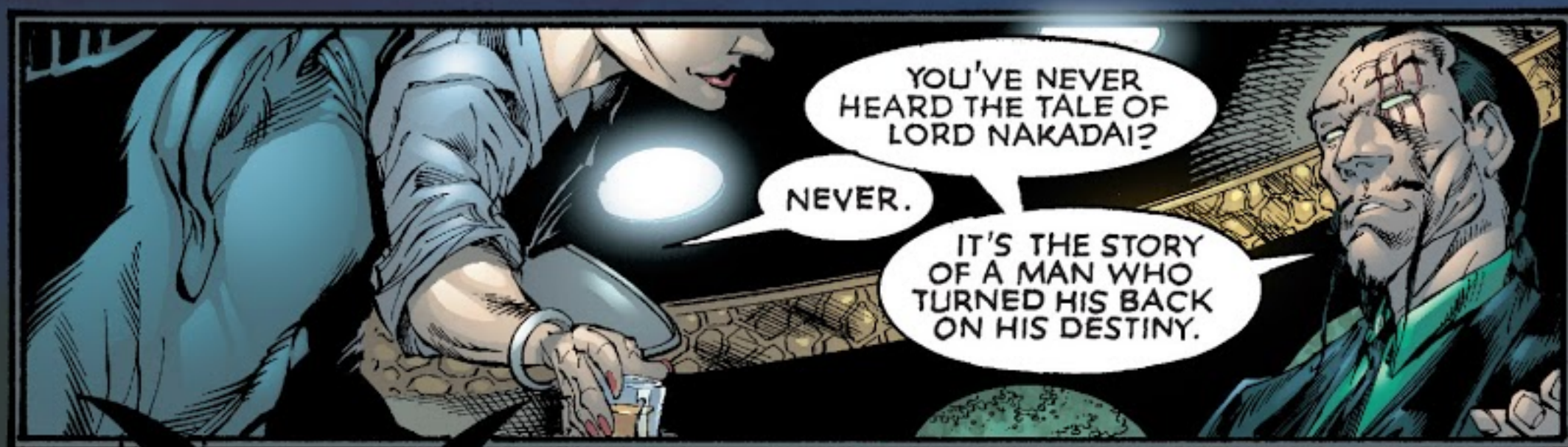


MAY I ASK YOUR LAST NAME, BEN?

NAKADAI.

NAKADAI. THAT'S QUITE A STORIED NAME, ESPECIALLY IN THIS PART OF JAPAN. MAKES YOU A BIT OF A CELEBRITY. YOU HAVE SOME RATHER FAMOUS ANCESTORS.

REALLY?



YOU'VE NEVER
HEARD THE TALE OF
LORD NAKADAI?

NEVER.

IT'S THE STORY
OF A MAN WHO
TURNED HIS BACK
ON HIS DESTINY.

MANY, MANY YEARS AGO, BACK IN
THE DAYS OF THE SAMURAI, THERE
WAS A GREAT SOLDIER NAMED
ISANAGI
NAKADAI.

IN THIS TIME, GREAT WARS
WERE BEING FOUGHT.
NAKADAI WON A KEY
VICTORY IN THE NAME OF
THE EMPEROR, WHOM
HE SERVED.

THE EMPEROR
SOUGHT TO
REWARD HIM
FOR HIS
SERVICE. HE
MADE NAKADAI
A FEUDAL LORD,
THE RULER
OF HIS OWN
FIEFDOM.

NAKADAI
RETURNED
TO HIS HOME
PROVINCE
VICTORIOUS.
BUT HIS JOY
SOON TURNED
SOUR.

FOR IT WAS THEN THAT NAKADAI
LEARNED HIS WIFE AND CHILD
HAD BEEN TAKEN BY FEVER
THE PREVIOUS SPRING.

HE WAS
INCONSOLABLE.



FOR A YEAR, HE INDULGED HIMSELF IN HIS GRIEF, EATING LITTLE, SPEAKING LESS. HE NEGLECTED HIS DUTIES.



ONE EVENING, AS HE WAS WALKING THE PALACE GROUNDS, LOST IN THOUGHT, HE CAME ACROSS AN OLD MAN.

GOOD EVENING, LORD NAKADAI. IT IS A WONDERFUL NIGHT TO BE ALIVE, IS IT NOT...?

... SAID THE OLD MAN. BUT LORD NAKADAI SAID NOTHING.



YOU NEGLECT YOUR GARDEN, MY LORD. BE CAREFUL HOW IT GROWS.

LORD NAKADAI WAS UNUSED TO BEING SPOKEN TO LIKE THIS. BUT THE OLD MAN HAD HIMSELF BEEN A GREAT WARRIOR, MANY YEARS AGO.

IN HIS OLD AGE, HE WAS CONTENT MERELY TO CARE FOR THE PALACE GROUNDS. NAKADAI RESPECTED HIM.



I'M SORRY. AM I BORING YOU, BEN?

NO. THIS IS FASCINATING. GO ON

WELL, THE OLD MAN INVITED THE LORD INTO HIS HUT FOR TEA.

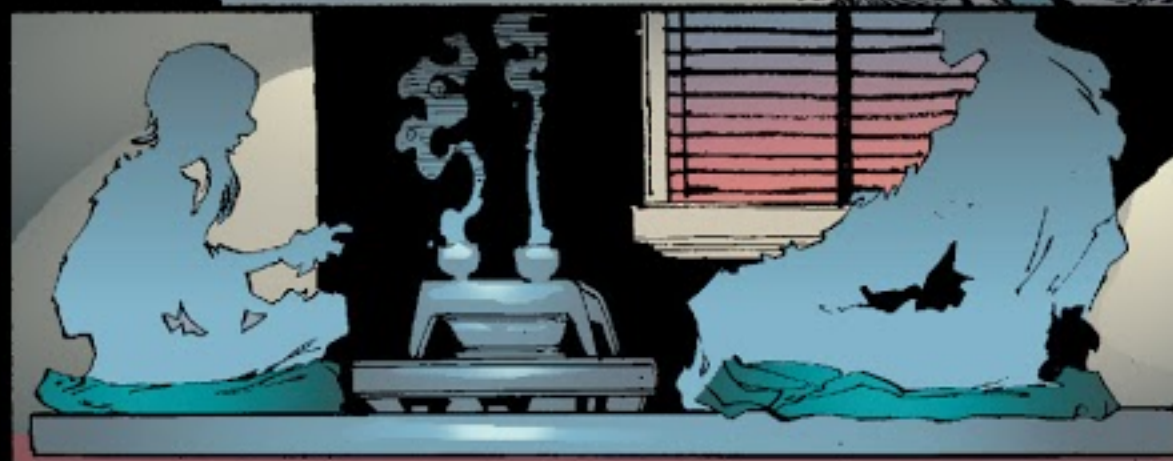


NAKADAI
ACCEPTED THE
INVITATION.



LIFE HAD LOST ITS
FLAVOR, NAKADAI
CONFERSED TO HIS
HOST. THE WORLD
WAS EMPTY WITH-
OUT HIS FAMILY.

THE OLD MAN
OFFERED HIM
SOME ADVICE.



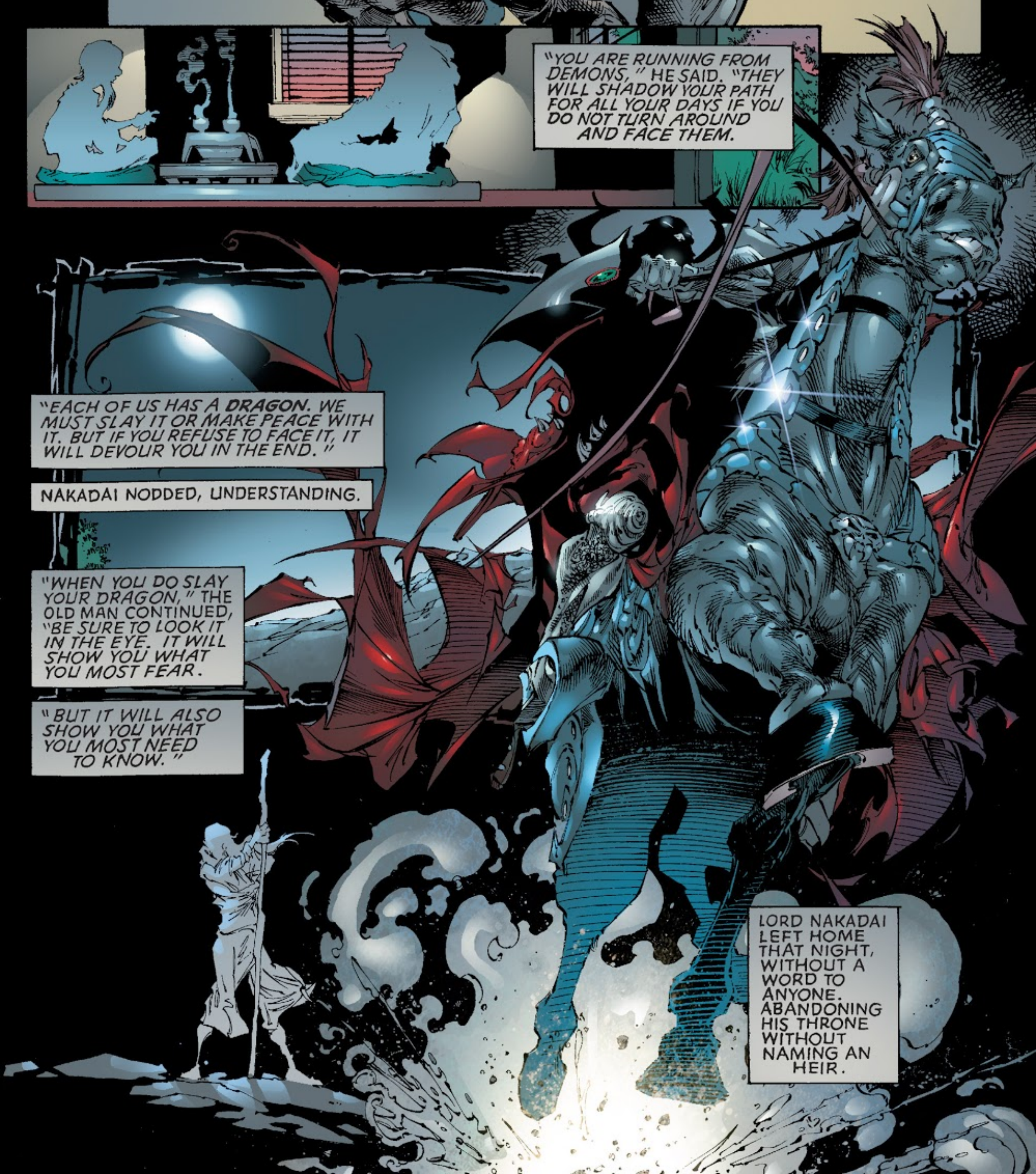
"YOU ARE RUNNING FROM
DEMONS," HE SAID. "THEY
WILL SHADOW YOUR PATH
FOR ALL YOUR DAYS IF YOU
DO NOT TURN AROUND
AND FACE THEM."

"EACH OF US HAS A **DRAGON**. WE
MUST SLAY IT OR MAKE PEACE WITH
IT. BUT IF YOU REFUSE TO FACE IT, IT
WILL DEVOUR YOU IN THE END."


NAKADAI NODDED, UNDERSTANDING.

"WHEN YOU DO SLAY
YOUR DRAGON," THE
OLD MAN CONTINUED,
"BE SURE TO LOOK IT
IN THE EYE. IT WILL
SHOW YOU WHAT
YOU MOST FEAR."

"BUT IT WILL ALSO
SHOW YOU WHAT
YOU MOST NEED
TO KNOW."



LORD NAKADAI
LEFT HOME
THAT NIGHT,
WITHOUT A
WORD TO
ANYONE.
ABANDONING
HIS THRONE
WITHOUT
NAMING AN
HEIR.




HE BECAME A *RONIN*, A
WANDERING, LORDLESS
SAMURAI. HE FOUGHT
MANY BATTLES AND DID
MANY GREAT DEEDS.

IT IS SAID
HE FREED THE
COUNTRYSIDE
FROM THE
GRIP OF A
PARTICULARLY
WICKED
BANDIT CLAN.

HE FOUGHT
TRICKSTERS
AND WIZARDS.

HE CAST
*FIVE DEMON
BROTHERS*
FROM THE
HOLY TEMPLE.

TALES OF
HIS BRAVERY
SPREAD FAR
AND WIDE,
AND HE
BECAME
SOMETHING
OF A LEGEND.



BUT FOR ALL HIS
TRAVELS, HE STILL HAD
NOT SEEN HIS *DRAGON*.



ONE DAY, AS HE WANDERED
THROUGH THE WILDERNESS,
LORD NAKADAI BEHELD A
STRANGE SIGHT.



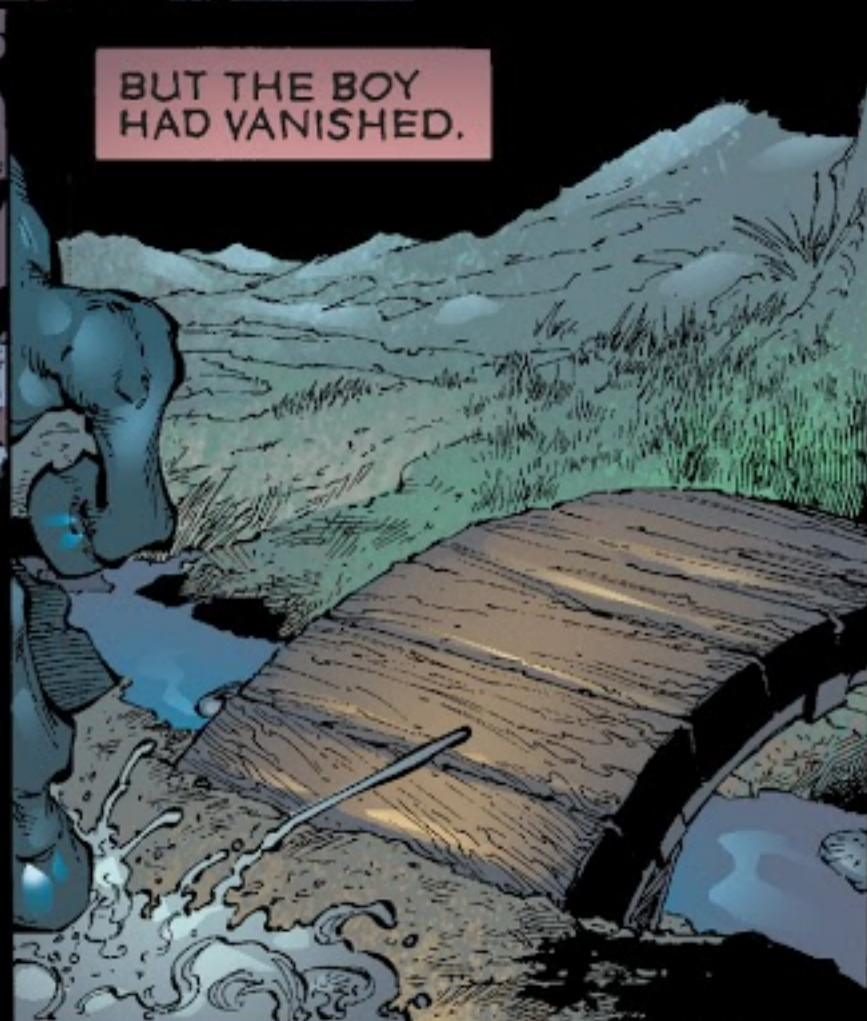
A SMALL CHILD
STOOD AT THE
EDGE OF A BRIDGE.



PERHAPS IT WAS
LOST, OR ABANDONED
BY ITS MOTHER.
NAKADAI WENT TO
INVESTIGATE.



BUT THE BOY
HAD VANISHED.



FROM ACROSS THE STREAM, NAKADAI
COULD HEAR THE GENTLE LAUGHTER
OF A CHILD, FLOATING LIKE SOAP
BUBBLES IN THE AIR.



HE CROSSED THE
BRIDGE AND RODE
INTO THE WOOD.



HE FOLLOWED
THE SOUND,
IT LED HIM TO
AN ANCIENT
TEMPLE,
PERCHED ON
THE EDGE OF
A CLIFF.




NAKADAI
DISMOUNTED
HIS HORSE AND
WENT INSIDE.



AND THERE
HE SAW IT.






HE HAD COME
FACE TO FACE
WITH HIS DRAGON.

HA HA HA HA!!

THE TEMPLE SHOOK
WITH THE DEEP,
RESONANT LAUGHTER
OF THE BEAST.

NAKADAI FROZE
FOR A MOMENT,
UNABLE TO MOVE.

BUT HIS COURAGE
SOON FOUND HIM.



THEY WERE JOINED TOGETHER IN FIERCE BATTLE.

THE DRAGON MOVED LIKE LIGHTNING.

NAKADAI'S SWORD FLASHED LIKE THE DEVIL IN THE MOONLIGHT.


EACH, IT SEEMED, WAS A MATCH FOR THE OTHER.

NEITHER WILLING TO BACK DOWN AN INCH.

AND SO THE BATTLE RAGED THROUGH THE NIGHT.

UNTIL AT LAST, THEIR WARRING BEGAN TO SHAKE THE VERY TEMPLE APART.

FINALLY, WITH A FIERCE BLOW, NAKADAI STABBED THE GREAT BEAST THROUGH ITS BLACK HEART...



AS THEY
FELL INTO
THE NIGHT,
NAKADAI
COULD
HEAR HIS
DRAGON,
STILL
LAUGHING
AT HIM.

...JUST
AS THE
BUILDING
WENT
TUMBLING
OFF THE
EDGE OF
A CLIFF.

LORD
NAKADAI
HAD
FAILED
TO DO
AS THE
OLD MAN
BADE
HIM.

HE FORGOT
TO LOOK THE
DRAGON IN
THE EYE.

IT WAS MANY
YEARS LATER THAT
LORD NAKADAI
RETURNED FROM
THE WILDERNESS.



HE CAME
HOME TO FIND
HIS KINGDOM
IN RUINS.

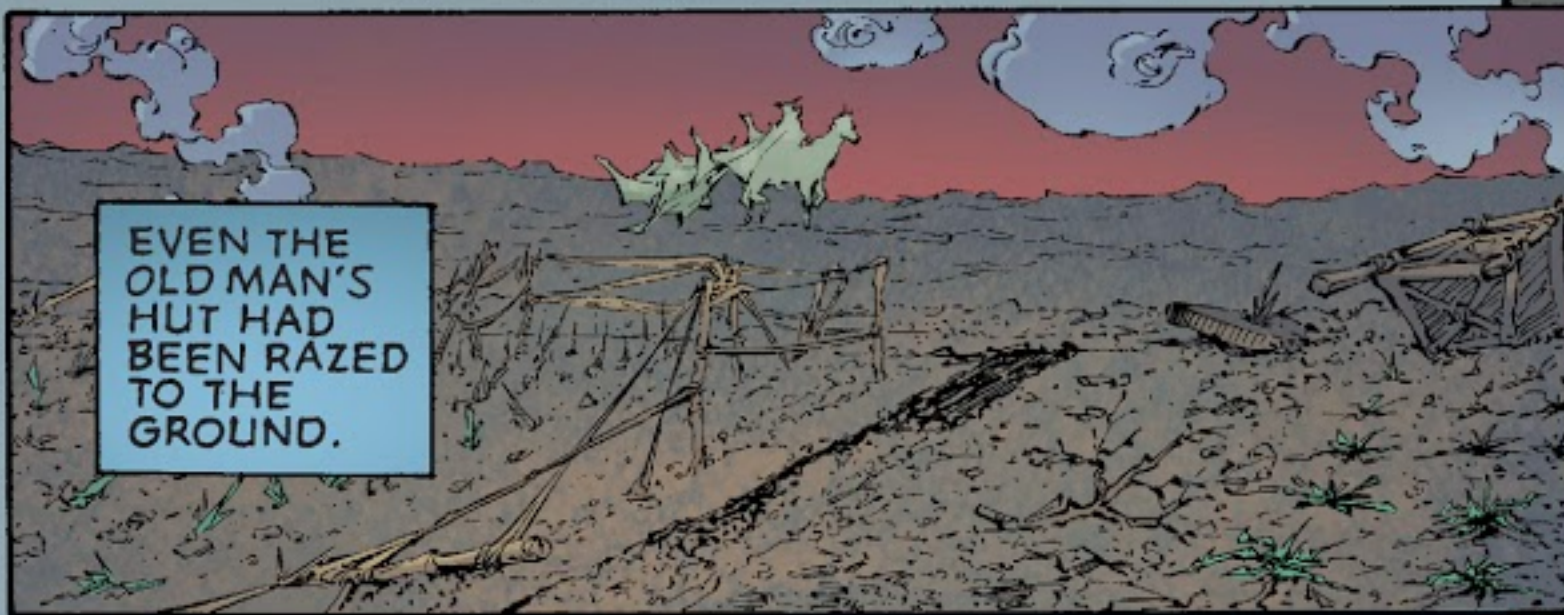


NAKADAI
STRODE
INTO THE
PALACE, HIS
FOOTSTEPS
ECHOING
ON THE
COLD SLATE
FLOOR.

THE TOWNS WERE
BURNED, THE FIELDS
LAID TO WASTE.



EVEN THE
OLD MAN'S
HUT HAD
BEEN RAZED
TO THE
GROUND.



WHO COULD
DO SUCH A
THING? WHO
WOULD DARE?





AS HE ENTERED THE GREAT HALL, HIS BLOOD QUICKENED IN HIS VEINS. SOMEONE WAS SEATED UPON NAKADAI'S *THRONE*, WAITING.

NAKADAI DREW HIS *KATANA* AND WENT TO MEET THIS BRAZEN PRETENDER.

WHOEVER IT WAS WOULD PAY DEARLY FOR HIS TRESPASS.



THEN NAKADAI FROZE. HE DROPPED HIS SWORD, HANDS TREMBLING.



RAGE TURNED INTO DISBELIEF WHEN LORD NAKADAI SAW WHO IT WAS THAT SAT UPON HIS THRONE.



EXCUSE ME, SIR. THE CONCIERGE WANTED ME TO TELL YOU SHE HAS REACHED YOUR PARTY ON THE TELEPHONE.

YOU MAY TAKE THE CALL IN YOUR ROOM, IF YOU LIKE.

Oh, THAT'S GREAT. THANK YOU.



PLEASE EXCUSE ME, MISTER... uh...

YOU CAN CALL ME *MYKOTO*.

DON'T YOU WANT TO HEAR HOW THE STORY ENDS? AREN'T YOU CURIOUS TO KNOW WHO HAD USURPED THE THRONE?

ANOTHER TIME, PERHAPS. I REALLY MUST GO. THANK YOU FOR THE DRINK.



DON'T MAKE THE SAME MISTAKE AS YOUR ANCESTOR, BEN. BEWARE OF THE UNANSWERED QUESTION.

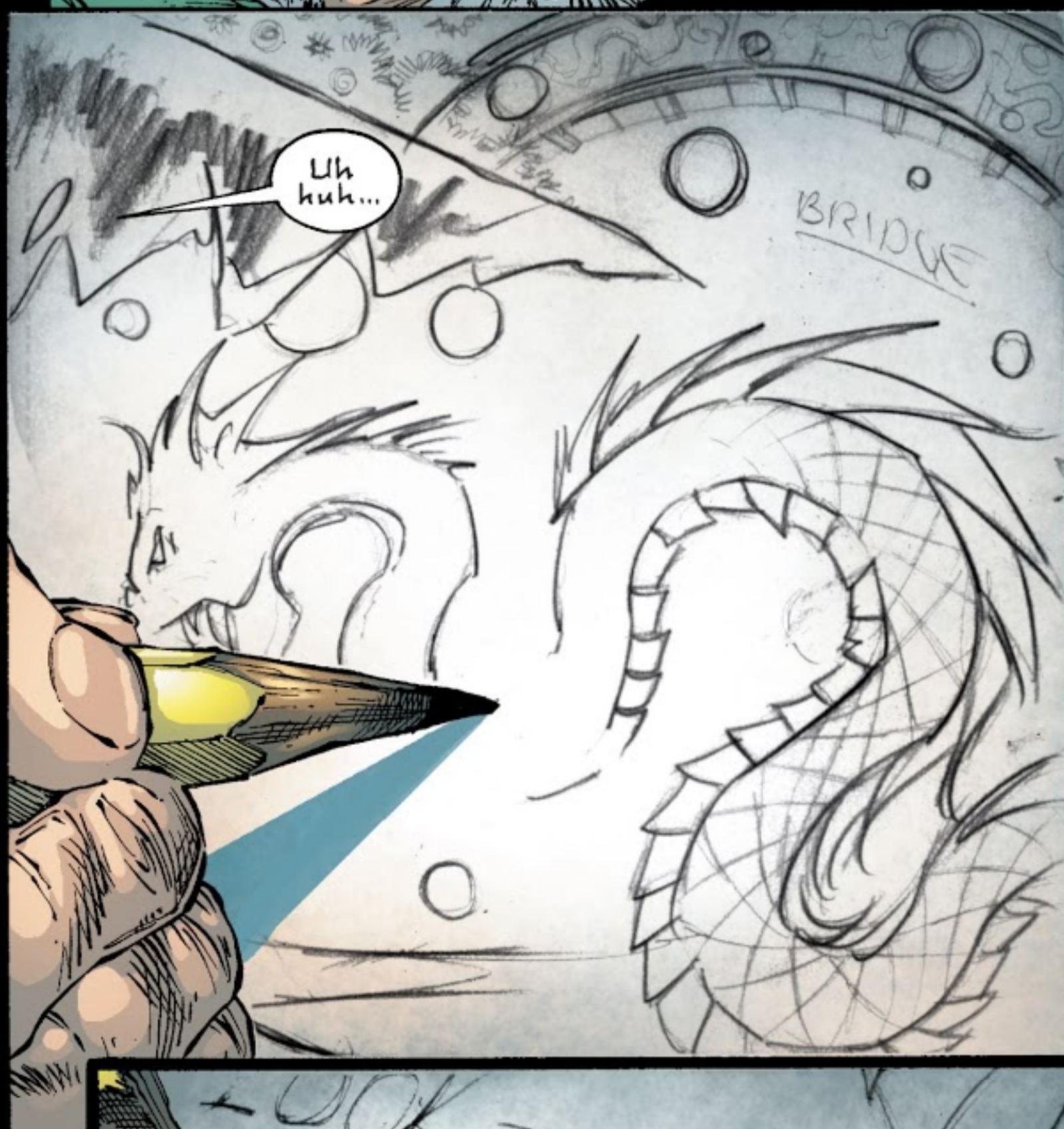


DON'T FORGET TO LOOK YOUR DRAGONS IN THE EYE.



NO, NO... NOTHING LIKE THAT. JUST SOME WEIRDO IN THE HOTEL BAR. HE SEEMS HARMLESS ENOUGH... YEAH. NO, THE ROOM IS FINE. I JUST MISS YOU.

YOU TAKING GOOD CARE OF YOURSELF? WHAT DID THE DOCTOR SAY?

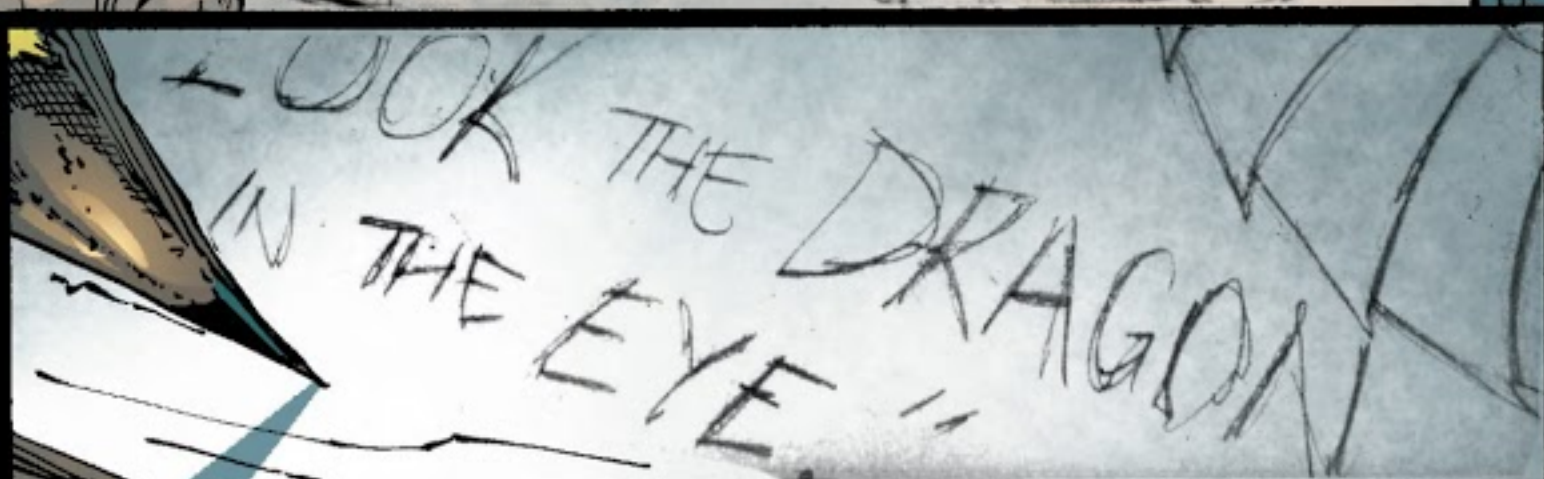


Uh huh...



WOW!

NO... NOTHING. IT'S JUST REALLY STARTING TO COME DOWN OUTSIDE.



"LOOKS LIKE
I'M IN FOR
A HELL OF
A STORM."



SPAWN



Capullo

D.

McFARLANE

115



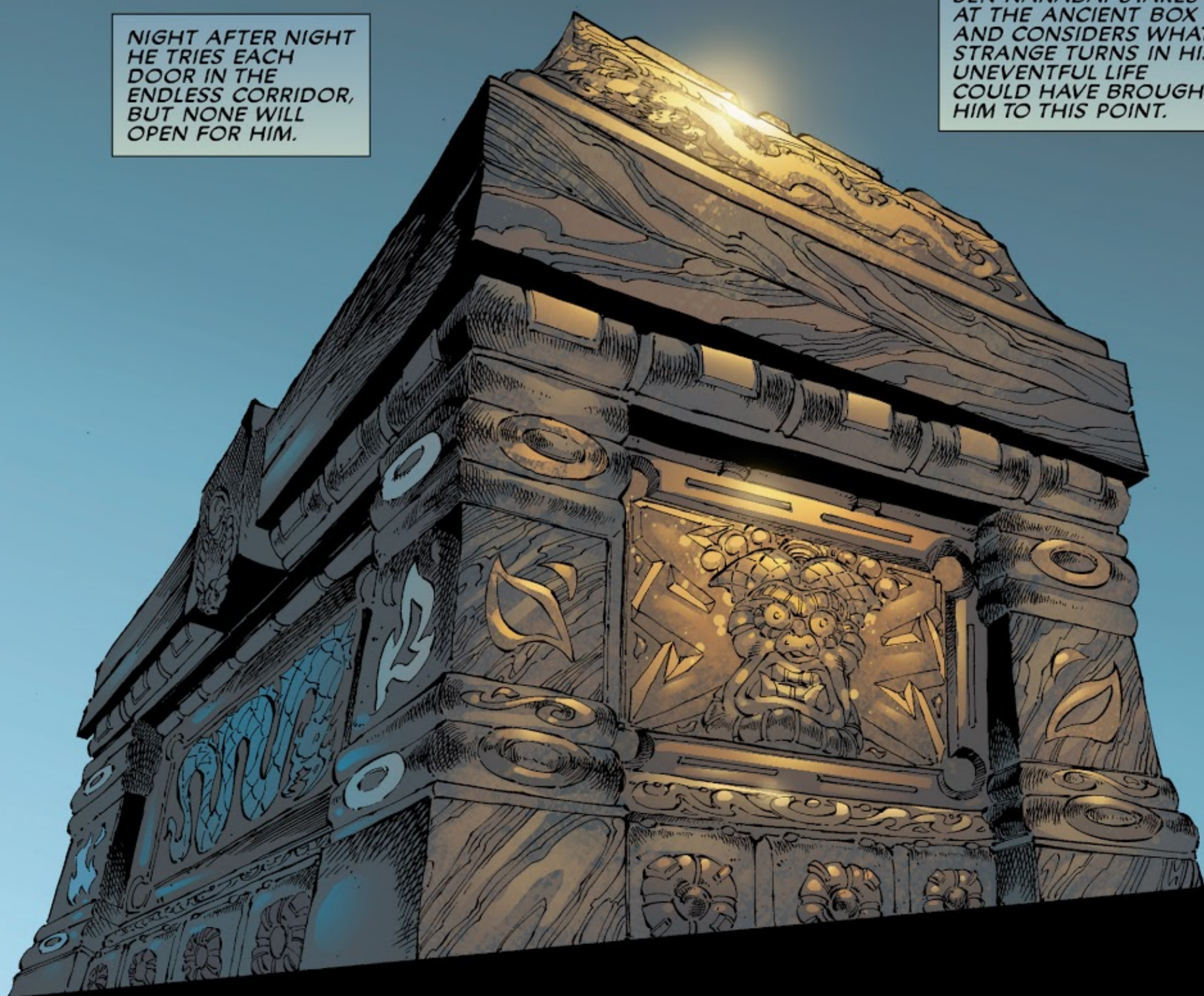
DIGITAL
EDITION

SPAWN.COM

A TALE IS TOLD OF A GHOST WHO HAUNTS THESE SHADOWED HALLS, LOST FOREVER, UNABLE TO FIND HIS WAY OUT.

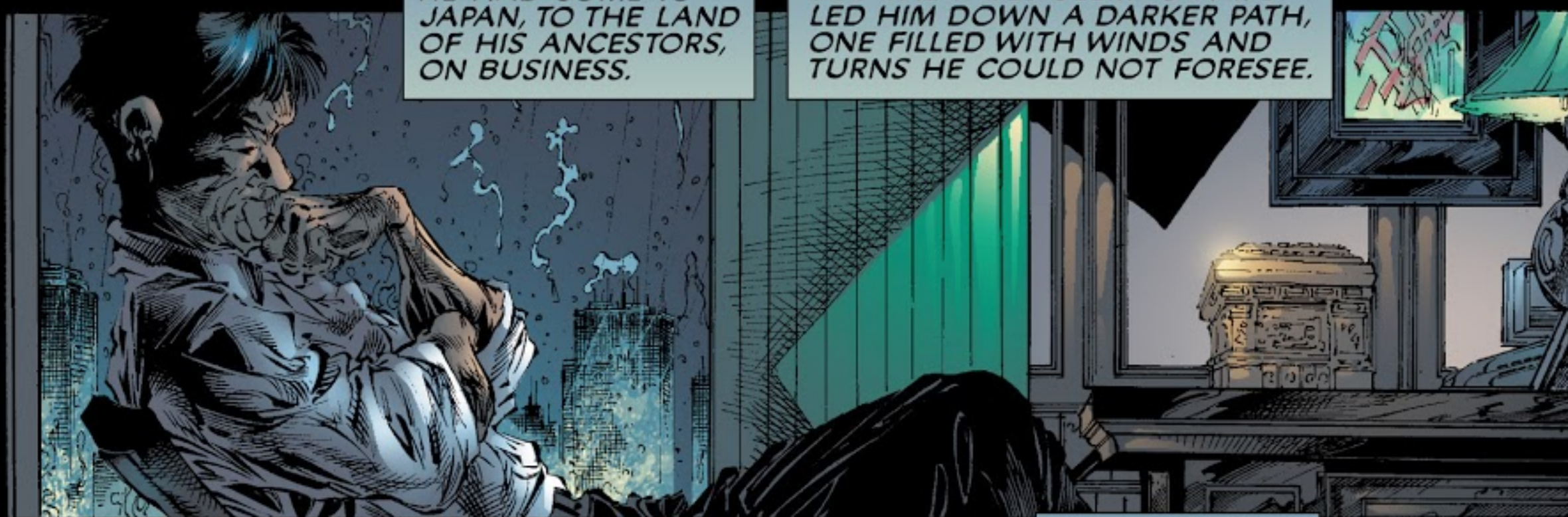
NIGHT AFTER NIGHT HE TRIES EACH DOOR IN THE ENDLESS CORRIDOR, BUT NONE WILL OPEN FOR HIM.

BEN NAKADAI STARES AT THE ANCIENT BOX AND CONSIDERS WHAT STRANGE TURNS IN HIS UNEVENTFUL LIFE COULD HAVE BROUGHT HIM TO THIS POINT.



HE HAD COME TO JAPAN, TO THE LAND OF HIS ANCESTORS, ON BUSINESS.

BUT THE FATES SEEM TO HAVE LED HIM DOWN A DARKER PATH, ONE FILLED WITH WINDS AND TURNS HE COULD NOT FORESEE.



NOW, LIKE THE GHOST IN THE TALE, WONDERS IF HE WILL EVER MAKE HIS WAY HOME AGAIN.



FOR BEN, HOME WAS ALWAYS CALIFORNIA, WHERE A BLUE-EYED WIFE AND AN UNBORN CHILD WAIT FOR HIM.

"JAPAN" WAS JUST A WORD, A VAGUE AND DISTANT PLACE FROM WHICH HIS ANCESTORS HAD EMIGRATED. IT HELD NO DRAW FOR HIM.

THE FIRM HAD SENT HIM TO AWAJI TO EXAMINE THE RUINS OF AN ANCIENT TEMPLE FOUND, WHEN THE PRIMORDIAL FOREST WAS CLEARED, ON THE SITE WHERE A RESORT HAD BEEN PLANNED.

THEIR CONTRACT REQUIRED THEM TO SALVAGE ANYTHING OF HISTORIC SIGNIFICANCE IF AT ALL FEASIBLE.

BEN'S SUPERIORS HAD MADE THE SUBTLE BUT CLEAR IMPLICATION THAT THEY WOULD RATHER NOT INCUR THE TIME AND COST OF SALVAGING THE TEMPLE.

FRIGGIN' DEATH-TRAP IF YOU ASK ME.

BASTARD COULD COME DOWN ANY MINUTE. NOT WORTH RISKING MY MEN.

LOOK AT THAT. THAT BRACING AIN'T GOING TO HOLD. LIKE I SAID, A DEATH-TRAP.

I THINK I UNDERSTAND YOUR POINT.


ALL THE SAME, I'D LIKE TO MAKE MY OWN DETERMINATION.

OF COURSE, BEN. I'M SURE YOU'LL DO THE RIGHT THING.




SINCE THE NIGHT HE ARRIVED IN JAPAN, BEN HAD BEEN VISITED BY RESONANT, LIFELIKE DREAMS.

STEPPING ON THE TEMPLE GROUNDS, HE FELT A SIMILAR TUG OF RECOGNITION.




HIS SOUL FLOODED WITH ANCESTRAL MEMORIES, AS IF HE WERE SLIPPING INTO SOMEONE ELSE'S SKIN.

HE COULD SMELL THE HEADY MUSK OF INCENSE, HEAR THE LOW CHANTING OF MONKS REVERBERATE OVER THE CENTURIES.




AND HE KNEW, THOUGH HE COULD NOT HAVE TOLD YOU HOW, THAT SOMETHING WAS SECRETED HERE. SOMETHING GREAT AND TERRIBLE.


HIDDEN FOR HIM ALONE TO FIND.



NOW, AS HE SITS IN HIS HOTEL ROOM REGARDING THE AGED CASK, HE REMEMBERS THE ODD ADVICE A STRANGER RECENTLY GAVE HIM:



"BEWARE THE UNANSWERED RIDDLE, BEN. DON'T FORGET TO LOOK YOUR **DRAGONS** IN THE EYE..."

A full-page comic book illustration of Spawn crouching in a city street during a heavy rain. He is wearing his signature red and black suit, which is dripping with rain. His wings are spread out behind him, and his glowing green eyes are visible. The background shows tall city buildings and a dark, stormy sky. The rain is depicted as numerous white lines falling diagonally across the scene.

THE HELLSPAWN WAS ONCE A MAN.
HE WAS A HUSBAND AND A FRIEND.
BUT ABOVE ALL, HE WAS A SOLDIER.

NOW HE'S NOT SURE WHAT
HE IS, BALANCED ON A GREAT
FULCRUM SOMEWHERE
BETWEEN DEATH AND DEITY.

BUT HE HAS CLAIMED THIS
WORLD AS HIS OWN, AND HE
WILL NOT SEE IT CORRUPTED.

A SERVANT IN HIS
CHARGE ONCE TOLD
HIM THAT THIS WORLD
IS FULL OF DOORS,
DOORS OF EVERY SIZE
AND CONSTRUCTION.

AND BEHIND
EACH ONE YOU
WILL FIND THE
SAME THING:
CONSEQUENCES.

AS HE SITS
CROUCHED
OUTSIDE IN
THE DRIVING
RAIN, SPAWN
LISTENS TO
THE SHADOWS.
THEY ARE
FILLED WITH
THE SOUND
OF DOORS
OPENING IN
THE NIGHT...

ON THE HIGH STREET, THE CONSEQUENCES HAVE BEGUN.

IN THE PEARL AND DOVE RESTAURANT, DINERS ARE ROUSED FROM THEIR MEALS AND POLITE CONVERSATIONS...

AS A BLIND PEDDLAR APPEARS, WALKING THROUGH TABLES, ONE HAND OUTSTRETCHED, WANDERING THROUGH A CITY WHERE HE ONCE ONLY KNEW GRASSLAND.

OUTSIDE, A YOUNG STUDENT ON HIS WAY TO THE MOVIES SPIES A WOMAN STANDING ALONE IN THE RAIN.

THE WOMAN WATCHES WITH IDLE CURIOSITY AS SHE QUIETLY BURSTS INTO FLAMES.

ON THE HIGHWAY THAT RUNS ALONG THE FOREST, A THIEF NAMED ORI SEARCHES FOR HIS HOME.

IN HIS RIGHT HAND HE CARRIES HIS HEAD, EYES CAST DOWN IN SHAME.

IN THE WOODS, YOUNG GEDDE HAS BEEN PLAYING HIDE AND SEEK FOR NEARLY A HUNDRED YEARS.

NO ONE HAS FOUND HIM YET.

IN THE RESTAURANT, PATRONS SCREAM AND RUN WHILE THE PEDDLER SEARCHES FOR A FRIENDLY FACE.

ON THE HIGHWAY, TWO CARS COLLIDE, AS BOTH DRIVERS ARE DISTRACTED BY SOMETHING COULD NOT POSSIBLY BE SEEING.

THE BURNING WOMAN RUNS MADLY DOWN THE STREET NOW, HER FLAMES UNQUENCHED BY THE POURING RAIN.

MEANWHILE, THE NIGHT WIND WHISTLES THROUGH GEDDE'S RIB CAGE, LAID OPEN BY A BEAR CLAW MANY YEARS AGO.

GEDDE DOES NOT SEEM TO NOTICE.

THE PEDDLER WAS EXPECTING HIS SON TO MEET HIM.

>HELLO?<

AAAAH!

>SON,
IS THAT
YOU?<

HE WONDERS
WHAT'S
KEEPING HIM.

>PLEASE...<

>PLEASE
MAKE IT
STOP!<

>HELLO...?<

>SON?<

>HELLO...?<

>WHO?
WHO IS
THAT
THERE?<



A
STRANGER.



› I AM
LOOKING FOR
MY SON. I THINK
I'M LOST. ‹

BE STILL.

SPAWN DRAPES
THE BLIND MAN
IN SCARLET
BOLTS OF
DARKNESS...

I WILL
TAKE YOU
TO HIM.

AND IN A
MOMENT
HE IS GONE.



ONE BY ONE, HE COLLECTS
THE WANDERING SPIRITS.

› PLEASE... ‹



› HELP
ME... ‹

LOST SOULS
LET SLIPPED
THROUGH
CRACKS IN
THE NIGHT.



THEIR LIVES
MARKED BY
VIOLENCE...

OR
TRAGEDY...



...OR
UNFINISHED
BUSINESS.

EACH IN HIS TURN
IS LAID TO REST.



IN THE
WOODS,
YOUNG
GEDDE
LAUGHS.

AFTER ALL
THIS TIME,
SOMEONE
HAS FOUND
HIM.

› I HID
REAL GOOD,
DIDN'T I? ‹

YES.




THE
GAME
IS OVER
NOW.

IT IS
TIME TO
GO
HOME.

YET ONE
GHOST
REMAINS



ONE GHOST
WHO WILL
NOT YIELD.



LORD NAKADAI'S
RESOLVE IS HONED
AND TEMPERED AS
HIS KATANA.

SPAWN REGARDS THE
SAMURAI'S FACE AND
UNDERSTANDS.

THERE IS BUT ONE
WAY TO SETTLE
THIS MATTER.

THEY BOW
TO ONE
ANOTHER...

AND IT BEGINS.

A full-page comic book illustration featuring the character Hellspawn. He is depicted in a dynamic, mid-air pose, wearing his signature black and red suit with a large, flowing red cape. His face is partially obscured by a black mask with a single glowing green eye. He holds a long, silver sword aloft in his right hand. The background is a dark, starry space with a large, bright blue planet or moon on the right. The overall style is dramatic and action-oriented.

THE HELLSPAWN
WAS ONCE A
MAN. HE WAS
A HUSBAND
AND A FRIEND.


BUT
ABOVE
ALL, HE
WAS A
SOLDIER.

HE KNOWS
WHAT IT
MEANS TO
DIE A BAD
DEATH.

WHAT IT
MEANS
TO DIE
WITHOUT
HONOR.

A WARRIOR
DESERVES BETTER.



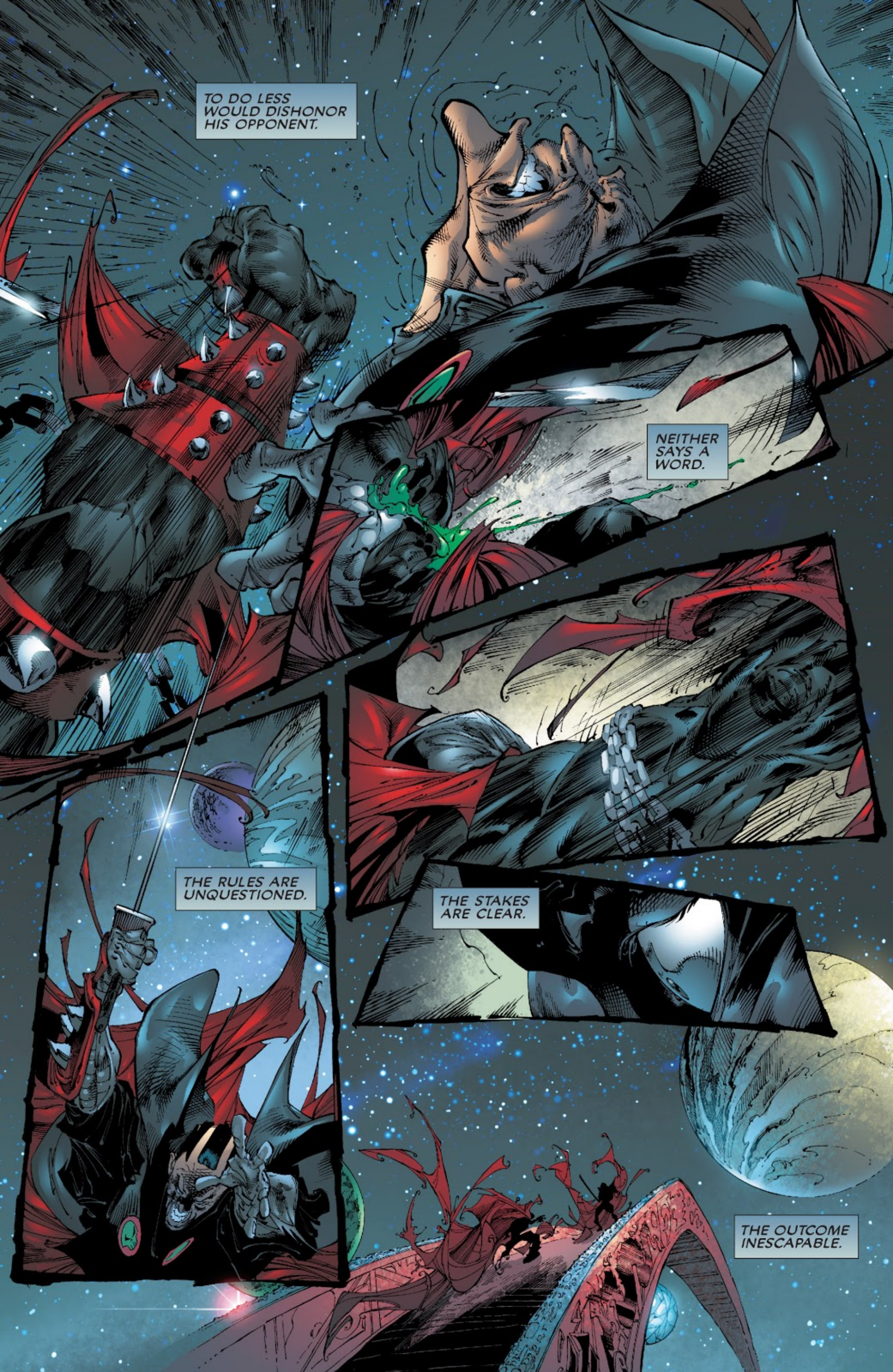


THEY DANCE LIKE LIGHTNING
AGAINST A SUMMER SKY,
LEAN AND SWIFT AS SWORD
BLADES.

IT IS A CONTEST
NOT OF POWER,
BUT RATHER
ONE OF SKILL.

IT IS A THING
OF BEAUTY. A
WORK OF ART.

SPAWN
BRINGS
HIS BEST
FIGHT.



TO DO LESS
WOULD DISHONOR
HIS OPPONENT.

NEITHER
SAYS A
WORD.

THE RULES ARE
UNQUESTIONED.

THE STAKES
ARE CLEAR.

THE OUTCOME
INESCAPABLE.



NAKADAI
RECEIVES
THE DEATH
BLOW WITH
GRACE AND
GRATITUDE,
HIS HEART
SWELLING
WITH
RELEASE.



THANK
YOU.

AS HIS SPIRIT
PASSES ONCE AGAIN
FROM THIS WORLD,
HE REMEMBERS THE
WORDS AN OLD MAN
ONCE TOLD HIM.



LORD NAKADAI
AT LAST LOOKS
HIS DRAGON IN
THE EYE...



AND HE
KNOWS
PITY.



THUS,
ONE DOOR
IS CLOSED...



THOUGH
CONSEQUENCES
REMAIN.

Ah,
BEN. I
KNEW YOU
COULDN'T
RESIST.

YOU...
YOU WERE
BEHIND ALL OF
THIS SOMEHOW,
WEREN'T YOU?
THE TRIP...
THE TEMPLE...
EVERYTHING.

I SUPPOSE
I WAS, AFTER
A FASHION.

WHY
ME? WHY
DID YOU HAVE
TO LET ME SEE
THIS?

IT IS
BEAUTIFUL,
IS IT NOT?

YES. IT
IS BEYOND
WORDS.
BUT TELL
ME, PLEASE.
WHY ME?

BECAUSE,
BEN, THAT IS
HOW THE
STORY WAS
WRITTEN.

WHAT
DOES
THAT
MEAN? WHAT
HAPPENS
NOW? I
HAVE TO
KNOW.

YOU DON'T
GET THOSE
ANSWERS, I'M
AFRAID. YOU SEE,
IT WASN'T YOUR
STORY.

YOU'RE JUST
A THREAD IN A
GREAT TAPESTRY,
THE TINIEST COG
IN A GREAT
MACHINE.



AND NOW...

YOUR PART IS FINISHED. BUT YOU HAVE DONE ME A GREAT SERVICE, RETRIEVING THE CASK. FOR THAT, I THANK YOU.



AS TO WHAT HAPPENS NEXT, WELL, THINGS WILL INEVITABLY PLAY OUT AS THEY ALWAYS DO.

WHICH IS TO SAY, PRECISELY AS I HAVE INTENDED.



THE GENTLEMAN STRIDES THROUGH THE HOTEL LOBBY, HUMMING AN ANCIENT, WORDLESS TUNE, THE SWEET SCENT OF ORCHIDS TRAILING BEHIND HIM.



HE STEPS OUT INTO THE MORNING GLOOM.



THE SUN SHINES BRIGHT ON HIS FACE.



TAXI.



THE AIRPORT,
PLEASE.



SO,
WHERE
ARE YOU
OFF
TO?

NEW YORK.
I MUST
ATTENDED TO
MATTERS
NEGLECTED
FOR FAR
TOO LONG.



HELLO?



ANYONE?

I...I CAN'T
SEEM TO FIND
MY ROOM. I LOST
MY KEY. I CAN'T
FIND MY WAY
BACK TO--



IS THERE
SOMEBODY
WHO CAN
HELP ME?



A TALE IS TOLD OF A
GHOST WHO HAUNTS
THESE SHADOWED
HALLS, LOST FOREVER,
UNABLE TO FIND HIS
WAY OUT.

NIGHT AFTER NIGHT
HE TRIES EACH DOOR
IN THE ENDLESS
CORRIDOR,
BUT NONE
WILL OPEN
FOR
HIM...



SPAWN



Capullo

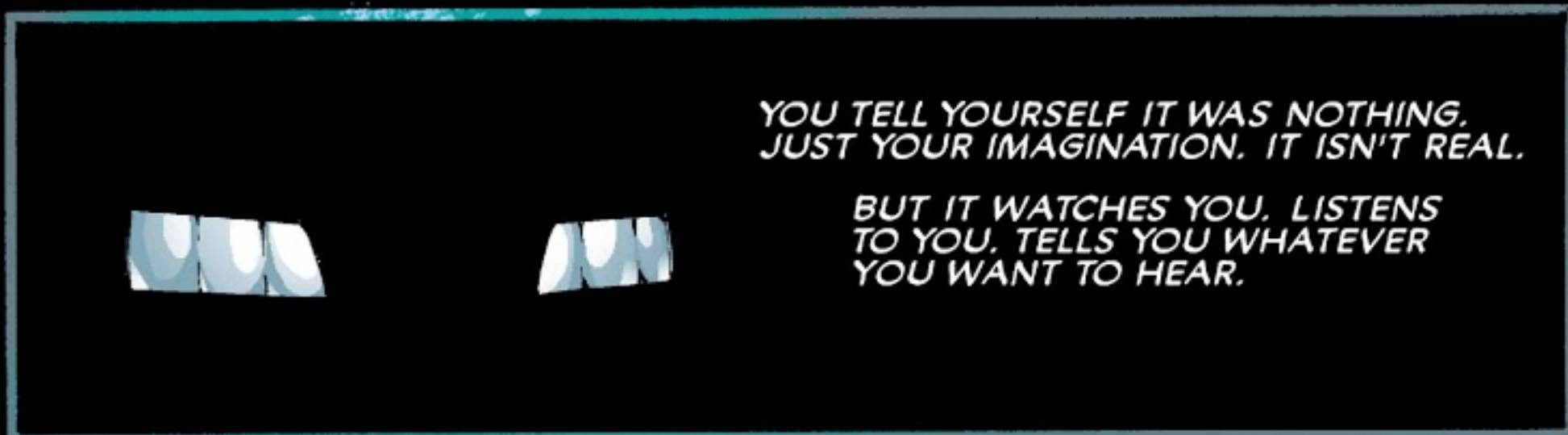
D:

M'FARLANE



THERE IS A DARK THING. IT HIDES
IN THE SHADOWS, IN THE DARK
CORNERS WHERE YOU'RE AFRAID
TO LOOK.

SOMETIMES YOU GLIMPSE IT
OUT OF THE CORNER OF YOUR
EYE, JUST FOR AN INSTANT.
AND THEN IT'S GONE.



YOU TELL YOURSELF IT WAS NOTHING.
JUST YOUR IMAGINATION. IT ISN'T REAL.

BUT IT WATCHES YOU. LISTENS
TO YOU. TELLS YOU WHATEVER
YOU WANT TO HEAR.

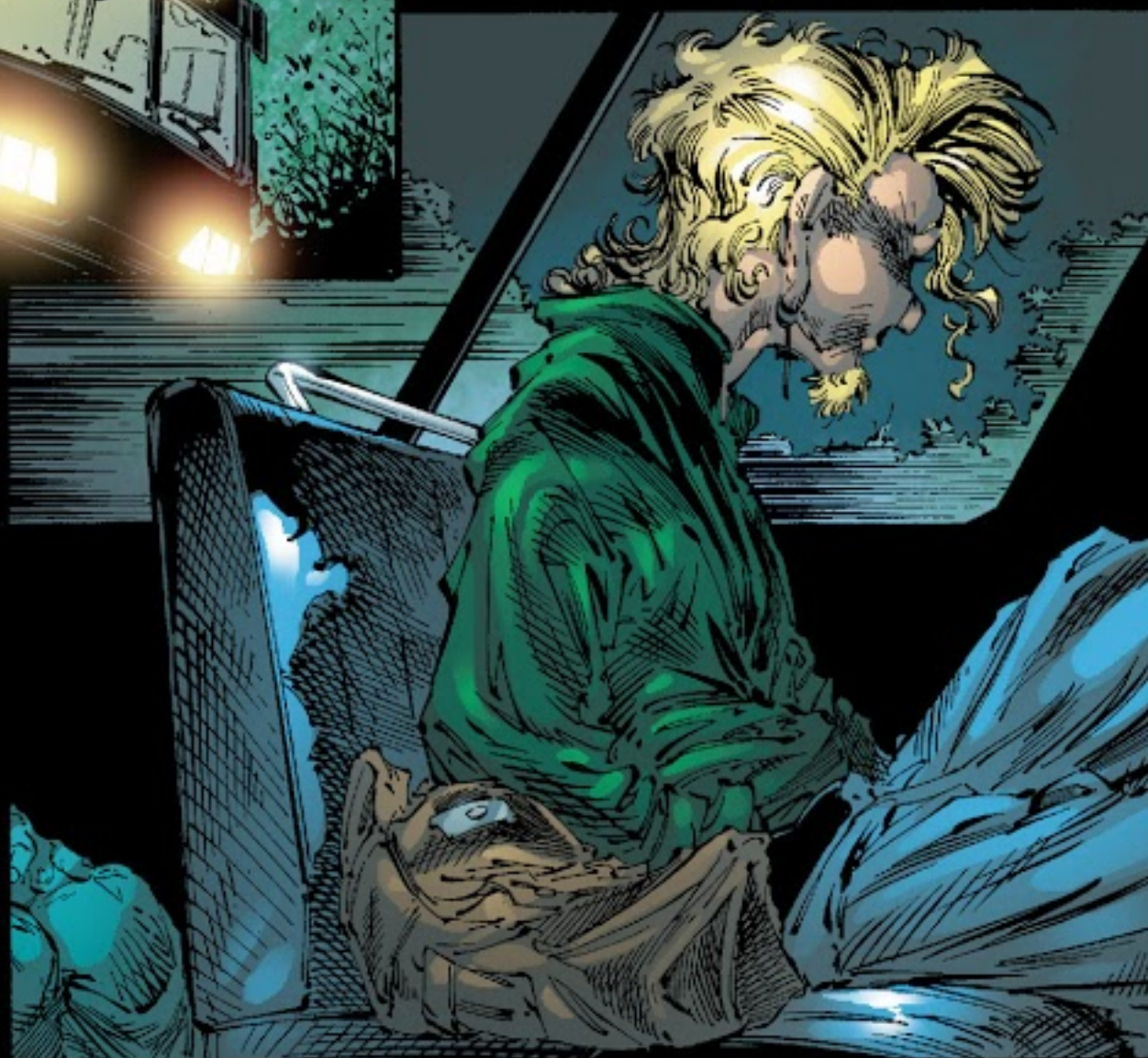
IT WILL COME TO YOU IN YOUR WEAKEST MOMENT
WITH FALSE PROMISES AND PRETTY LIES.



IT LEADS YOU TO THE
EDGE OF MURDER AND
PLACES A GUN IN YOUR
HAND AND WHISPERS
GENTLY IN YOUR EAR...
"DO IT... DO IT!"

THERE IS A DARK THING.

IT'S OUT
THERE.
HIDING.



IT IS REAL.

AND I AM GOING
TO KILL IT.

NEW YORK.

SOMEONE SAID THERE ARE
EIGHT MILLION STORIES IN
THIS BLOODY CITY.

AS FAR AS I KNOW,
NOT ONE OF THEM
HAS A HAPPY ENDING.

IT'S LIKE THERE'S A
SHADOW HERE, A
DARK CLOUD HANGING
OVER EVERYONE.

SOMETIMES THE LIGHT
SHINES THROUGH, JUST
FOR A MINUTE OR TWO.
BUT THE SHADOW
ALWAYS RETURNS.

LIKE A BAD PENNY.

OR A COUGH
YOU CAN'T
SHAKE.

HAUCK!!

THEN AGAIN,
MAYBE IT'S
JUST ME.

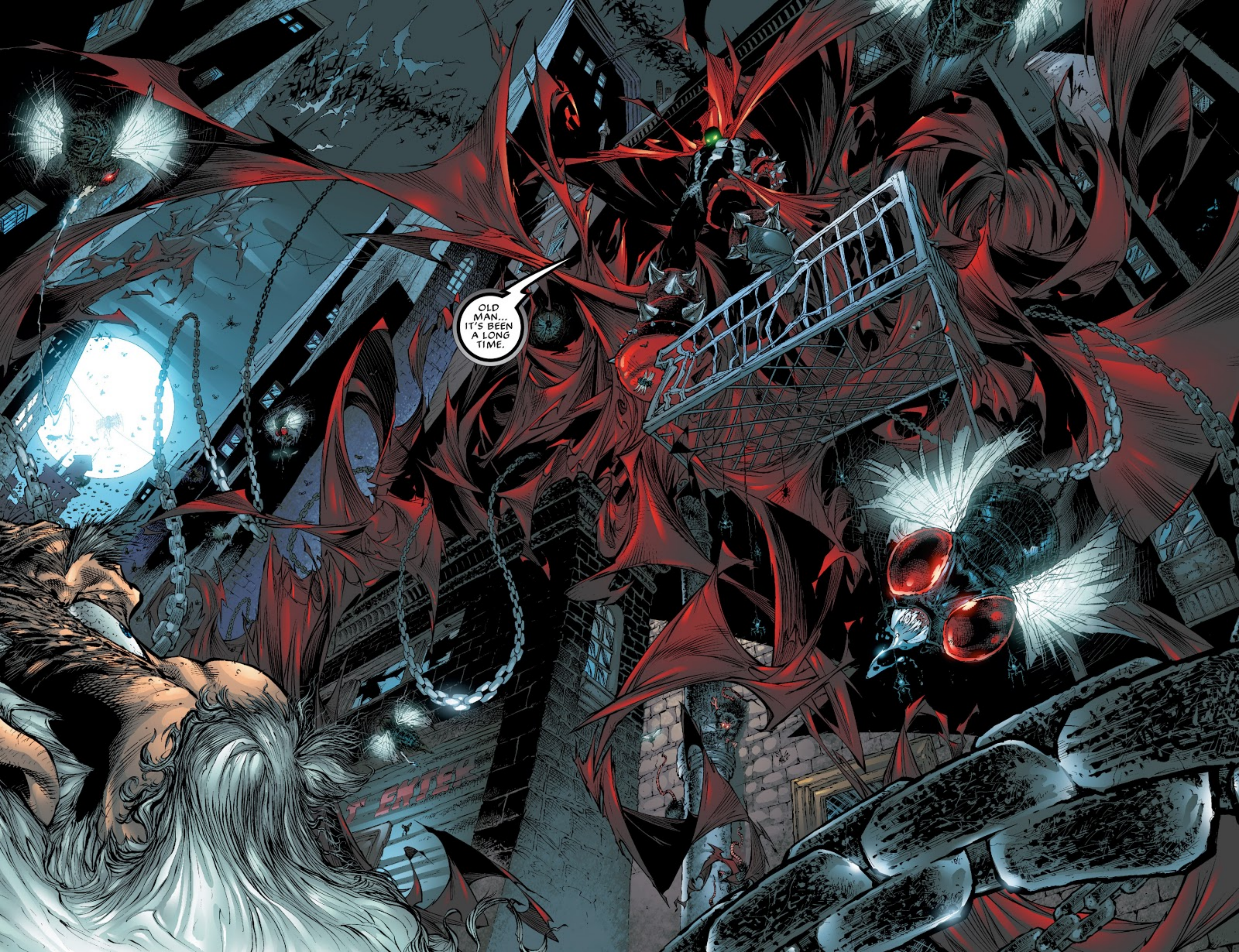
COME ON,
YOU BASTARD. I'M
NOT GETTING ANY
YOUNGER! I KNOW
YOU'RE OUT THERE.
I KNOW YOU'RE
WATCHING!

ISN'T IT
TIME YOU
SHOWED
YOUR
FACE?



HMM?





OLD
MAN...
IT'S BEEN
A LONG
TIME.



WELL THEN.
LET'S HAVE A
LOOK
AT YOU.

WORD
HAS IT,
YOU'VE
BEEN A
BUSY
BOY.

GYPSY
CURSES...
VAMPIRE
CULTS...
JAPANESE
GHOSTS...

SAME
OLD STORY.
JUST FIDDLING
AROUND THE
EDGES, NEVER
LOOKING AT
THE BIG
PICTURE.

GOOD
TO SEE
YOU
TOO.



YOU'RE
WALKING A
DARK ROAD,
HELLSPAWN.
YOU'RE BECOMING
SOMETHING YOU
DON'T WANT
TO BE. TRUST
ME.

YOU
DIDN'T
COME ALL
THIS WAY JUST
TO LECTURE
ME.

YOU'RE
RIGHT.

THERE'S
ANOTHER
REASON.





THE I-40 INTERSTATE.
TENNESSEE.



BUT I'D COME AND GET YOU IN A MINUTE
IF I KNEW WHERE TO FIND YOU. I HOPE YOU
NEED YOU TO BELIEVE THAT.

JUVIE WAS REALLY TOUGH. YOU
DON'T WANT TO GO THERE. EVER.
I KNOW FOSTER CARE MUST SUCK,
BUT J.D. (JUVENILE DETENTION)
IS 10X WORSE.

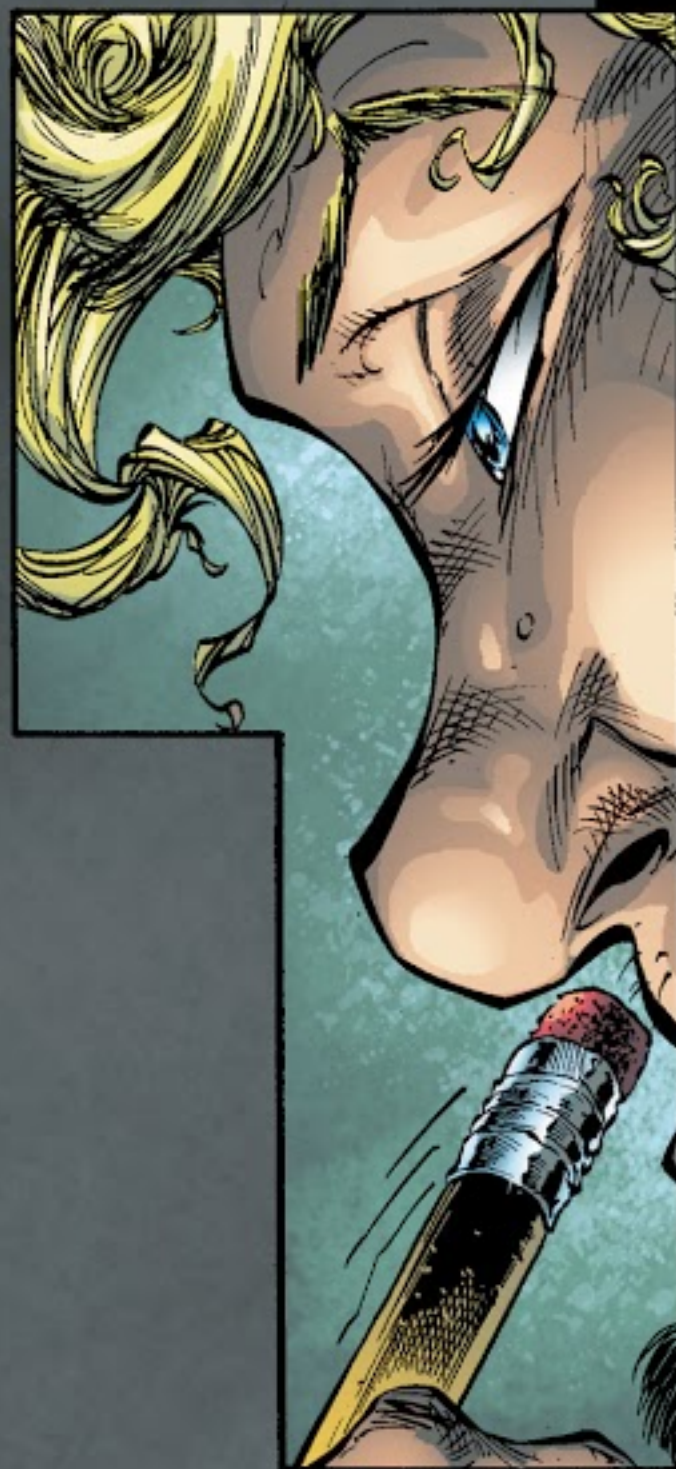
BE GOOD AND STAY OUT
OF TROUBLE. PROMISE?

I WANTED TO TALK TO
YOU ABOUT WHAT
HAPPENED WAY BACK
THEN, EXPLAIN IT SO
YOU WOULD
UNDERSTAND
ONCE AND FOR
ALL.





HA HA HA HA HA HA HA HA HA HA



NEW
YORK.

WHAT THE
HELL DO YOU THINK
YOU'RE DOING?

HEALING
YOU. I'M CERTAIN
I CAN.

GET
THAT
THING
AWAY
FROM
ME!

YOU
WANT TO
WAVE YOUR
HAND AND MAKE
EVERYTHING
BETTER? YOU'RE
A CHILD.
GROW UP!

I'M DYING.
AND IT'S NO
BIG SECRET
WHERE I'M
GOING. I WAS
SCARED OF
HELL BEFORE.
NOW I'M
TERRIFIED.

WHAT
DO YOU
IMAGINE HELL
LOOKS LIKE THESE
DAYS? YOU KILLED
ITS *KING*... LEFT HIS
THRONE VACANT...
OPENED A *DOOR*
BETWEEN THAT
WORLD AND
THIS ...

YOU REFUSE
MALBOLGIA'S
CROWN YET YOU
WIELD HIS *POWER*?!
WHY CAN'T YOU
SEE THERE ARE
CONSEQUENCES
TO YOUR
ACTIONS?

LOOK AT YOURSELF. I
BARELY RECOGNIZE YOU. HARDLY
A DROP OF HUMANITY LEFT IN
THAT MONSTROUS SHELL.

FOR ALL YOUR
GOOD INTENTIONS,
YOU BRANDISH THE
DEVIL'S POWER. WHAT
DO YOU THINK THAT
MAKES YOU?

IT'S
CORRUPTING
YOU, SPAWN.
REMAKING YOU INCH
BY INCH. SOON,
THERE'LL BE NOTHING
LEFT OF YOU AT
ALL. AND THEN
THEY WIN.


YOU'RE
WRONG.



I HAD A VISION
RECENTLY... AN IMAGE OF
THE WORLD AS IT IS AND
AS IT MIGHT BE.

AND I HAD
A REVELATION.
EVERYTHING'S
DIFFERENT
NOW.

THE
POWER ISN'T
CHANGING ME,
OLD MAN. I'M
CHANGING
IT.



NO, SPAWN.
YOU ONLY *THINK*
YOU ARE.

TAKE
MY HAND,
COG.

WHY?



TRUST
ME...





I WANT
TO SHOW
YOU SOME-
THING.



YOU
TALK OF
THE BIG
PICTURE?
TAKE A
LOOK...

I THINK
I'M GOING
TO BE
SICK.

TAKE A LOOK
AT THE WIDE AND
GLORIOUS WORLD.
THIS HUGE PLANET
PLAGUED BY TINY
PEOPLE...

THEY
ARE CRUEL AND
JEALOUS AND PETTY.
THEIR SAD LITTLE
LIVES LIVED IN QUIET
DESPERATION.

CONDEMNED
FOR THEIR SHORTCOMINGS
BY THE VERY CREATOR WHO
MADE THEM SO WEAK AND
FLAWED IN THE FIRST
PLACE.

AND WHEN
I CLOSE MY
EYES, ALL I FEEL
IS THEIR PAIN. IT
EATS AT ME LIKE
A CANCER.



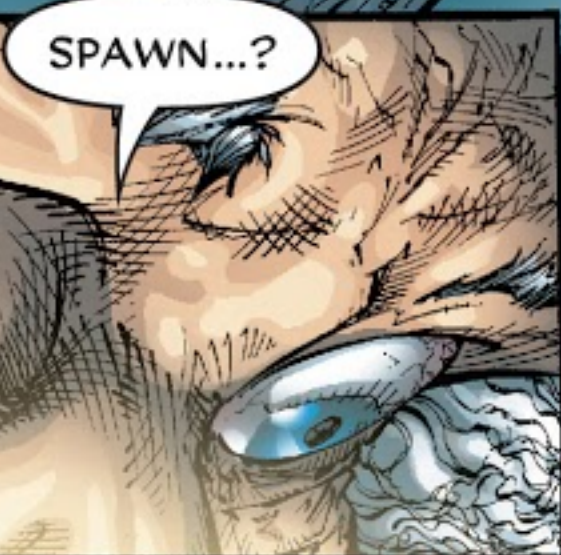
YOU
DON'T KNOW
WHAT IT'S LIKE. ALL
OF THEM... ALL AT
ONCE... INSIDE
MY HEAD.



WHAT
I WOULD
GIVE FOR
ONE MINUTE
OF PEACE...
ONE QUIET
MOMENT TO
THINK.



I TRY TO
HELP THEM...
ONE BY ONE. I'VE
TRIED TO PUNISH
THE GUILTY...
COMFORT THE
INNOCENT...



SPAWN...?



I THOUGHT
IF I EASED
THEIR PAIN, IT
WOULD EASE MY
OWN. I WAS
WRONG.



THERE'S
JUST TOO
MANY OF
THEM.
IT'S LIKE
TRYING TO
CAPTURE
THE OCEAN
WITH A
NET.



SPAWN...?

DID...
DID YOU
JUST STOP
TIME?



NOW
HELL'S
CREEPING
ACROSS THE
BORDERS
INTO THIS
WORLD.

I TRIED
PLUGGING UP THE
HOLES, BUT FOR
EVERY DOOR I CLOSE,
TWO NEW ONES
OPEN.



SO NOW I
SEE WHAT I MUST
DO. YOU SAY THAT
HELL IS MINE TO
COMMAND,
OLD MAN?



THEN
I SAY,
VERY WELL.
LET HELL
COME.



I WILL
WELCOME IT TO
THIS WORLD.



LET IT
WASH OVER
EVERYTHING
AND REMAKE
THIS EARTH.



AND I WILL
COMMAND
MY HELL TO
BECOME A
PARADISE.

A NEW
EDEN WHERE
EVERYONE IS
WELCOME.

EVERYONE?

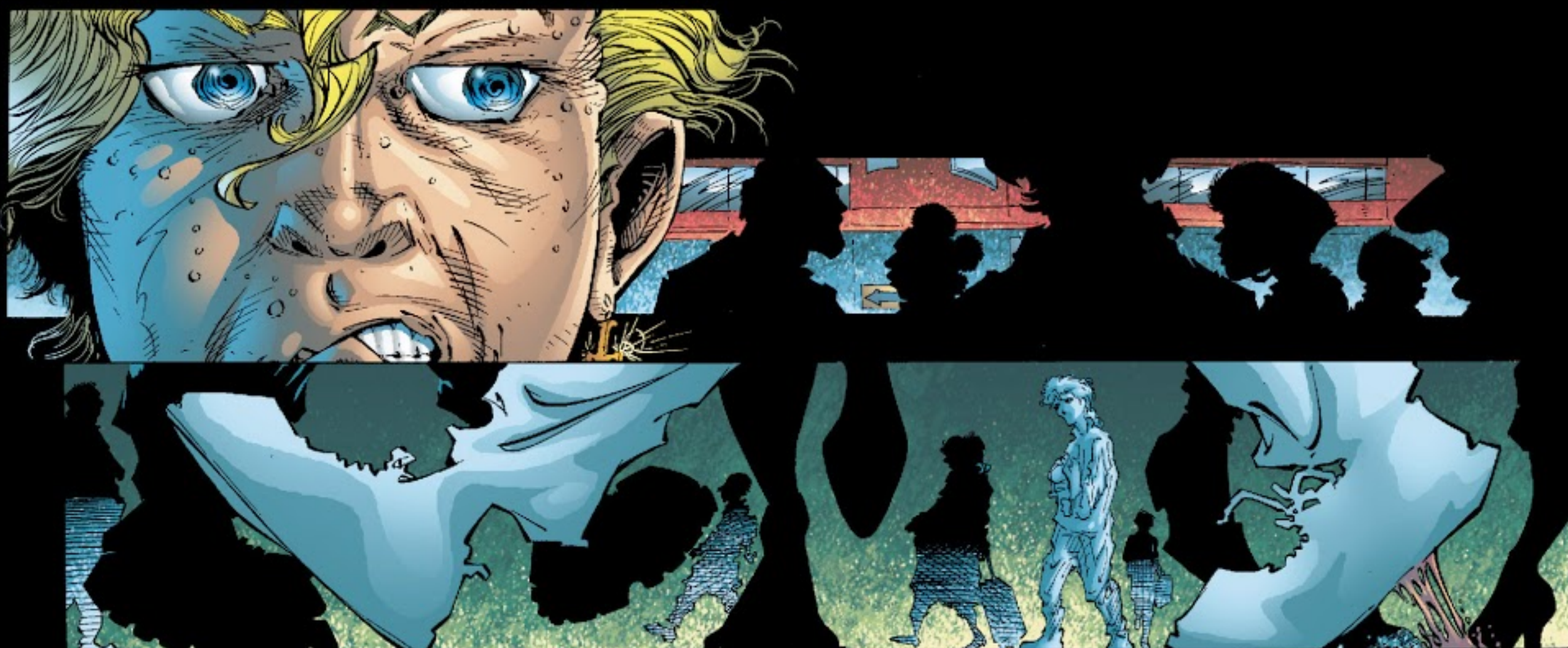
I CAN
DO IT. I
KNOW I
CAN.

YOU --
YOU'RE MAD.
IT'S... IT'S
IMPOSSIBLE. IT'LL
NEVER WORK. NOT
IN A MILLION
YEARS.

I... I
WANT TO
HELP.

THE NEXT DAY...
PORT AUTHORITY
BUS TERMINAL,
NEW YORK CITY.





WHAT WE
GOT HERE,
RODRIGUEZ?

SOME KID
WITH A GUN. JUST
WENT NUTS...



THERE IS A DARK THING.



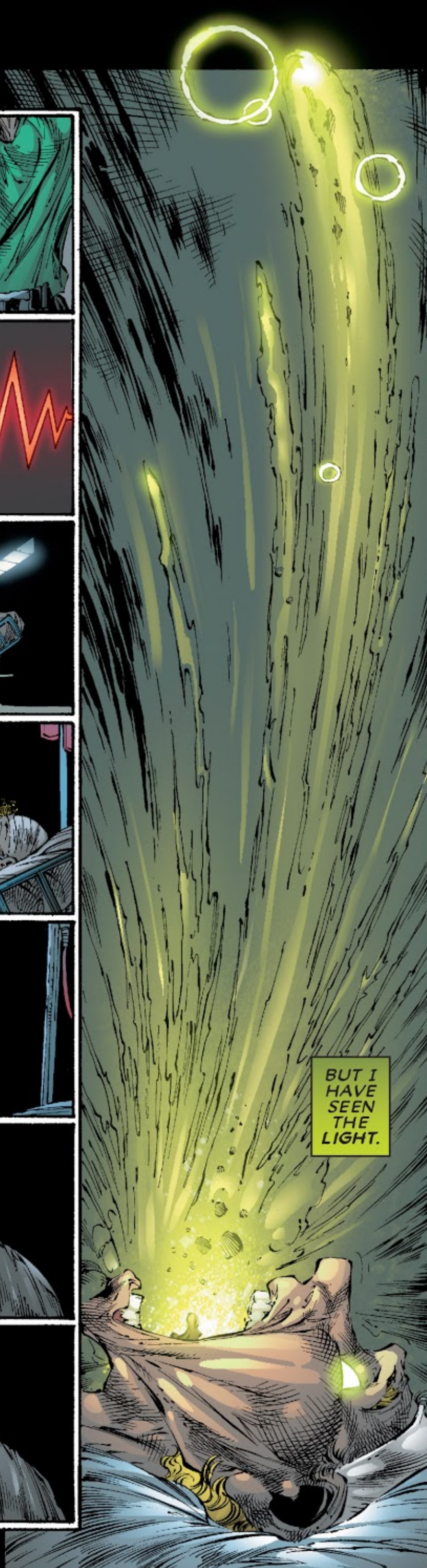
IT HIDES BEHIND MY EYES, MOCKING ME.



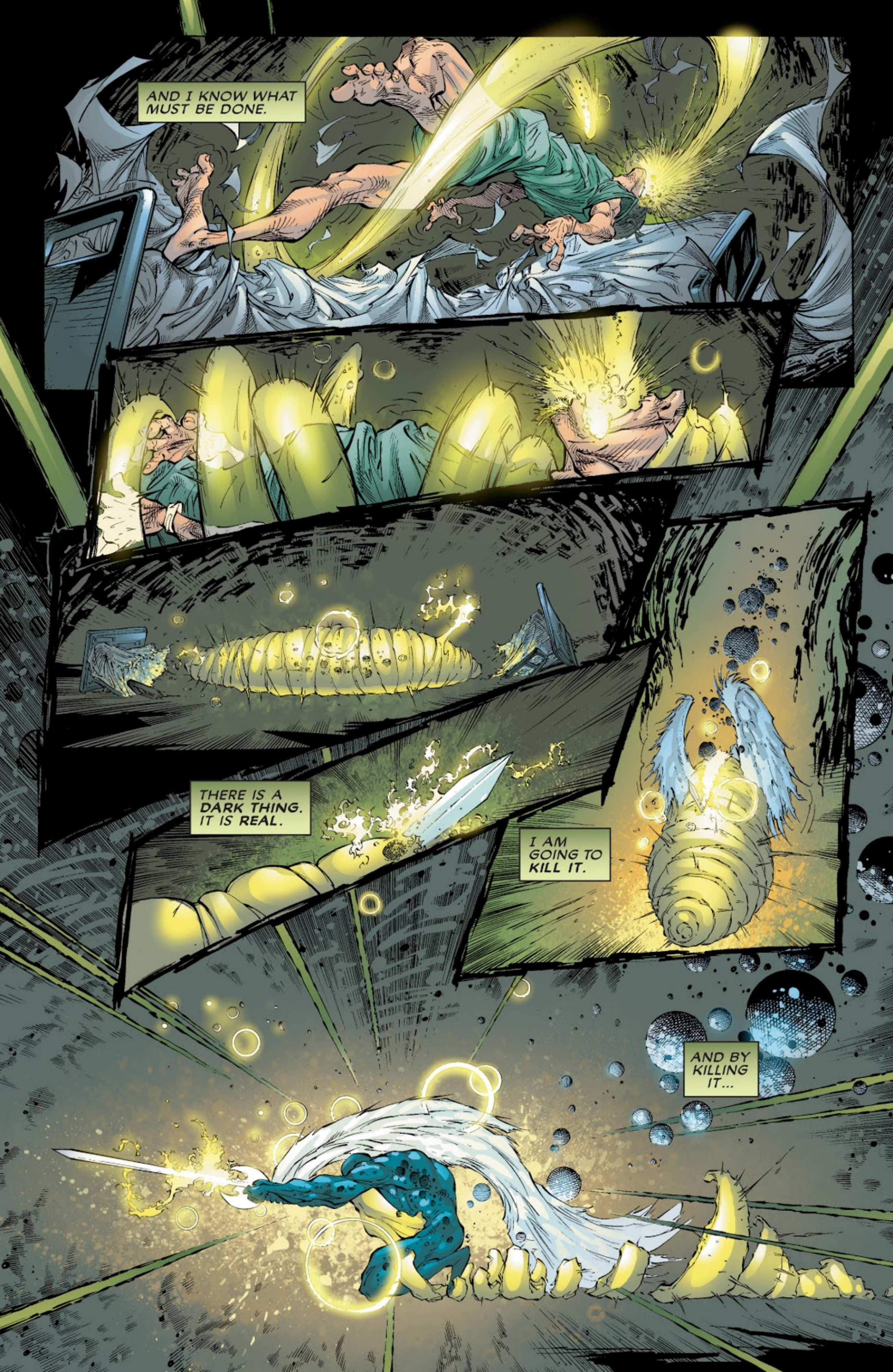
TAUNTING.



LAUGHING.



BUT I
HAVE
SEEN
THE
LIGHT.



AND I KNOW WHAT
MUST BE DONE.

THERE IS A
DARK THING.
IT IS REAL.

I AM
GOING TO
KILL IT.

AND BY
KILLING
IT...

...I WILL
REDEEM
MYSELF.



SPAWN



Copulla
D: MARIANE

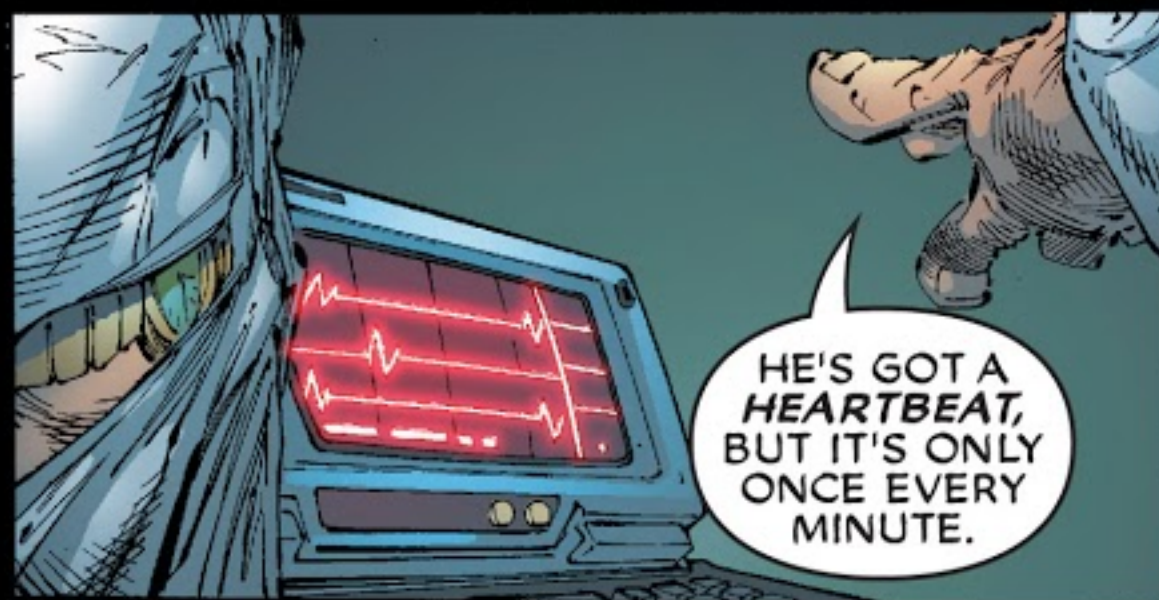



...BAFFLED.
I DON'T
HAVE ANY
OTHER
WORD...

...MEDIA'S
DOWNSTAIRS,
BARKING FOR
ANSWERS. WE
HAVE TO TELL
THEM SOME-
THING...

...WOUND
WAS CLEAN.
IT SHOULDN'T
ACCOUNT FOR
THIS KIND OF
RESPONSE...

...HAD A
WALLET ON
HIM. FRANK
SOMETHING.
**EDDIE
FRANK...**





IT SOARS LIKE
A FALCON ON
BROAD WINGS
OF SOLID LIGHT.

THIS BODY
ISN'T HIS,
BUT MOVES
TO HIS
SLIGHTEST
WHIM.

HE STARES OUT
THROUGH NEW
EYES. THE WORLD
SHIMMERS, BRIGHT
AND IRIDESCENT.

HE SCANS THE
HORIZON FOR HIS
QUARRY. HE DOES
NOT FIND IT.

HE SPEAKS WITH
A VOICE THAT
ISN'T HIS, WORDS
ECHOING WITH
GLASSY
HARMONICS.

WHERE?

WHERE
HAS HE
GONE?

TUNISIA.

GO AWAY.
NOT YET.

SPAWN,
WE'VE BEEN
HERE FOR
HOURS.

I'M TRYING
TO CHANGE THE
WORLD, OLD MAN.
BUT FIRST I HAVE
TO ASK THE
EARTH'S
PERMISSION.

ANY
IDEA WHEN
WE COULD
EXPECT AN
ANSWER?

THE
PLANET
OPERATES ON
ITS OWN TIME.
WE WAIT TILL
WE GET A
SIGN.

NOW BE
STILL. I HAVE
TO FOCUS.



YOU!
YOU CAN'T HIDE
FROM ME!

YOU
DESTROYED
WHAT I LOVED...
I WILL
DESTROY
YOU!

FWOOOM!





POOR
LITTLE
LAMB.



I CAME
AS SOON AS I
HEARD. IT'S BEEN IN
ALL THE PAPERS.
ABSOLUTELY
TRAGIC.



WHAT IS IT WITH
CHILDREN THESE DAYS? SO
FILLED WITH ANGER AND RAGE.
SOMETIMES I THINK THAT
THE WHOLE WORLD HAS
GONE MAD.



SHALL
I READ
THIS TO
YOU?
YES?

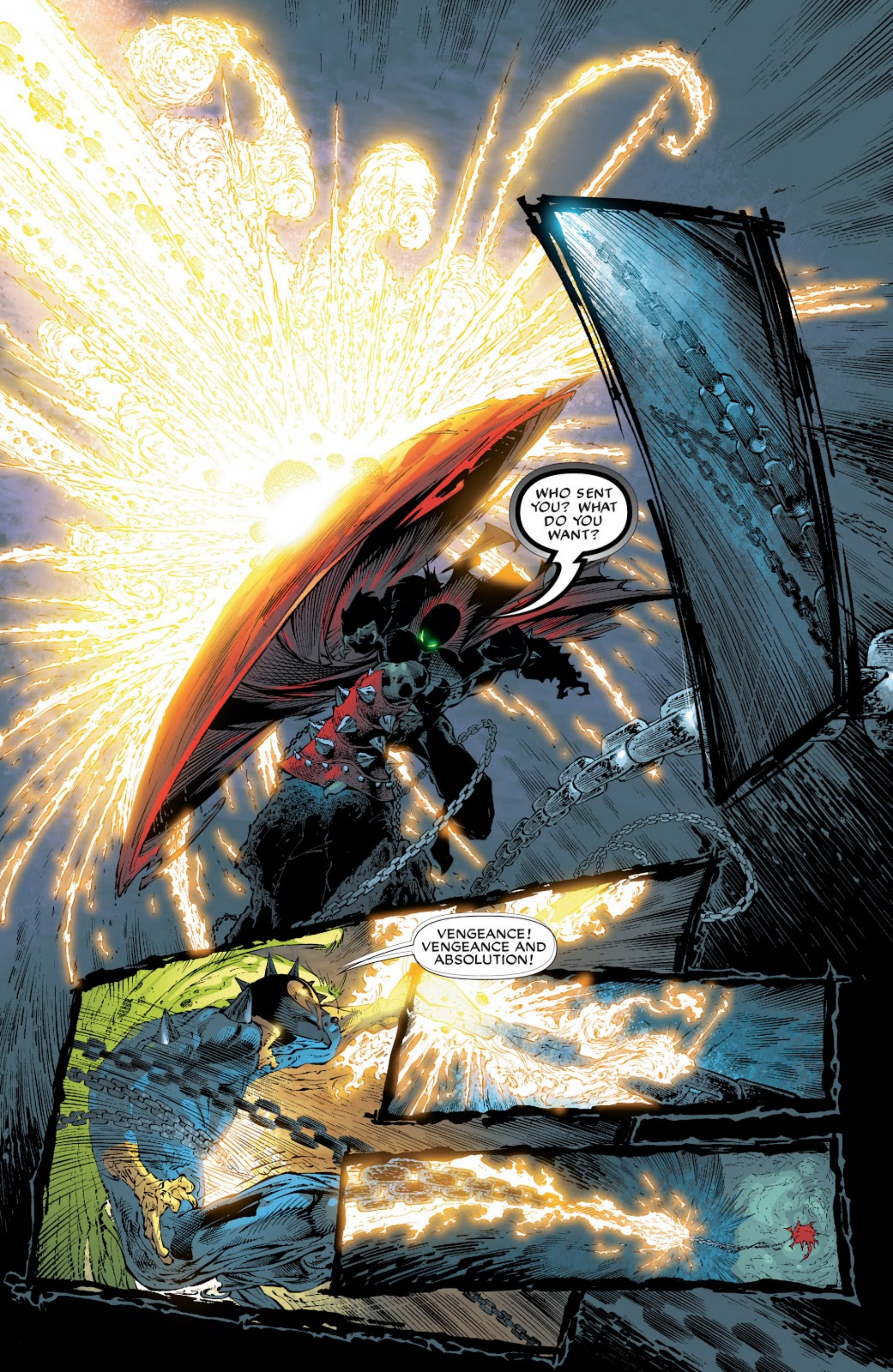
VERY
WELL.
=AHM=

"ONCE UPON
A TIME THERE WAS
A BOY WHO LOVED
HIS FATHER VERY,
VERY MUCH..."



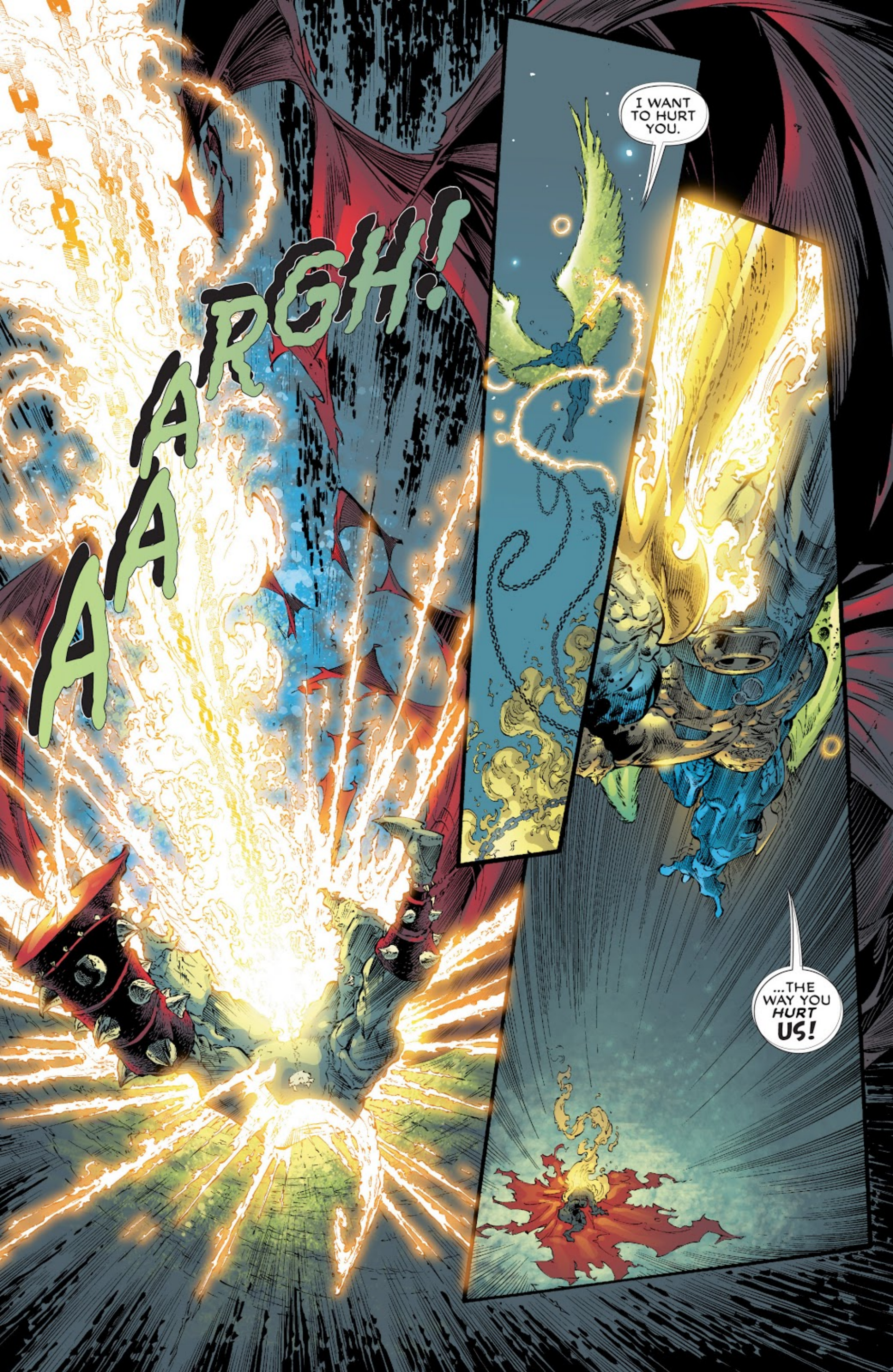
\$1.50
NEW YORK
SUBURBS
★★★

78%
@ CLOUDY
STOP-7 ON
CHIARS



WHO SENT
YOU? WHAT
DO YOU
WANT?

VENGEANCE!
VENGEANCE AND
ABSOLUTION!



AAARGH!!

I WANT
TO HURT
YOU.

...THE
WAY YOU
HURT
US!

IN A BEAUTIFUL FAR OFF LAND CALLED ALABAMA, THERE WAS A LITTLE HOUSE WITH A WHITE PICKET FENCE...

THE BOY LIVED THERE WITH HIS FATHER AND HIS YOUNGER BROTHER. ALTHOUGH THEY WERE NOT RICH, THEY WERE HAPPY. HUMBLE AND PROUD, THEY MADE A GOOD LIFE TOGETHER, JUST THE THREE OF THEM.



THEIR FATHER WAS A KING AMONG MEN. HONEST, WISE AND WELL RESPECTED BY THE WHOLE COMMUNITY.

HE WAS STRONG AND BRAVE AND HE DOTTED ON HIS SONS. HE TAUGHT THEM IN TURN TO BE STRONG, TO BE BRAVE, AND MOST OF ALL TO BE GOOD.



DAYS WERE FILLED WITH SUNSHINE AND ICE CREAM AND GAMES OF CATCH. NIGHTS WERE SPENT READING STORIES OR PLAYING GAMES.


NO DOUBT THE FATHER COULD HAVE BEEN A GREAT MANY THINGS IN LIFE IF HE HAD WANTED, BUT HE CHOSE TO STAY IN THE QUIET LITTLE TOWN AND DEVOTE HIS LIFE TO HIS CHILDREN.

THAT'S HOW MUCH HE LOVED HIS SONS.



BUT ONE DAY A DARK CLOUD GATHERED IN THE DISTANCE, AND GREAT WICKEDNESS DESCENDED TO TEAR THE FAMILY APART. THE BOY COULD FEEL IT COMING, BUT HE COULD DO NOTHING TO STOP IT.





SOMETHING
VERY BAD
HAPPENED
AND THE
FATHER DIED.

YOU TORE
MY WORLD
APART! TELL ME
WHY! I WANT
ANSWERS!

WHAT A
SHAME IT
IS WHEN
A GOOD
MAN DIES
BEFORE
HIS TIME.

WYNN?
IS THAT
YOU IN
THERE?

NO.
NOT WYNN.
THEN
WHO?

WHAT GREAT
DEEDS, WHAT
WONDROUS
ACHIEVEMENTS
THE WORLD IS
DENIED BY HIS
LOSS.



BUT NOTHING CAN
COMPARE TO THE
HOLE IT LEFT IN THE
LIVES OF HIS CHILDREN.

IT WAS AS IF THE SUN
HAD GONE OUT IN THE
HEAVENS, AS IF GOD
HIMSELF HAD VANISHED
FROM HIS THRONE.

I WANT
YOU TO
SUFFER LIKE
I SUFFERED. I
WANT YOU TO
KNOW MY
PAIN.

AND, LIKE A
STORYBOOK
PRINCE, THE
SON COULD
NEVER REST
UNTIL HE
AVENGED HIS
BELOVED
FATHER.

KNOW
YOUR PAIN?
I DON'T EVEN
KNOW WHO
THE HELL
YOU ARE.



DO...
NOT...
MOCK
ME!

UFF!

YOU DON'T
REMEMBER ME?
DON'T REMEMBER
WHAT YOU HAVE
DONE?

HERE!

DO YOU
REMEMBER
ME NOW?

RUMBLE

NO...



TWO
INNOCENT
BOYS WHO
TOOK YOU
IN, WHO
TRUSTED
YOU--

AND
YOU--YOU
DESTROYED
THEM! SMASHED
THEIR WORLD
TO BITS!



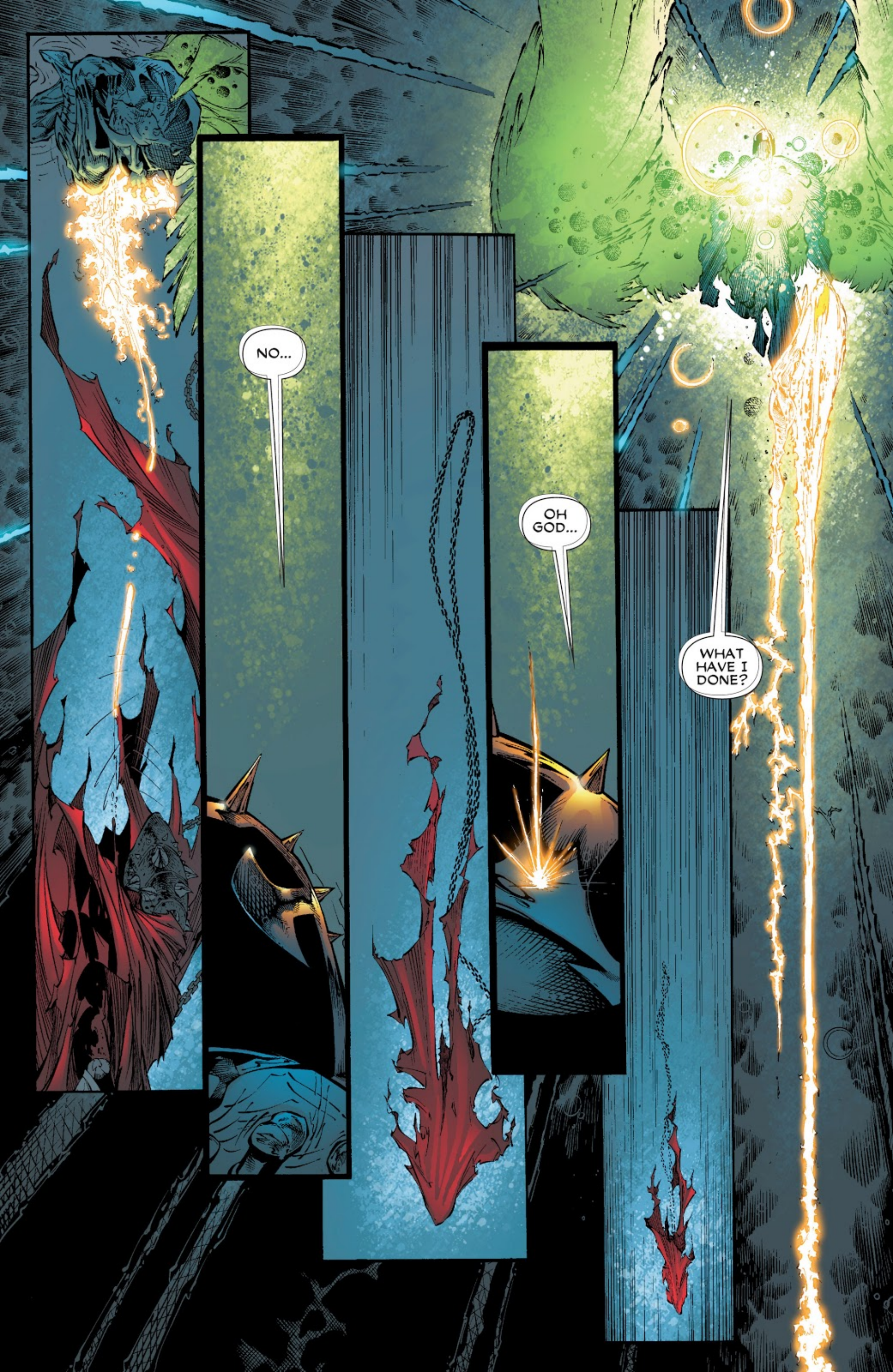
THAT'S
NOT TRUE...
I TRIED... I
TRIED TO...

HEEEAAH!

OF
COURSE...
IT WAS
ALL A
LIE.

zooooo!

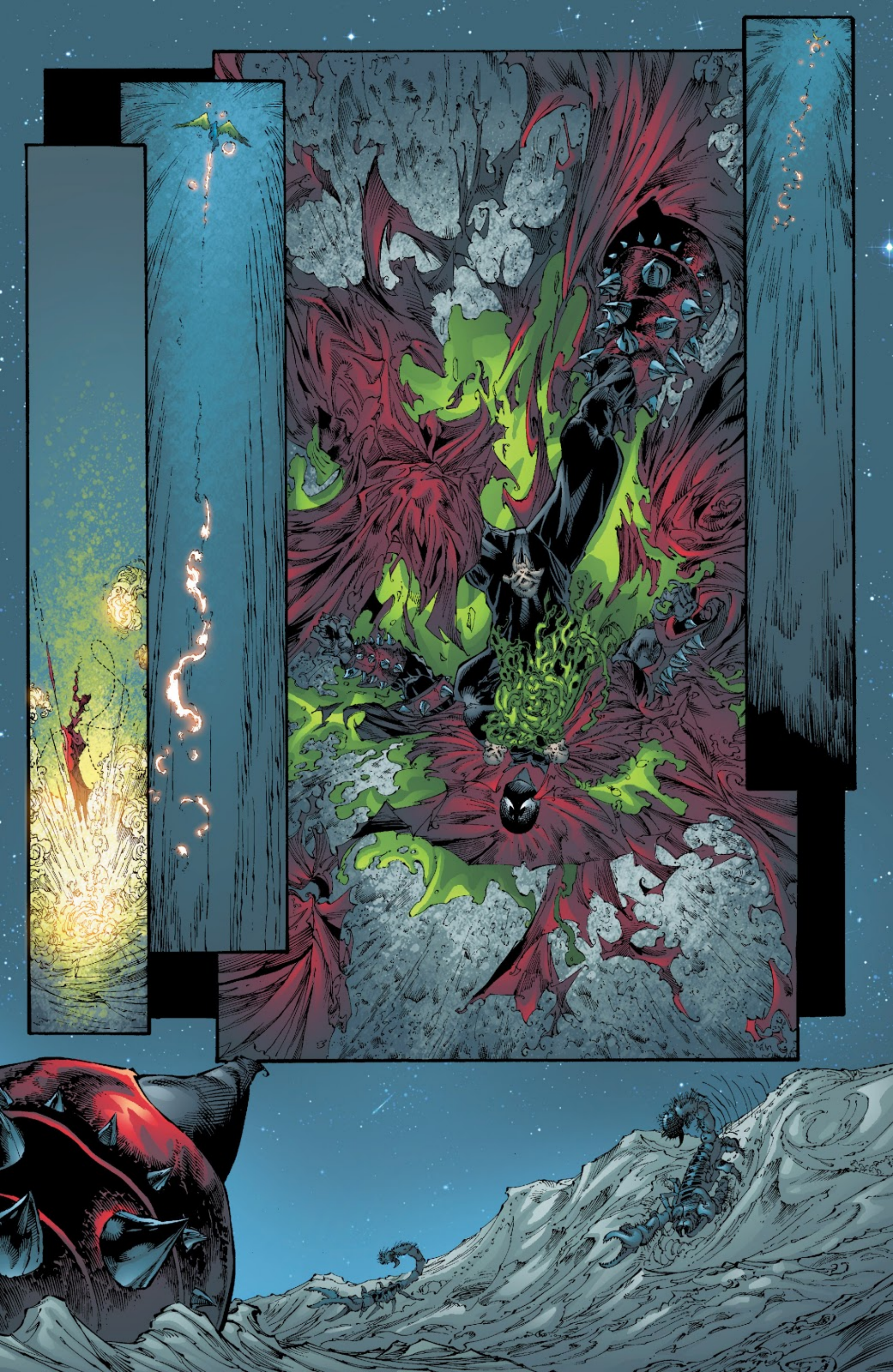




NO...

OH
GOD...

WHAT
HAVE I
DONE?







SPAWN



IT IS LORD
COVENANT'S
WEDDING
NIGHT.

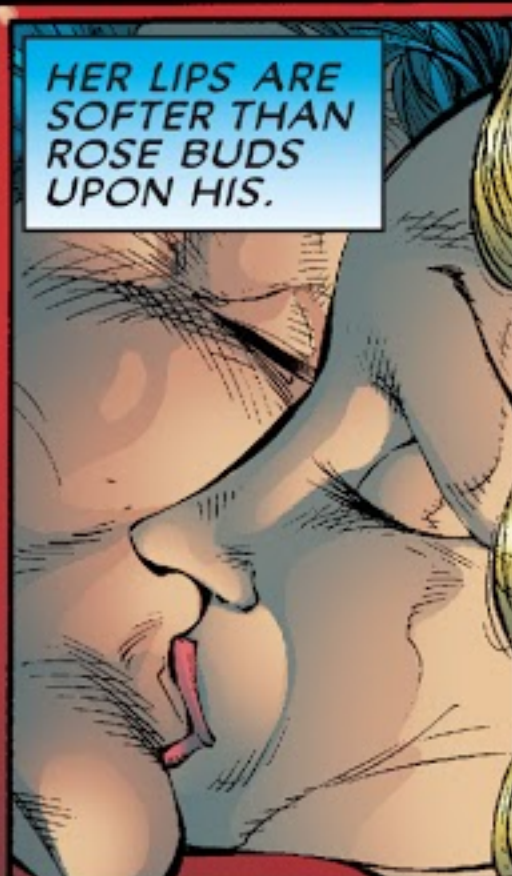


THE ENTIRE VILLAGE OF
RHYLL CAME OUT TO
CELEBRATE AND A GREAT
FEAST WAS HELD.

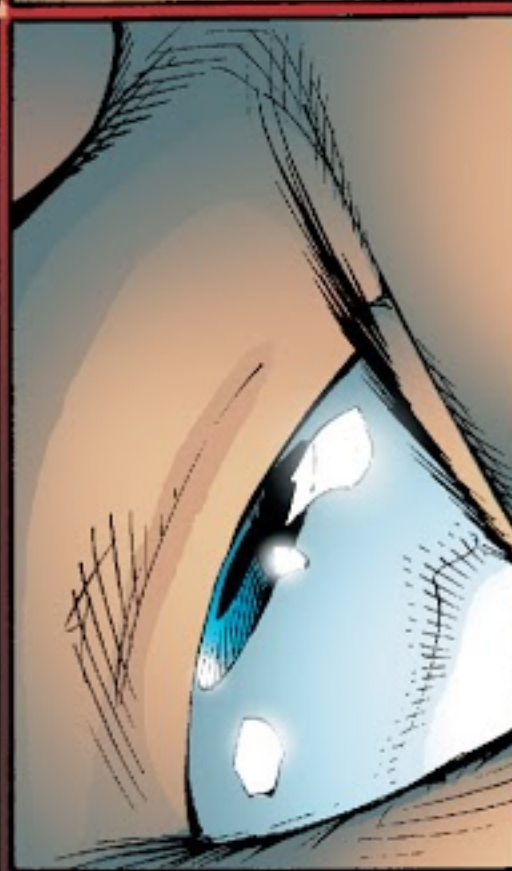
NOW THEY ARE
ALONE, HE AND HIS
BRIDE. HE PULLS
SHIANN TO HIM.



HER LIPS ARE
SOFTER THAN
ROSE BUDS
UPON HIS.



HIS HEART
SWELLS
WITH JOY.



IT CAN'T BE...

NOOOOO

THE CALL GOES OUT AND THE GUARDS SOON ARRIVE. SOME MONSTROUS THING IS LOOSE IN THE CASTLE.

THEY CHASE IT LIKE A WILD BEAST, OUT INTO THE COUNTRY-SIDE, INTO THE DARK WOODS.

A MOB IS FORMED, FROTHING AT THE MOUTH WITH CONTEMPT FOR THIS VILE THING THAT HAS INVADDED THEIR TRANQUIL LIVES.

COVENANT'S MIND SWIMS. HOW COULD THIS BE? HOW COULD THINGS HAVE GONE SO TERRIBLY WRONG?

COVENANT'S WORLD GROWS HAZY... HIS HEAD ECHOING WITH A HORRID, UNGODLY SOUND... THE ANGUISHED HOWL OF SOME DAMNED AND TORTURED BEAST...

DIE, YOU FIEND! DIE!

HIS SOUL CRASHES IN DESPAIR AS HE REALIZES THE VOICE IS HIS OWN.

SOUTHEAST
ASIA.

LT. COLONEL
AL SIMMONS
CAN'T REMEMBER
THE LAST TIME
HE SLEPT.

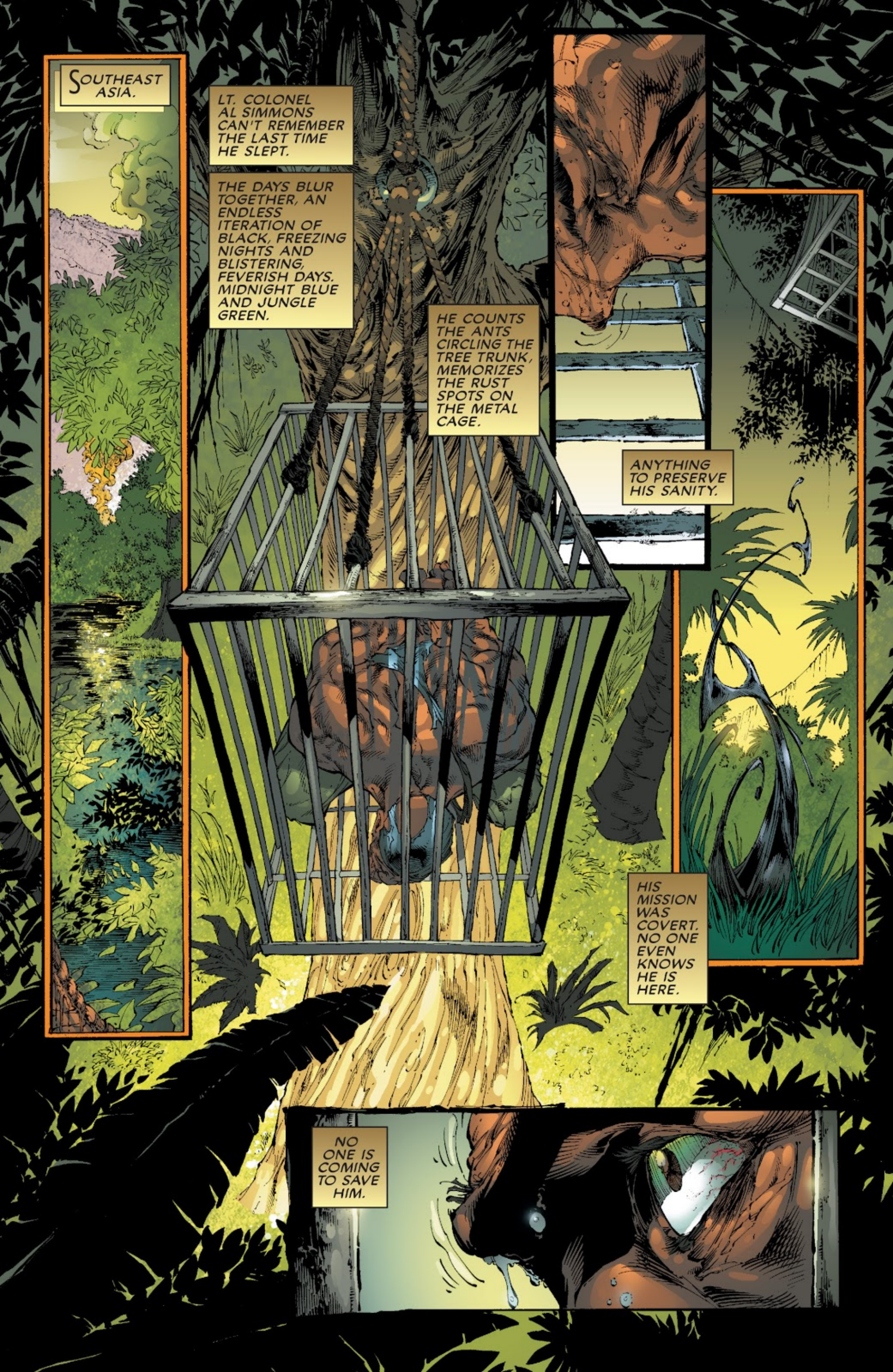
THE DAYS BLUR
TOGETHER, AN
ENDLESS
ITERATION OF
BLACK, FREEZING
NIGHTS AND
BLISTERING,
FEVERISH DAYS.
MIDNIGHT BLUE
AND JUNGLE
GREEN.

HE COUNTS
THE ANTS
CIRCLING THE
TREE TRUNK,
MEMORIZES
THE RUST
SPOTS ON
THE METAL
CAGE.

ANYTHING
TO PRESERVE
HIS SANITY.

HIS
MISSION
WAS
COVERT.
NO ONE
EVEN
KNOWS
HE IS
HERE.

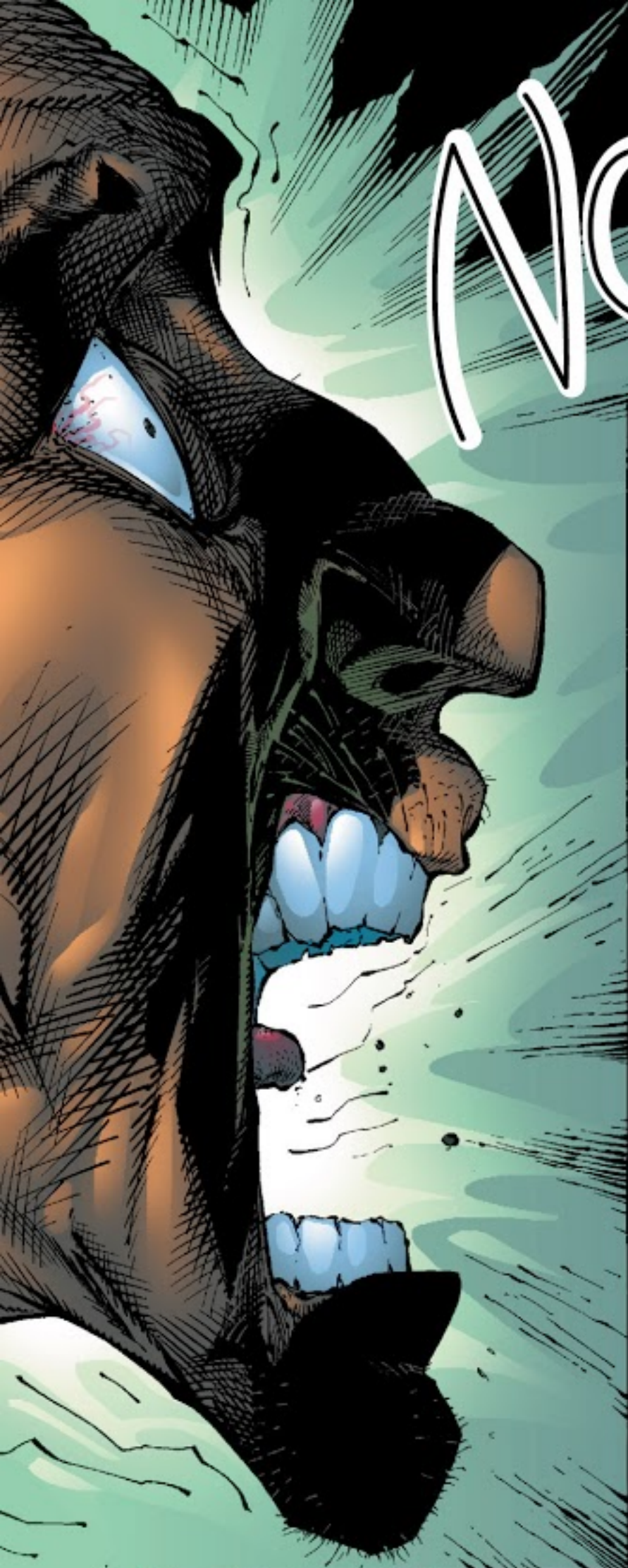
NO
ONE IS
COMING
TO SAVE
HIM.





I CAN SET
YOU FREE,
SIMMONS...
I CAN
MAKE YOU A
BARGAIN...

Noooo!



CHRIST,
AL. WHAT
IS IT THIS
TIME?



JUST...
JUST ANOTHER
ONE OF THOSE
DREAMS. GOD,
THEY'RE SO *REAL*.
IT'S LIKE I'M LIVING
ANOTHER *LIFE*
IN THEM...



WELL,
IN THIS LIFE
I'M TRYING
TO GET SOME
GODDAMN
SLEEP.




HEY!

GO CRASH
ON THE COUCH
IF YOU'RE GOING
TO BE TOSSING
AND TURNING
ALL NIGHT.



FINE.





LIGHTNING
BREAKS THE SKY,
LIKE A CRACK IN
HEAVEN'S DOME.

ULRICH ULFSON
BELLOWS
THROUGH THE
GALE, CURSING
THE STORM.
CURSING THE
FICKLE GODS
WHO HAVE
BETRAYED HIM.

THE SEA
WAS
ONCE HIS
FRIEND,
BUT IT
HAS
TURNED
ON HIM.

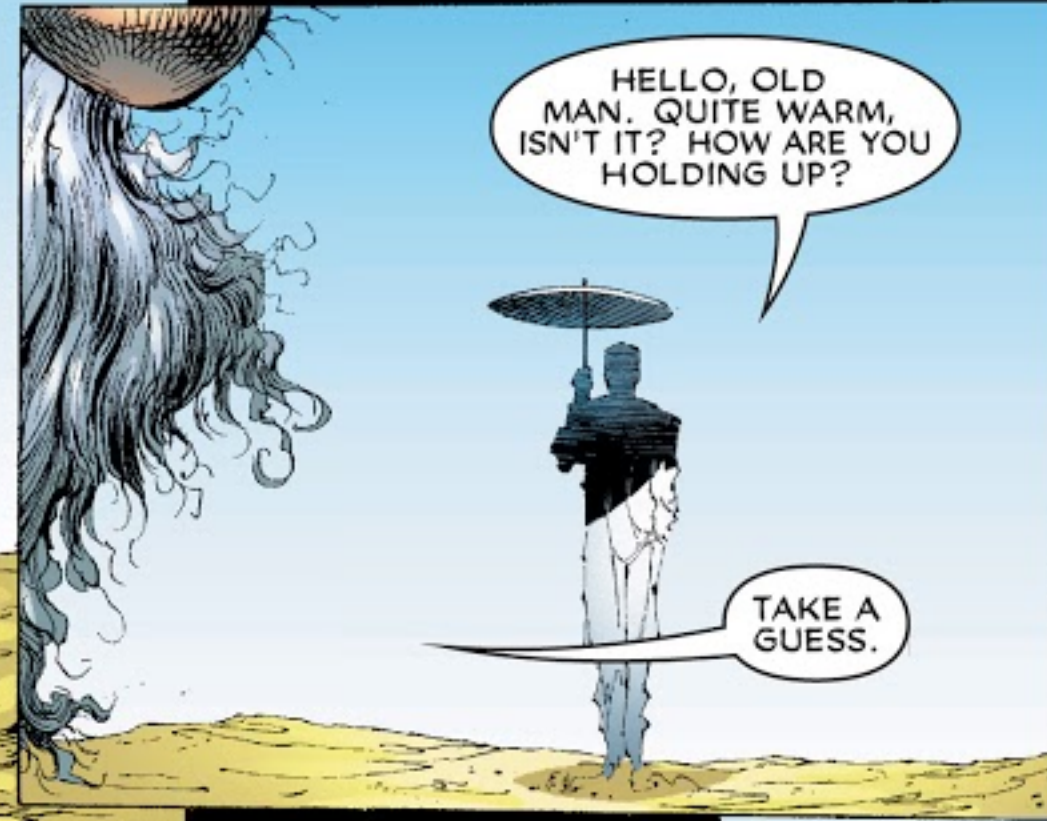
THE BLOATED
CORPSE OF HIS
BEST WIFE LIES
IN A POOL AT
HIS FEET, THEIR
UNBORN SON
A COLD, DEAD
STONE IN HER
BELLY.

IT IS JUST A MATTER OF TIME TILL
THE HUNGRY WAVES SWALLOW
HIM, LEAVING NO TRACE BEHIND.

NO STORIES
WILL BE TOLD
OF HIS FEATS,
NO SONGS
SUNG OF HIS
BATTLES.

ULRICH SCREAMS
HIS CURSES TO THE
SKY AND THE GODS
THUNDER BACK
THEIR LAUGHTER.

TUNISIA.



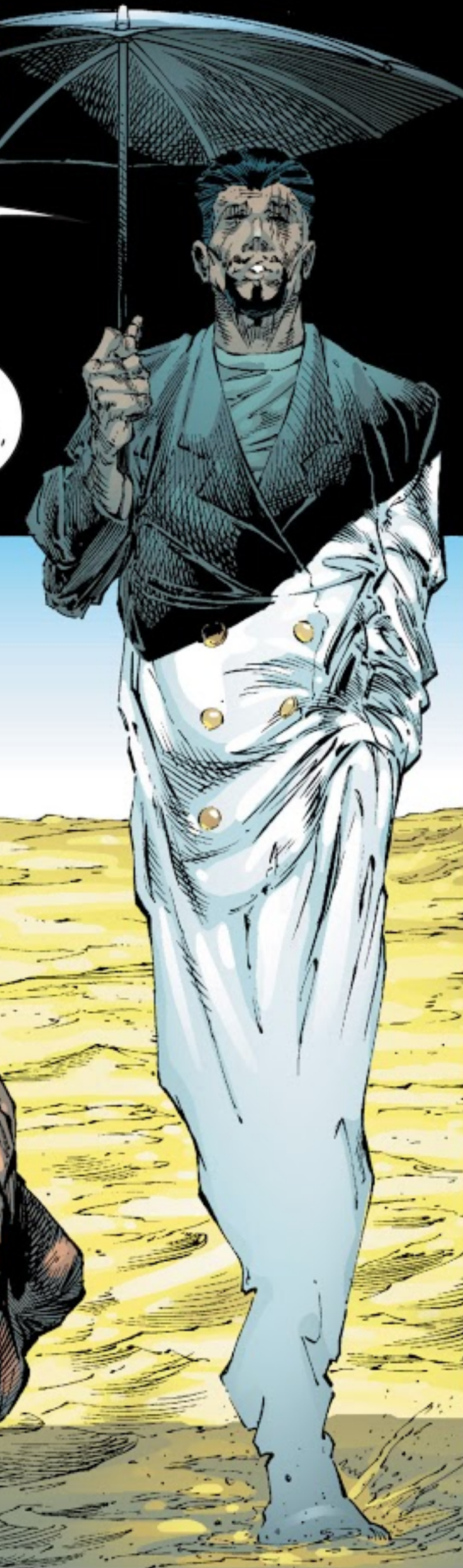
HELLO, OLD MAN. QUITE WARM, ISN'T IT? HOW ARE YOU HOLDING UP?

TAKE A GUESS.

NOW, NOW. NO NEED TO BE CROSS. WE BOTH KNEW IT WOULD COME TO THIS SOONER OR LATER. YOU'VE HAD A GOOD RUN.

ALL THINGS CONSIDERED, YOU COULD HAVE DONE MUCH WORSE. NOW THAT THIS DAY IS HERE, WHY NOT TAKE IT LIKE A MAN?

WAS I REALLY SO WICKED? WERE MY SINS SO GREAT?



YOU MURDERED A QUARTER OF THE WORLD'S POPULATION IN A SINGLE STROKE. THAT'S NOT INSIGNIFICANT.

I KILLED MY BROTHER.



IT COMES TO THE SAME THING, DOESN'T IT?


OH WELL. SPILT MILK. LET'S GET TO THE MATTER AT HAND. I AM *NOTHING* IF NOT A MAN OF MY WORD.



OH, BY THE WAY... THERE'S A *TREE* ABOUT 10 MILES EAST OF HERE. THOUGHT YOU'D LIKE TO KNOW.







PROBABLY
JUST
SEEING...

WHAT THE
HELL IS
THAT?

LIKE AN
ANGEL...

WHOOAAA!

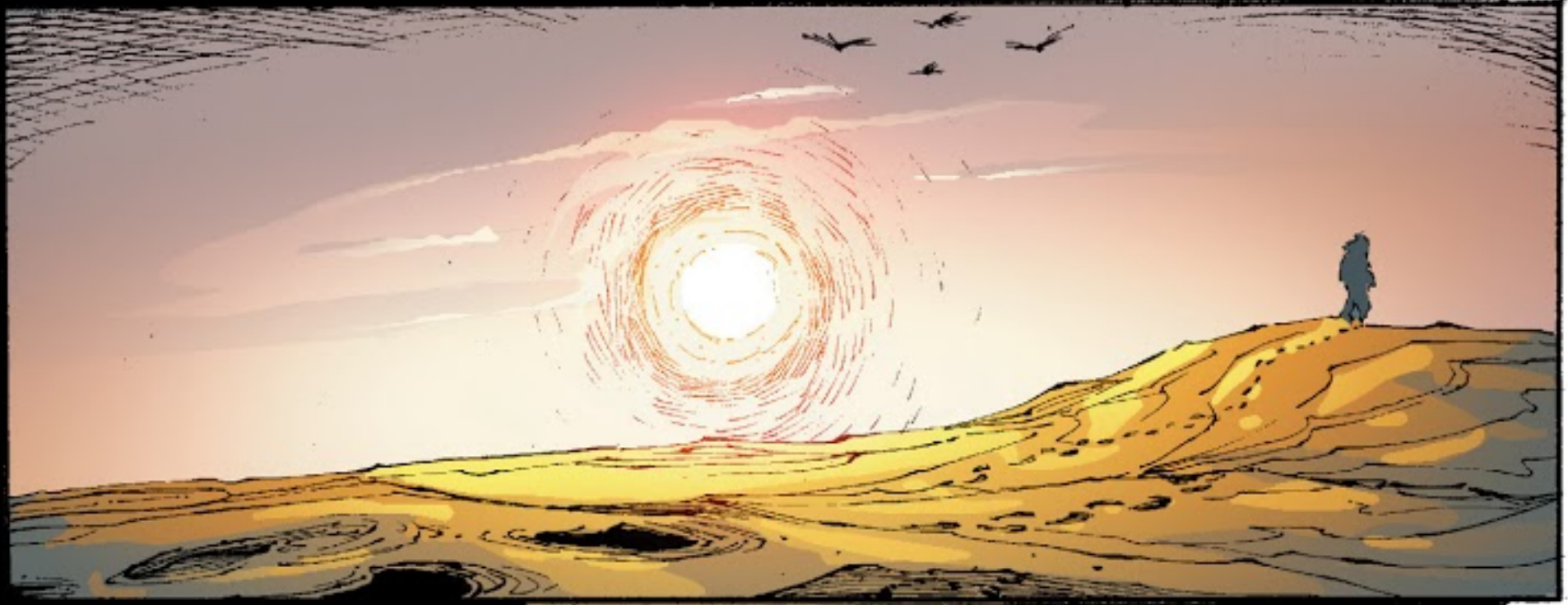
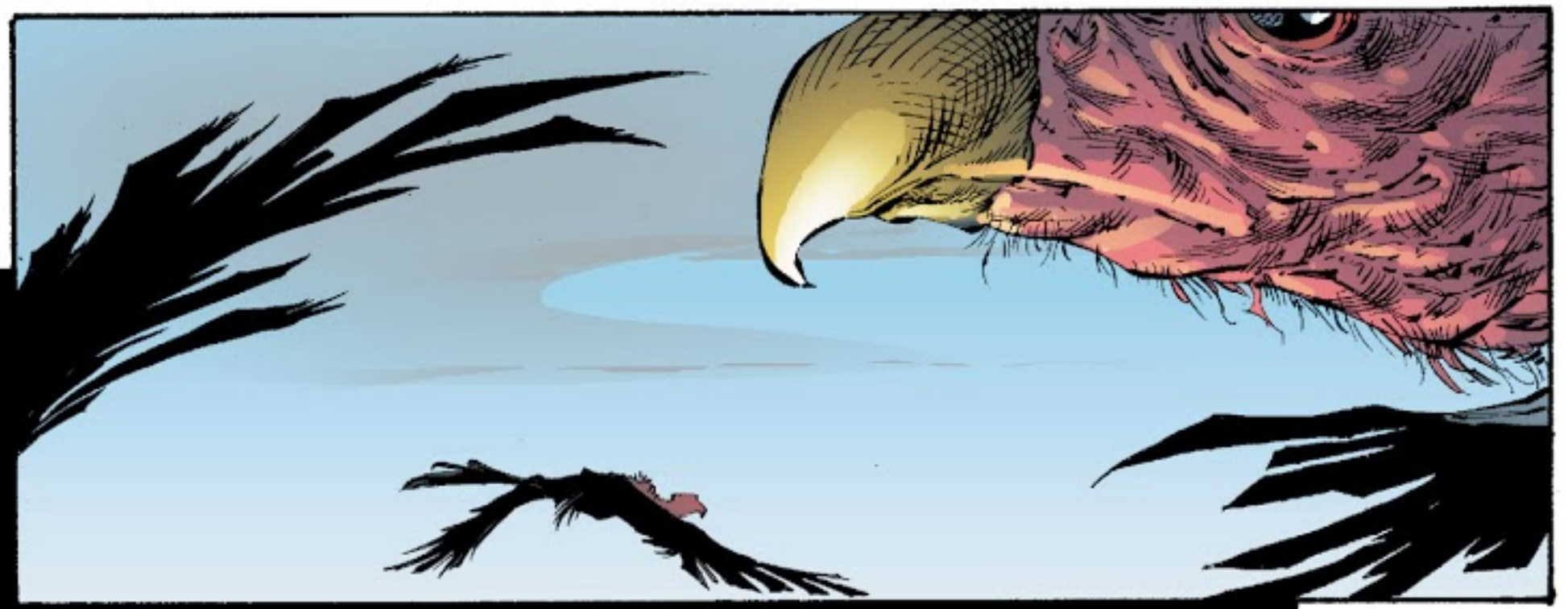
KERR-AAASH!




CONSUMED
IN FLAME, AL
SIMMONS'
LIFE FLASHES
BEFORE HIM.

NOOO!

WHAT HE
WOULDN'T
BARGAIN FOR
ONE MORE
CHANCE TO
GET IT RIGHT.









THE MOON RISES
OVER THE SANDS, A
FLAWLESS PEARL
AGAINST DARK SILK.
FROM THE TOP OF
THE HIGHEST DUNE,
HARUN-AL-MAJNUN
SCANS THE ENDLESS
HORIZON.


HIS STEED
STIRS BENEATH
HIM, FITFUL
AND RESTLESS.
THERE IS EVIL
ON THE WIND.




TO THE WEST, THE
CITY OF BALAKESH
RISES LIKE AN
ORCHID FROM THE
DESERT, A PERFUMED
ALTAR TO BEAUTY
AND LEARNING.




THEY ARE
TOO FAR AWAY.
HE CANNOT
REACH THEM
IN TIME.




NO MATTER. HE HOLDS
THE TRUMPET OF GLORY,
CARVED FROM THE
BONES OF A DEAD GOD,
ITS POWER STRONG
ENOUGH TO FELL A
HUNDRED ARMIES.



HE RAISES THE
HORN TO HIS
LIPS AND BLOWS
WITH ALL HIS
STRENGTH. NO
SOUND COMES.




HE TRIES AGAIN
AND AGAIN, BUT HIS
EFFORTS ARE MET
ONLY WITH SILENCE.



HARUN-AL-
MAJNUN
WATCHES
HELPLESSLY AS
HIS BELOVED
BALAKESH,
THE NAVE
OF THE
ENLIGHTENED
WORLD, IS
RAZED TO THE
GROUND.



Lt. COLONEL AL SIMMONS LOVED HIS COUNTRY, LOVED HIS FAMILY.



AND HE WAS MUCH LOVED IN RETURN...



WANDA? HELLO? WHAT'S GOING ON? WHY ARE ALL THESE PEOPLE HERE?




IT WAS A LOVELY SERVICE, DESPITE THE RAIN.

HELLO?

HEY, IS THIS SOME KIND OF JOKE?

I'M RIGHT HERE.



I CAN'T TELL YOU HOW SORRY WE ARE FOR YOUR LOSS, MRS. SIMMONS.


IF THERE'S ANYTHING WE CAN DO, ANYTHING I CAN DO, PLEASE SAY THE WORD.

THANK YOU, MR. WYNN.



WYNN! GET AWAY FROM MY WIFE!

WANDA! WANDA! COME BACK!



HE'S STILL WITH YOU, HONEY. AL'S WATCHING OVER YOU NOW.

GRANNY?

WELL, IF HE *WERE* HERE, I'D TELL HIM WHAT A SELFISH SON OF A BITCH HE WAS.



DON'T SAY THAT. DON'T SPEAK ILL OF THE DEAD.



IT WAS ALWAYS ABOUT *HIM*. HIS JOB. HIS CAREER. HIS NEEDS. HE NEVER GAVE A DAMN ABOUT ME.

THAT-THAT'S *NOT TRUE!*

TRUTH IS, GRANNY, I DON'T THINK I *EVER* LOVED HIM. I'M *GLAD* HE DIED. YOU KNOW WHY? SAVES ME FROM BEING THE *BAD GUY*.



WANDA, DON'T SAY THAT...

HEY, MISTER. THERE YOU ARE.

THOUGHT I'D BEST LAY LOW. YOU KNOW HOW PEOPLE TALK.

LET'EM. I DON'T CARE WHAT THEY SAY. I ONLY CARE ABOUT YOU.

LET'S JUST GET THROUGH THIS. THEN THE FUTURE'S OURS. JUST THE *TWO OF US*.



WANDA? WANDA... *NO!*



I THINK YOU MEAN THE *THREE* OF US.

YOU MEAN?

Uh-huh.



THIS CAN'T BE
HAPPENING...



IT'S NOT
REAL...

JUST ANOTHER
ONE OF THOSE
DREAMS... ANOTHER
NIGHTMARE... IT'S
NOT REAL...

IT'S
NOT TOO
LATE, YOU
KNOW...



WHO'S
THERE?
CAN YOU
SEE
ME?

IT'S NOT
TOO LATE
TO STRIKE A
BARGAIN.

I CAN
END THIS FOR
YOU. ALL THIS
SUFFERING, ALL
THIS PAIN. I
CAN SET YOU
FREE.





SURRENDER
YOUR BURDENS
TO ME. I WILL
TAKE YOUR PLACE.
GLADLY.



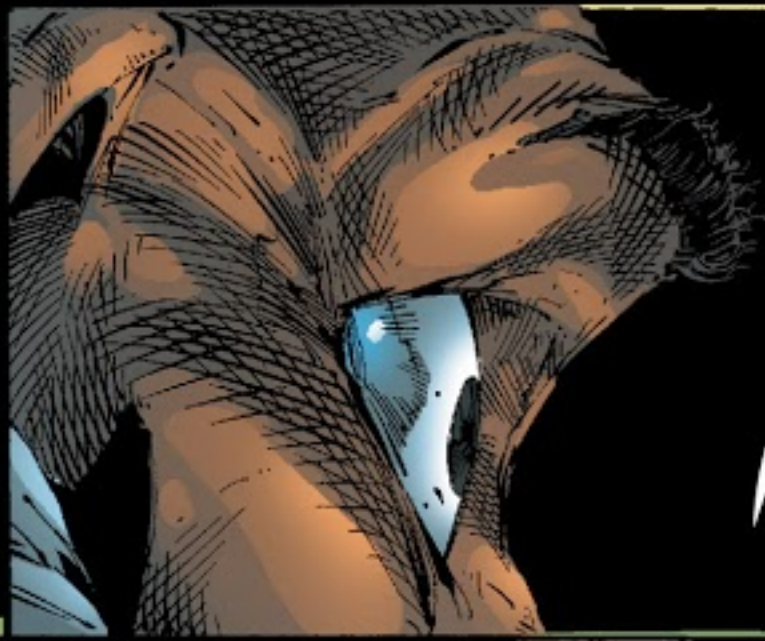
AND YOU
WILL BE FREE
AGAIN. BUT YOU
MUST GIVE
YOUR POWER
WILLINGLY.
WE
BOTH
KNOW YOU
NEVER
WANTED
IT...



TRUST
ME...



TRUST
ME.

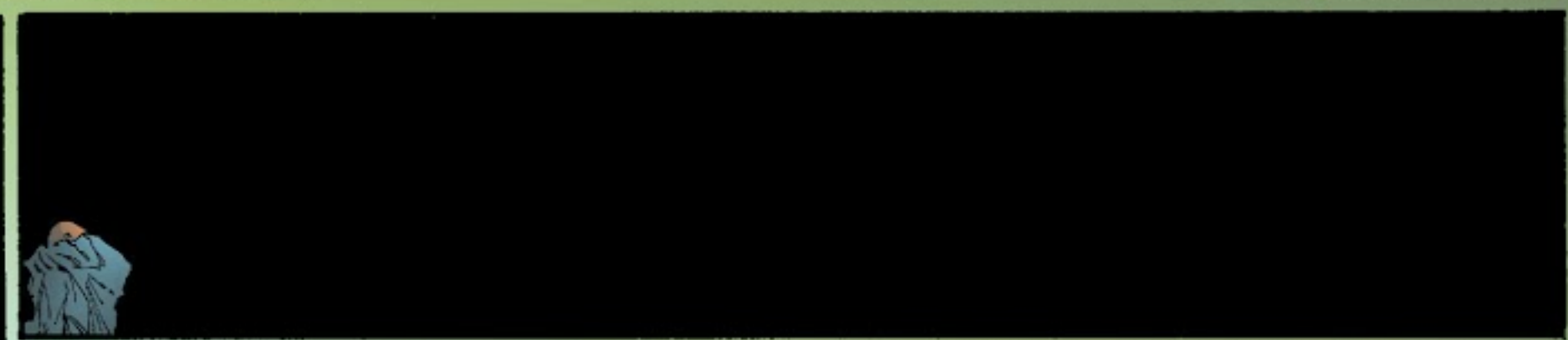


POWER?
WHAT POWER?
WHAT ARE
YOU TALKING
ABOUT?

I CAN
BE PATIENT. I'LL
GIVE YOU SOME
TIME TO THINK
ABOUT IT.



BUT
NOT TOO
LONG.



SPAWN...
SPAWN...
WAKE
UP...

THERE'S
NOT MUCH
TIME...
SNAP OUT
OF IT!



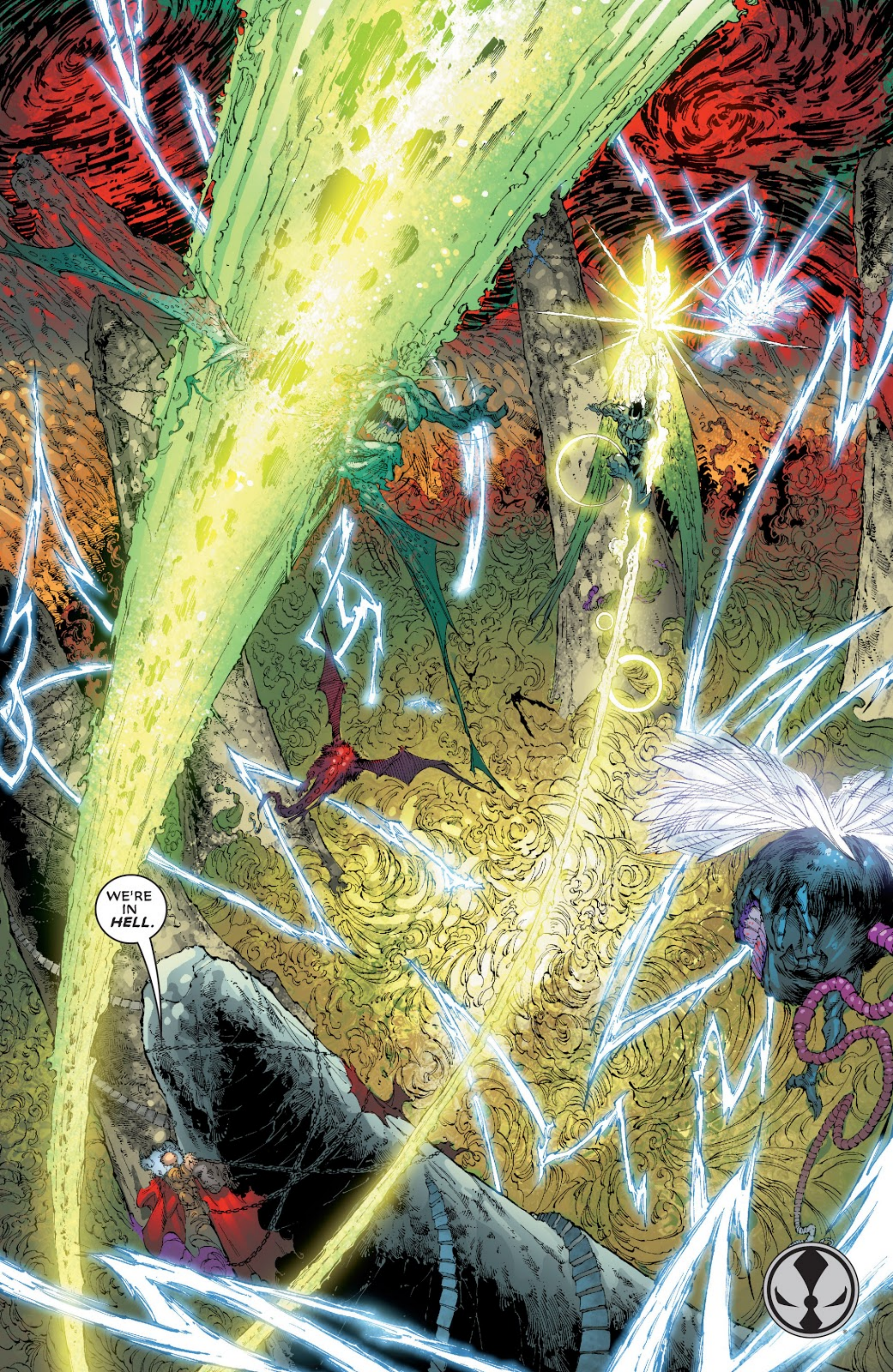
COG...
IS THAT
YOU?



COG...
WHAT'S
HAPPENING?
WHERE
AM I?



HELL.



WE'RE
IN
HELL.



SPAWN



APR 11 02

D:

McFARLANE





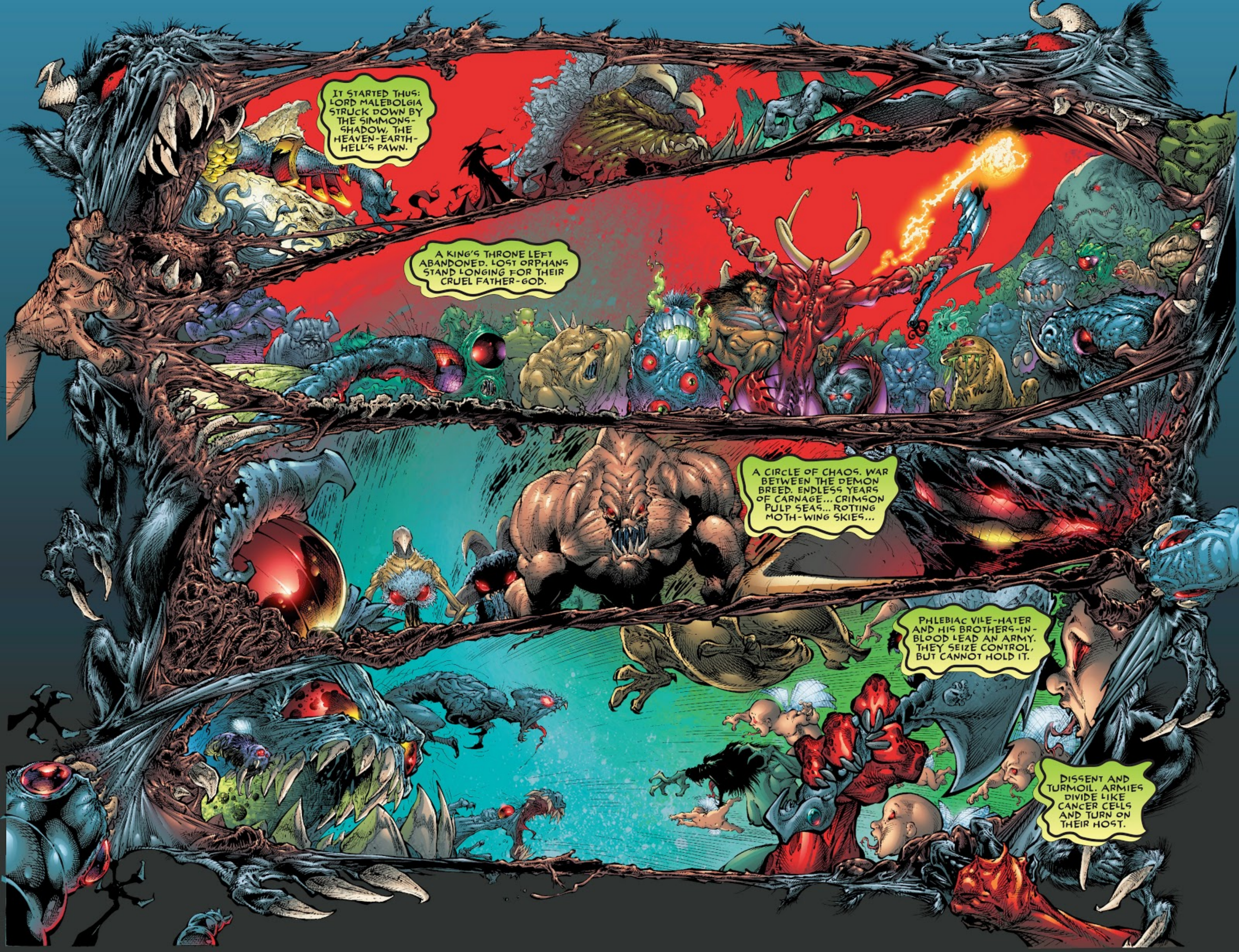
HELL IS A
BEAST WITH
MANY
FACES.

A GOB OF SPIT
CAST DOWN
FROM HEAVEN.
SNARLING
CHAOS,
HOWLING MAD.
THROAT-OF-
THORNS
SHRIEKING
INTO THE IDIOT
WIND.

COME ONE,
COME ALL.
SOMETHING
FOR
EVERYONE...
A MILLION AND
ONE FLAVORS
OF PAIN...

EXCRUCIATING.

EXQUISITE.




IT STARTED THUS:
LORD MALEBOLGIA
STRUCK DOWN BY
THE SIMMONS-
SHADOW, THE
HEAVEN-EARTH-
HELL'S PAWN.

A KING'S THRONE LEFT
ABANDONED. LOST ORPHANS
STAND LONGING FOR THEIR
CRUEL FATHER-GOD.

A CIRCLE OF CHAOS, WAR
BETWEEN THE DEMON
BREED. ENDLESS YEARS
OF CARNAGE... CRIMSON
PULP SEAS... ROTTING
MOTH-WING SKIES...

PHLEBIAC VILE-HATER
AND HIS BROTHERS-IN-
BLOOD LEAD AN ARMY.
THEY SEIZE CONTROL,
BUT CANNOT HOLD IT.

DISSENT AND
TURMOIL. ARMIES
DIVIDE LIKE
CANCER CELLS
AND TURN ON
THEIR HOST.



THE SOULS' REBELLION: MAD MARK, CHILD BEAST OF SAINT MONICA, LEADS A LEGION OF THE DAMNED.

THE MURDERERS' BRIGADE CRIES FREEDOM AND RAILS AGAINST THE DEMONIC LORDS.

YEARS PASS. YEARS AND MORE. POWER SHIFTS LIKE DESERT SANDS.

HELL'S CIRCLE... BROKEN UPON THE WHEEL... A HISSING SERPENT, IT SEEPS ACROSS THE BORDERS INTO THE WORLD ABOVE...

AND STILL, DOWN BELOW, THEY FIGHT. TOOTH AND CLAW. FANG AND TALON. WHAT WILL THEY SAY NOW? WHAT WILL THEY DO?

NOW THAT THEIR KING IS RETURNED...



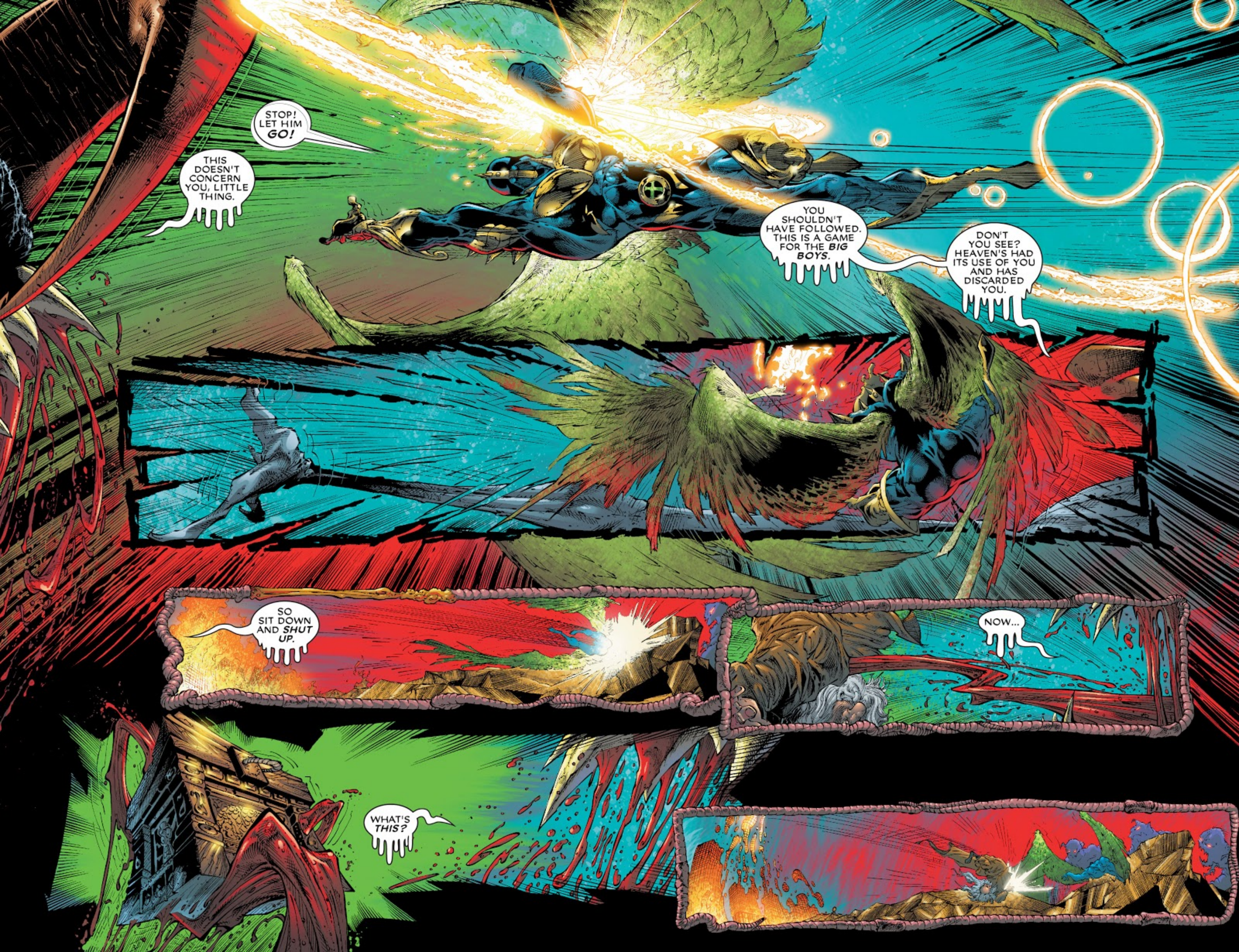
KIN-
SLAYER...
FIRST-OF-
KILLERS...

YOU SAD,
QUIVERING
LITTLE LUMP
OF SHIT. WE HAVE
BEEN WAITING A
VERY, VERY
LONG TIME
FOR YOU.

I NEVER
THOUGHT
YOU'D HAVE
THE BALLS
TO COME
HERE.

AND
DESPAIR...

LOOK
UPON YOUR
WORKS, OLD
MAN...



STOP!
LET HIM
GO!

THIS
DOESN'T
CONCERN
YOU, LITTLE
THING.

YOU
SHOULDN'T
HAVE FOLLOWED.
THIS IS A GAME
FOR THE *BIG*
BOYS.

DON'T
YOU SEE?
HEAVEN'S HAD
ITS USE OF YOU
AND HAS
DISCARDED
YOU.

SO
SIT DOWN
AND SHUT
UP.

NOW...

WHAT'S
THIS?



WHERE
DID YOU GET
THIS? DID... DID
HE GIVE THIS
TO YOU?

IS
THAT YOUR
GAME?

HA HA HA!

PLEASE...
I NEED...

YOU
DIDN'T
REALLY THINK
IT WOULD
MAKE A
DIFFERENCE
DID YOU?

YOU'RE
A GREATER
FOOL THAN
I HAD
GUESSED.

SO...
TRYING
TO *SNEAK*
OFF WITH
OUR LITTLE
PLAYTHING,
WERE
YOU?

LET ME
BE CLEAR: I
WANT THE THRONE
OF *HELL*. I'VE WAITED
A *LOOONG* TIME FOR
IT. AND I WILL SEIZE
IT BY ANY MEANS
NECESSARY.

AND EVEN A
FEW THAT *AREN'T*
NECESSARY.

UGHHN...

SAY THE WORDS,
HELLSPAWN. TELL ME
THE THRONE IS *MINE*.
IT'S OF NO USE TO YOU.
BOW DOWN BEFORE
ME AND ALL THIS
CAN BE OVER...


N-N-NO....

I'M QUITE
GOOD AT MY
JOB. I'VE
BEEN DOING
IT A LONG
TIME.

AND I CAN
HURT ANYBODY.
EVEN A SOMEONE
AS IN LOVE WITH
HIS OWN
SUFFERING AS
YOU...

I KNOW
YOUR *WEAK*
SPOTS,
SPAWN...

YAAHHH!



WANDA...
PERFECT, IDEALIZED
WANDA. SHE **BELONGS**
TO US, YOU KNOW. WE'VE
PLANTED OUR SEED IN HER.
CARVED OUR **NAME**
ON HER WOMB.

WHEN
SHE COMES
TO US, I WILL
SEE THAT SHE
SUFFERS AS NO
SOUL EVER
HAS.

WRITHING
IN AGONY FOR
ALL **ETERNITY**. AND
I WILL MAKE SURE
SHE KNOWS... EVERY
PAINFUL MOMENT...
THAT IT IS ALL
YOUR **FAULT**.

SO,
SPAWN...
WHAT DO
YOU--

WOMP!

SHOULDN'T...
HAVE
MENTIONED...
WANDA.

OOOHH...
LITTLE MAN, DID
I MAKE YOU
MAD?!



GOOD!


I WAS
HOPING WE
COULD DO THIS
THE HARD
WAY.



WE'RE
GOING TO
TEAR YOU TO
SCRAPS, HELL-
SPAWN.

AND
THEN I'M
GOING TO SUCK
THE MARROW
FROM YOUR
BONES.

THE BATTLE ECHOES
ACROSS THE FIELDS
OF HELL.

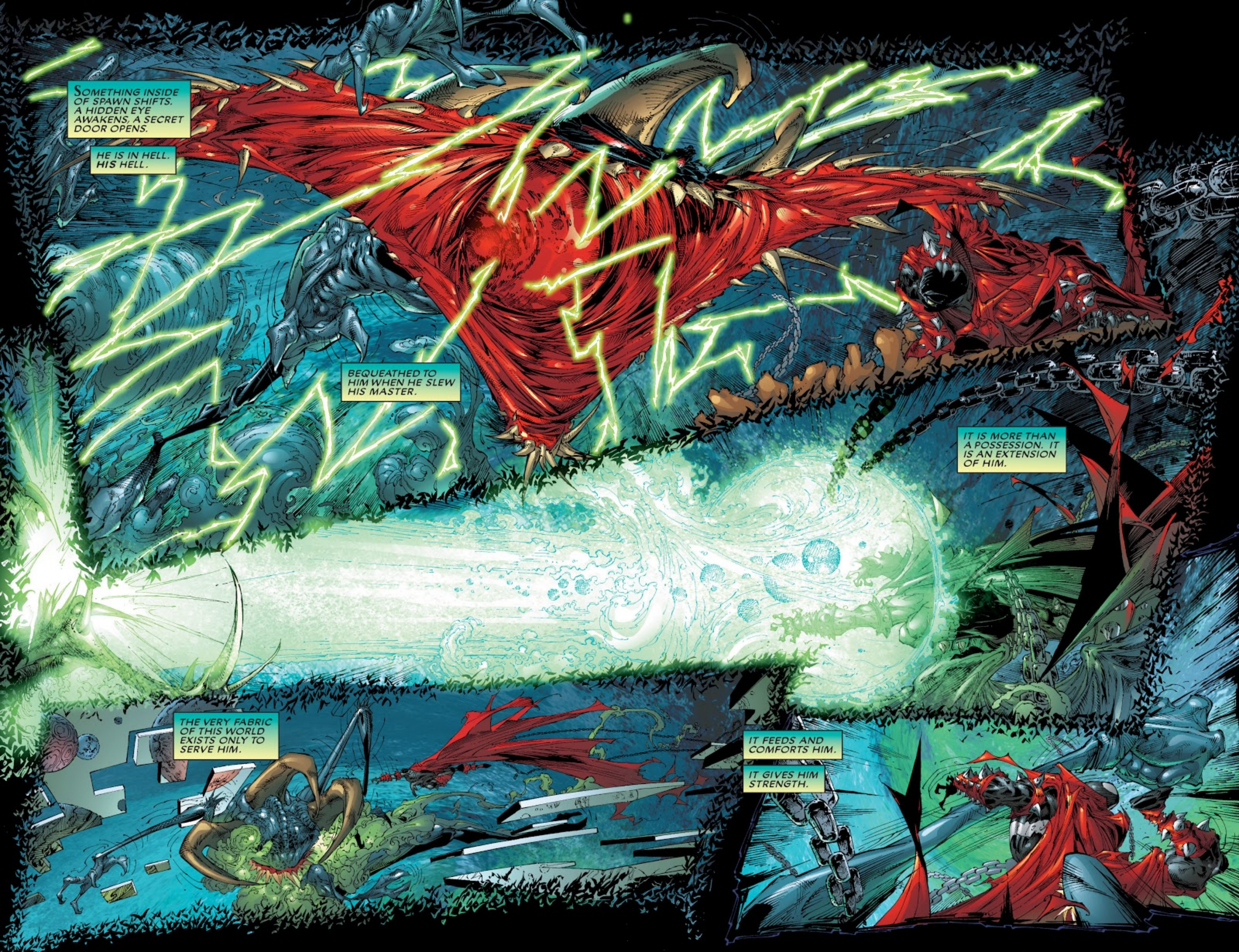


FROM THE
PILLARS OF
TARTARUS TO
THE WASTES
OF NIHIL.

FROM THE
DROWNING
SHALLOWS
TO THE
FOREST OF
THORNS.

ALL
PERDITION
QUAKES.

COME ON,
CAPTAIN MISERY!
IS THAT THE BEST
YOU'VE GOT? WHAT ARE
YOU PLANNING DO?
MOPE ME INTO
SUBMISSION?!



SOMETHING INSIDE
OF SPAWN SHIFTS.
A HIDDEN EYE
AWAKENS, A SECRET
DOOR OPENS.

HE IS IN HELL.
HIS HELL.

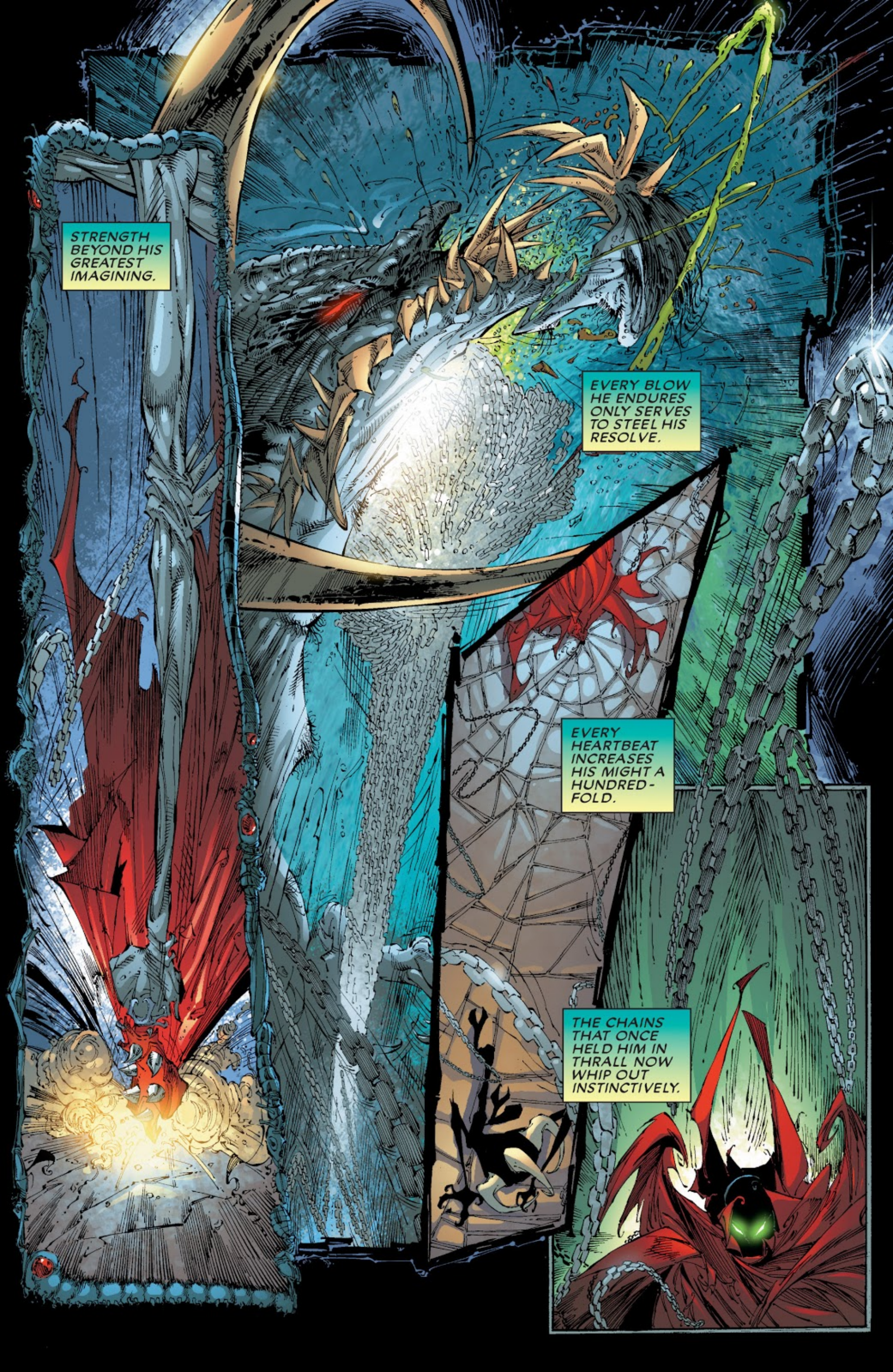
BEQUEATHED TO
HIM WHEN HE SLEW
HIS MASTER.

IT IS MORE THAN
A POSSESSION. IT
IS AN EXTENSION
OF HIM.

THE VERY FABRIC
OF THIS WORLD
EXISTS ONLY TO
SERVE HIM.

IT FEEDS AND
COMFORTS HIM.

IT GIVES HIM
STRENGTH.




STRENGTH
BEYOND HIS
GREATEST
IMAGINING.

EVERY BLOW
HE ENDURES
ONLY SERVES
TO STEEL HIS
RESOLVE.

EVERY
HEARTBEAT
INCREASES
HIS MIGHT A
HUNDRED-
FOLD.

THE CHAINS
THAT ONCE
HELD HIM IN
THRALL NOW
WHIP OUT
INSTINCTIVELY.

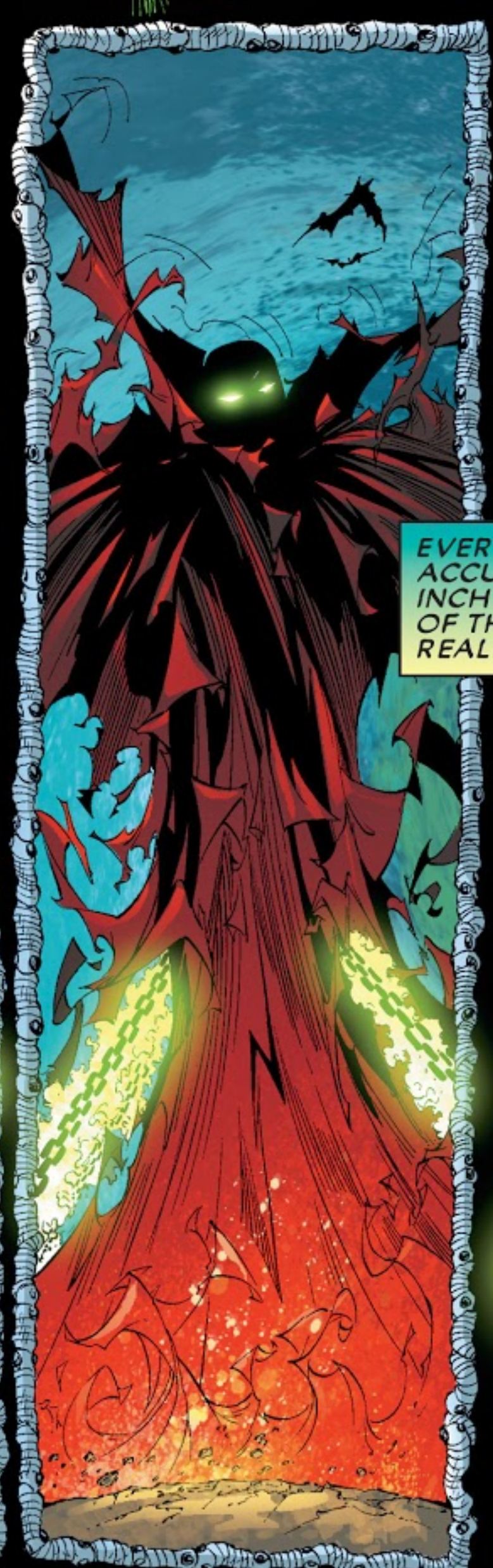


THEY
ANCHOR
HIM TO
THE CORE
OF THIS
WORLD.


PULSING ARTERIES
THAT FLOW WITH
LIMITLESS POWER.




EVERY DARK
CORNER...



EVERY
ACCURSED
INCH
OF THIS
REALM...



IS HIS TO
COMMAND.



HIS VOICE
IS FIRE. HIS
WORDS ARE
THUNDER.

DO YOUR
WORST.

CALL ALL
THE HORDES
OF HELL TO YOUR
SIDE. IT MAKES NO
DIFFERENCE.

THIS
REALM IS
MINE.

AND I HAVE
AN ARMY OF
MY OWN!

ELSEWHERE...




PRETTY
THING...SHINY-
PRETTY... WHAT
SECRETS DO YOU
HOLD, LITTLE
FRIEND?



FROM THE
VALLEY OF
THE TEARS
COMES A
GREAT
CRACKING
SOUND...

... AS
ANCIENT
CHAINS
BREAK
AND SLIP
FOR THE
FIRST
TIME IN
MEMORY.





OVER THE RISE THEY COME...

AWAKENED FROM
EONS OF PRIVATE
TORMENT...

...TO FIGHT
BESIDE THEIR
KING AND
BROTHER.

THE LEGION
OF THE MOST
DAMNED, THE
ARMY OF THE
HELLSPAWN,
CUT A RAGGED
SWATH ACROSS
THE FACE OF
HELL.

TRAITORS
AND REBELS...
DEMONS AND
DAMNED...
CHOOSE YOUR
SIDES.

THE KING OF
HELL
HAS
RETURNED!

